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Robt. I. Cannon

1908

By ELBERT HUBBARD

NO ENEMY BUT HIMSELF
TIME AND CHANCE
LITTLE JOURNEYS.

- To the Homes of Good Men and Great
- To the Homes of American Authors
- To the Homes of Famous Women
- To the Homes of American Statesmen
- To the Homes of Eminent Painters

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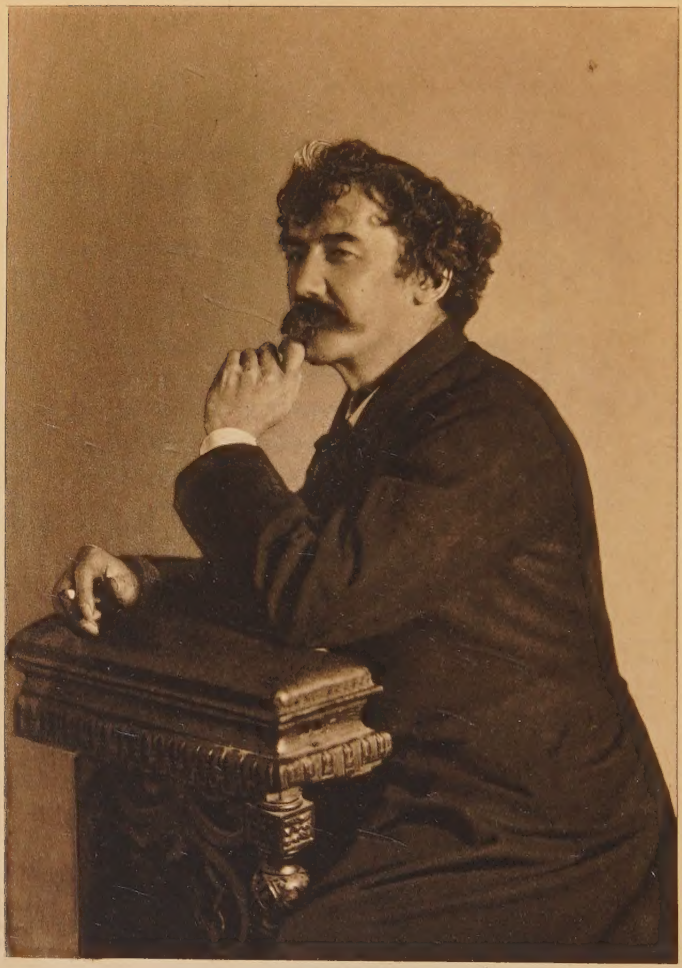

LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF EMINENT ARTISTS

BY

ELBERT HUBBARD

RAPHAEL . LEONARDO DA VINCI
BOTTICELLI . THORWALDSEN
GAINSBOROUGH . VELASQUEZ
CORREGGIO . BELLINI
COROT . CELLINI
WHISTLER

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
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RAPHAEL

Beauty

And with all this vast creative activity, he recognised only one self-imposed limitation,—beauty. Hence, though his span of life was short, his work is imperishable. He steadily progressed: but he was ever true, beautiful, and pure, and freer than any other master from superficiality and mannerism. He produced a vast number of pictures, elevating to men of every race and of every age, and before whose immortal beauty artists of every school unite in common homage.

Wilhelm Lubke.

I

Pre-Raphaelites

THE term "Pre-Raphaelite" traces a royal lineage to William Morris. Just what the word really meant, William Morris was not sure, yet he once expressed the hope that he would some day know, as a thousand industrious writers were labouring to make the matter plain.

Seven men helped William Morris to launch the phrase by forming themselves into an organisation which they were pleased to call the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood."

The word "brotherhood" has a lure and a promise for every lonely and tired son of earth. And Burne-Jones pleaded for the prefix because it was like Holy Writ: it gave everybody an opportunity to read anything into it that he desired.

Of this I am very sure, in the Pre-

Pre-Raphaelites

Raphaelite Brotherhood there was no lack of appreciation for Raphael. In fact, there is proof positive that Burne-Jones and Madox Brown studied him with profit, and loved him so wisely and well that they laid impression paper on his poses. This would have been good and sufficient reason for hating the man; and possibly this accounts for their luminous flashes of silence concerning him.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, like all liberal organisations, was quite inclined to be illiberal. And the prejudice of this clanship, avowedly founded without prejudice, lay in the assumption that life and art suffered a degeneration from the rise of Raphael. In art, as in literature, there is overmuch tilting with names,—so the Pre-Raphaelites enlisted under the banner of Botticelli.

Raphael marks an epoch. He did what no man before him had ever done, and by the sublimity of his genius he placed the world forever under obligations to him. In fact, the art of the Pre-Raphaelites was built on Raphael, with an attempt to revive the atmosphere and environment that belongs to another. Raphael mir-

Raphael and Burne-Jones

rored the soul of things—he used the human form and the whole natural world as symbols of spirit. And this is exactly what Burne-Jones did, and the rest of the brotherhood tried to do. The thought of Raphael and that of Burne-Jones often seem identical; in temperament, disposition, and aspiration they were one. That poetic and fervid statement of Mrs. Jameson, that Burne-Jones is the avatar of Raphael, contains the germ of truth. The dream-women of Burne-Jones have the same haunting and subtle spiritual wistfulness that is to be seen in the Madonnas of Raphael. Each of these men loved a woman—and each pictured her again and again. Whether this woman had an existence outside the figment of the brain, matters not—both painted her as they saw her—tender, gentle, and trustful.

When jealous and o'er zealous competitors made the charge against Raphael that he was lax in his religious duties, Pope Leo X. waived the matter by saying, "Well, well, well!—he is an artistic Christian!" As much as to say, he works his religion up into art, and therefore we grant him absolution for failure to attend

Charges of Paganism

mass; he paints and you pray—it is really all the same thing. Good work and religion are one.

The busy and captious critics went away, but came back next day with the startling information that Raphael's pictures were more pagan than Christian. Pope Leo heard the charge, and then with Lincoln-like wit said that Raphael was doing this on his order, as the desire of the Mother Church was to annex the pagan art-world, in order to Christianise it.

The charges of paganism and infidelity are classic accusations. The gentle Burne-Jones was stoutly denounced by his enemies as a pagan Greek. I think he rather gloried in the contumely, but fifty years earlier he might have been visited by a *lettre de cachet* instead of a knighthood; for we cannot forget how, in 1815, Parliament refused to pay for the Elgin Marbles because, as Lord Falmouth put it, "These relics will tend to prostitute England to the depth of unbelief that engulfed pagan Greece." The attitude of Parliament on the question of paganism finds voice occasionally even yet by Protestant Eng-

land making darkness dense with the asseveration that Catholics idolatrously worship the pictures and statues in their churches. Lord Elgin

The Romans tumbled the Athenian marbles from their pedestals on the assumption that the statues represented gods that were idolatrously worshipped by the Greeks. And they continued their work of destruction until a certain Roman general (who surely was from County Cork) stopped the vandalism by issuing an order, coupled with the dire threat that any soldier who stole or destroyed a statue should replace it by another equally good.

Lord Elgin bankrupted himself in order to supply the British Museum its crowning glory, and for this he achieved the honour of getting himself poetically damned by Lord Byron. Monarchies, like republics, are ungrateful. Lord Elgin defended himself vigorously against the charge of paganism, just as Raphael had done three hundred years before. But Burne-Jones was silent in the presence of his accusers, for the world of buyers besieged his doors with bank notes in hand, demanding

Writ in Water

pictures. And now to-day we find Alma-Tadema openly and avowedly pagan, and with a grace and loveliness that compel the glad acclaim of every lover of beautiful things.

We are making head. We have ceased to believe that paganism was "bad." All the men and women who have ever lived and loved and hoped and died, were God's children, and we are no more. With the nations dead and turned to dust, we reach out through the darkness of forgotten days and touch friendly hands. Some of these people that existed two, three, or four thousand years ago, did things so marvellously grand and great that in presence of the broken fragments of their work we stand silent, o'er-awed, and abashed. We realise, too, that long before the nations lived that have left a meagre and scattered history hewn in stone, lived still other men, possibly greater far than we; and no sign or signal comes to us from these whose history, like ours, is writ in water.

Yet we are one with them all. The same Power that brought them upon this stage of time, brought us. As we were

We are Brothers

called into existence without our consent, so are we being sent out of it, day by day against our will. The destiny of all who live or have lived, is one; and no taunt of "paganism," "heathenism," or "infidelity" escapes our lips. With love and sympathy we salute the eternity that lies behind, realising that we ourselves are the oldest people that have tasted existence—the newest nation lingers away back there behind Egypt and Assyria, back of the Mayas, lost in continents sunken in shoreless seas that hold their secrets inviolate. Yes, we are brothers to all that have trod the earth; brothers, and heirs to dust and shade—mayhap to immortality!

II

Work for Love of it

IN the story of "John Ball," William Morris pictured what to him was the Ideal Life. And Morris was certainly right in this: The Ideal Life is only the normal or natural life as we shall some day know it. The scene of Morris's story was essentially a Pre-Raphaelite one. It was the great virtue (or limitation) of William Morris that the Dark Ages were to him a time of special light and illumination. Life then was simple. Men worked for the love of it, and if they wanted things, they made them. "Every trade exclusively followed means a deformity," says Ruskin. Division of labor had not yet come, and men were skilled in many ways. There was neither poverty nor riches, and the idea of brotherhood was firmly fixed in the minds of men. The feverish

desire for place, pelf, and power was not upon them. The rise of the barons and an entailed aristocracy was yet to come.

Protection and Slavery

Governments grant men immunity from danger on payment of a tax. Thus men cease protecting themselves, and so in the course of time lose the ability to protect themselves, because the faculty of courage has atrophied through disuse. Brooding apprehension and crouching fear are the properties of civilised men—men who are protected by the State. The joy of revelling in life is not possible in cities. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, soldiers and police, and a hundred other symbols of distrust, suspicion, and hate, are on every hand, reminding us that man is the enemy of man, and must be protected from his brothers. Protection and slavery are near of kin.

Before Raphael, art was not a profession —the man did things to the glory of God. When he painted a picture of the Holy Family, his wife served as his model, and he grouped his children in their proper order, and made the picture to hang on a certain spot on the walls of his village church. No payment was expected nor

Expression of Man's Joy

fee demanded—it was a love offering. It was not until ecclesiastics grew ambitious and asked for more pictures that bargains were struck. Did ever a painter of that far-off day marry a maid, and in time were they blessed with a babe, then straightway the painter worked his joy up into art by painting the "Mother and Child," and presenting the picture as a thank-offering to God. The immaculate conception of love and the miracle of birth are recurring themes in the symphony of life. Love, religion, and art have ever walked and ever will walk hand in hand. Art is the expression of man's joy in his work; and art is the beautiful way of doing things. Do you remember the woman mentioned by Theodore Parker who swept the room to the glory of God? Pope Julius was right—work is religion when you put soul into your task.

Giotto painted the "Mother and Child," and the mother was his wife, and the child theirs. Another child came to them and Giotto painted another picture, calling the older boy St. John, and the wee baby Jesus. The years went by, and we find still another picture of the Holy Family

by this same artist, in which five children are shown, while back in the shadow is the artist himself, posed as Joseph. And with a beautiful contempt for anachronism, the elder children are called Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Elijah. This fusing of work, domesticity, love, and religion gives us a glimpse into the only paradise that mortals know. It is the Ideal—and the Natural.

III

A Sleepy Little City

THE swift passing years have lightly touched the little city of Urbino, in Umbria. The place is sleepy and quiet, and you seek the shade of friendly awnings to shield you from the fierce glare of the sun. Standing there you hear the bells chime the hours, just as they have done for four hundred years; and you watch the flocks of wheeling pigeons, the same pigeons that Vasari saw when he came here in 1541, for the birds never grow old. Vasari tells of the pigeons, the old cathedral—old even then—the flower girls and fruit sellers, the passing black-robed priests, the occasional soldier, and the cobbler who sits on the curb stone, and offers to mend your shoes while you wait.

The world is debtor to Vasari. He was not much of a painter and he failed at

Birthplace

architecture, but he made up for lack of skill by telling all about what others were doing; and if his facts ever faltered, his imagination bridged the break. He is as interesting as Plutarch, as gossipy as Pepys, and as luring as Boswell.

A slim slip of a girl selling thyme and mignonette out of a reed basket, offered to show Vasari the birthplace of Raphael; and a brown-cheeked, barefoot boy selling roses on which the dew yet lingered, volunteered a like service for me, three hundred years later.

The house is one of a long row of low stone structures, with the red tile roof, everywhere to be seen. Above the door is a bronze tablet which informs the traveller that Raphael Sanzio was born here April 6, 1483. Herman Grimm takes three chapters to prove that Raphael was not born in this house, and that nothing is so unreliable as a bronze tablet, excepting figures. Grimm is a painstaking biographer, but he fails to distinguish between fact and truth. Of this we are sure, Giovanni di Sanzio, the father of Raphael, lived in this house. There are church records to show that

Early Days

here other children of Giovanni were born, and this very naturally led to the assumption that Raphael was born here, also.

Just one thing of touching interest is to be seen in this house, and that is a picture painted on the wall, of a "Mother and Child." For many years this picture was said to be the work of Raphael; but there is now very good reason to believe it was the work of Raphael's father, and that the figures represent the baby Raphael and his mother. The picture is faded and dim, like the history of this sainted woman, who gave to earth one of the gentlest, greatest, and best men that ever lived. Mystery enshrouds the early days of Raphael. There is no record of his birth. His father we know was a man of decided power, and might even rank as a great artist, had he not been so unfortunate as to have had a son who outclassed him. But now Giovanni Sanzio's only claim to fame rests on his being the father of his son. Of the boy's mother we have only obstructed glances and glimpses through half flung lattices in the gloaming. Raphael was her only child. She was scarce twenty when she

Raphael's Mother

bore him. In a sonnet written to her, on the back of a painting, Raphael's father speaks of her wondrous eyes, slender neck, and the form too frail for earth's rough buffets. Mention is also made of "this child born in purest love, and sent by God to comfort and caress."

The mother grew a-weary and passed away when her boy was scarce eight years old, but his memories of her were deeply etched. She told him of Cimabue, Giotto, Ghirlandajo, Leonardo, and Perugino, and especially of the last two, who were living and working only a few miles away. It was this spiritual and loving mother who infused into his soul the desire to do and to become. That hunger for harmony which marked his life was the heritage of mother to child.

When an artist paints a portrait, he paints two—himself and the sitter. Raphael gave himself; and as his father more than once said, the boy was the image of his mother—we have her picture, too. Father and son painted the same woman. Their hearts went out to her with a sort of idolatrous love. The sonnets indited to her by her husband were written after

Memory of a Great Love

her death, and after his second marriage. Do men love dead women better than they do the living? Perhaps. And then a certain writer has said, "To have known a great and exalted love, and have it flee from your grasp, and flee as a shadow before it is sullied by selfishness or misunderstanding, is the highest good. The memory of such a love cannot die from out the heart. It affords a ballast 'gainst all the sordid impulses of life, and though it gives an unutterable sadness, it imparts an unspeakable peace."

IV

Raphael's Father

RAPHAEL'S father followed the boy's mother when the lad was eleven years old. We know the tender, poetic love this father had for the child, and we realise somewhat of the mystical mingling in the man's heart of the love for the woman dead and her child alive.

Reverencing the mother's wish that the boy should be an artist, Giovanni Sanzio, proud of his delicate and spiritual beauty, took the lad to visit all the other artists in the vicinity. They also visited the ducal palace, built by Federigo II., and lingered there for hours, viewing the paintings, statuary, carvings, tapestries, and panellings.

This palace still stands, and is yet one of the most noble in Italy, vying in picturesqueness with those marble piles that

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In the Care of Bartolomeo

line the Grand Canal at Venice. We know that Giovanni Sanzio contributed by his advice and skill to the wealth of beauty in the palace, and we know that he was always a welcome visitor there.

From his boyhood Raphael was familiar with these artistic splendours, and how much this early environment contributed to his correct taste and habit of subdued elegance, no man can say. When Giovanni Sanzio realised that death was at his door, he gave Raphael into the keeping of the priest Bartolomeo and the boy's stepmother. The typical stepmother lives, moves, and has her being in neurotic novels written by very young ladies. Instances can be cited of great men who were loved and nurtured and ministered to by their stepmothers. I think well of womankind. The woman who abuses a waif that fate has sent into her care would mistreat her own children, and is a living libel on her sex.

Let Lincoln and Raphael stand as types of men who were loved with infinite tenderness by stepmothers. And then we must not forget Leonardo da Vinci, who never knew a mother, and had no business

Pupil of Perugino

to have a father, but who held averages good with four successive stepmothers, all of whom loved him with a tender, jealous, and proud devotion.

Bartolomeo, following the wish of the father, continued to give the boy lessons in drawing and sketching. This Bartolomeo must not be confused with the Bartolomeo, friend of Savonarola, who was to largely influence Raphael later on. It was Bartolomeo, the priest, that took Raphael to Perugino, who lived in Perugia. Perugino, although he was a comparatively young man, was bigger than the town in which he lived. His own name got blown away by a high wind, and he was plain Perugino—as if there were only one man in Perugia, and he were that one. "Here is a boy I have brought you as a pupil," said the priest to Perugino. And Perugino glancing up from his easel, answered, "I thought it was a girl!"

The priest continued: "Here is a boy I have brought you for a pupil, and your chief claim to fame may yet be that he worked here with you in your studio." Perugino parried the thrust with a smile. He looked at the boy and was impressed

As Father and Son

with his beauty. Perugino afterwards acknowledged that the only reason he took him was because he thought he would work in well as a model.

Perugino was the greatest master of technique of his time. He had life, and life in abundance. He revelled in his work, and his enthusiasm ran over, inundating all those who were near. Courage is a matter of the red corpuscle. It is oxygen that makes every attack, and without oxygen in his blood to back him, a man attacks nothing,—not even a pie, much less a blank canvas. Perugino was a success; he had orders ahead; he matched his talent against titles; power flowed his way. Raphael's serious, sober manner and spiritual beauty appealed to him. They became as father and son. The methodical business plan which is a prime aid to inspiration; the habit of laying out work and completing it; the high estimate of self; the supreme animation and belief in the divinity within,—all these Raphael caught from Perugino. Both men were egoists, as all men are who do things. They had heard the voice—they had had a "call." The talent is the call, and if a man fails to do his work in a

masterly way, make sure he has mistaken a lazy wish for a divine passion. There is a difference between loving the Muse and lusting after her.

Days of Joy and Power

Perugino had been called, and before Raphael had worked with him a year, he was sure he had been called, too. The days in Perugia for Raphael were full of quiet joy and growing power. He was in the actual living world of men, and things, and useful work. Afternoons, when the sun's shadows began to lengthen towards the west, Perugino would often call to his helpers, especially Raphael and Pinturicchio, another fine spirit, and off they would go for a tramp, each with a stout staff and the inevitable portfolio. Out along the narrow streets of the town, across the Roman arched bridge, by the market place to the terraced hillside that overlooked the Umbrian plain, they went; Perugino stout, strong, smooth-faced, with dark swarthy features; Pinturicchio with downy beard, merry eyes, and tall, able form; and lingering behind, came Raphael. His small black cap fitted closely on his long bronze-gold hair; his slight, slender, and graceful figure barely suggested

New and Subtle Touch

its silken strength held in fine reserve—and all the time the great brown eyes that looked as if they had seen celestial things, scanned the sky, saw the tall cedars of Lebanon, the flocks on the slopes across the valley, the scattered stone cottages, the fleecy clouds that faintly flecked the deep blue of the sky, the distant spire of a church. All these treasures of the Umbrian landscape were his. Well might he have anticipated four hundred years before he was born, that greatest of American writers, and said, "I own the landscape!"

In frescos signed by Perugino in the year 1492—a date we cannot forget—we see a certain style. In the same design duplicated in 1498, we behold a new and subtle touch—it is the stroke and line of Raphael.

The *Resurrection* by Perugino, in the Vatican, and the Diotalevi Madonna signed by the same artist, in the Berlin Museum, show the unmistakable touch of Raphael. The youth was barely seventeen, but he was putting himself into Perugino's work—and Perugino was glad.

Raphael's first independent work was

The Espousal

probably done when he was nineteen, and was for the Citta di Castello. These frescos are signed "Raphael Urbinas, 1502." Other lesser pictures and panels thus signed are found dated 1504. They are all the designs of Perugino, but worked out with the painstaking care always shown by very young artists; yet there is a subtle, spiritual style that marks unmistakably Raphael's Perugino period.

The *Espousal*, done in 1504, now in the Brera at Milan, is the first really important work of Raphael. Next to this is the Connestabile Madonna, which was painted at Perugia and remained there until 1871, when it was sold by a degenerate descendant of the original owner to the Emperor of Russia for sixty-five thousand dollars. Since then a law has been passed forbidding any one on serious penalty to remove a "Raphael" from Italy. Were it not for this law, that threat of a Chicago syndicate to buy the Pitti Gallery and move its contents to the "lake front," might have been carried out.

V

Visit to Florence

THE second period of Raphael's life opens with his visit to Florence in 1504. He was twenty-one years of age, handsome, proud, reserved. Stories of his power had preceded him, and the fact that for six years he had worked with Perugino and been his confidant and friend, made his welcome sure.

Leonardo and Michael Angelo were at the height of their fame, and no doubt they stimulated the ambition of Raphael more than he ever admitted. He considered Leonardo the more finished artist of the two. Michael Angelo's heroic strength and sweep of power failed to win him. The frescos of Masaccio in the Carmine Church of Florence he considered better than any performance of Michael Angelo's; and as a Roland to this Oliver,

A Firm Friendship

we have a legend to the effect that Raphael once called upon Michael Angelo and the Master sent down word from the scaffold, where he was at work, that he was too busy to see visitors, and anyway, he had all the apprentices that he could look after!

How much this little incident biassed Raphael's opinion concerning Michael Angelo's art we cannot say: possibly Raphael could not have told, either. But such things count, I am told, for even Dr. Johnson thought better of Reynolds's work after they had dined together.

It seems that Fra Bartolomeo was one of the first and best friends Raphael had at Florence. The monk's gentle spirit and modest views of men and things won the young Umbrian; and between these two there sprang up a friendship so firm and true that death alone could sever it.

The deep religious devotion of Bartolomeo set the key for the first work done by Raphael at Florence. Most of the time the young man and the monk lived and worked in the same studio. It was a wonderfully prolific period for Raphael; from 1504 and 1508 he pushed forward

Florentine Work

with a zest and earnestness he never again quite equalled. Most of his beautiful Madonnas belong to this period, and in them all are a dignity, grace, and grandeur that lift them out of ecclesiastic art, and place them in the category of living portraits.

Before this, Raphael belonged to the Umbrian School, but now his work must be classed, if classed at all, as Florentine. The handling is freer, the nude is more in evidence, and correct anatomy shows that the artist is working from life.

Bartolomeo used to speak of Raphael affectionately as "my son," and called the attention of Bramante, the architect, to his work. The beauty of his Madonnas was being discussed in every studio, and when the *Ansidei* was exhibited in the church of Santa Croce, such a crowd flocked to see the picture that services had to be dismissed. This rush continued until a thrifty priest bethought him to stand at the main entrance with a contribution box and stout stick, and allow no one to enter who did not contribute good silver for "the worthy poor." Bartolomeo acknowledged that his "pupil" was beyond

Much Sought After

him; Masaccio invited him to add a finishing touch to his frescos so that he might say, "Raphael approves"; Leonardo, the courtly, had smiled a gracious recognition, and Michael Angelo had sneezed at mention of his name. Bramante, back at Rome, after a visit to Florence, told Pope Julius II., "There is a young Umbrian at Florence we must send for."

VI

At Rome

GREAT things were happening at Rome about this time: all roads led thitherward. Pope Julius had just laid the corner-stone of St. Peter's, and full of ambition was carrying out the dictum of Pope Nicholas V., that "the Church should array herself in all the beauteous spoils of the world, in order to win the minds of men."

The Renaissance was fairly begun, fostered and sustained by the Church alone. The Quattrocento—that time of homely peace and the simple quiet of John Ball and his fellows—lay behind. Raphael had begun his Roman period, which was to round out his working life of barely eighteen years, ere the rest of the Pantheon was to be his. Before this his time had been his own, but now the Church was

Work in the Vatican

his mistress. But it was a great honour that had come to him, greater far than had ever been bestowed on any living artist. Barely twenty-five years of age, the Pope treated him as an equal, and worked him like a pack-horse. "He has the face of an angel," cried Julius, "and the soul of a god!"—when some one suggested his youth.

Pope Leo X., of the Medici family, succeeded Julius. He sent Michael Angelo to Florence to employ his talents upon the Medicean Church of San Lorenzo. He dismissed Perugino, Pinturicchio, and Piero Della Francesca, although Raphael in tears pleaded for them all. Their frescos were destroyed and Raphael was told to go ahead and make the Vatican what it should be. His first large work was to decorate the Hall of the Signatures (Stanza della Segnatura), where we to-day see the *Dispute*. Near at hand is the famous *School of Athens*. In this picture his own famous portrait is to be seen with that of Perugino. The first place is given to Perugino, and the faces affectionately side by side are posed in a way that has given a cue to ten thousand photographers.

The Raphael Tapestries

The attitude is especially valuable, as a bit of history showing Raphael's sterling attachment to his old teacher. The Vatican is filled with the work of Raphael, and aside from the galleries to which the general public is admitted, studies and frescos are to be seen in many rooms that are closed unless, say, Archbishop Ireland be with you, when all doors fly open at your touch.

The seven Raphael tapestries are shown at the Vatician an hour each day; the rest of the time the room is closed to protect them from the light. However, the original cartoons at South Kensington reveal the sweep and scope of Raphael's genius better than the tapestries themselves.

Work, unceasing work, filled his days. The ingenuity and industry of the man were marvellous. Upwards of eighty portraits were painted during the Roman period, besides designs innumerable for engravings, and even for silver and iron ornaments required by the Church. Pupils helped him much, of course, and among these must be mentioned Giulio Romano and Gianfrancesco Penni. These young men lived with Raphael in his splendid house

Merited honours

that stood half way between St. Peter's and the Castle Angelo. Fire swept the space a hundred years later, and the magnificence it once knew has never been replaced. To-day, hovels built from stone quarried from the ruins, mark the spot. But as one follows this white, dusty road, it is well to remember that the feet of Raphael, passing and repassing, have made it more than any other one of Rome, sacred soil.

We have seen that Bramante brought Raphael to Rome, and Pope Leo X. remembered this when the first architect of St. Peter's passed away. Raphael was appointed his successor. The honour was merited, but the place should have gone to one not already over-worked.

In 1515, Raphael was made Director of Excavations, another office for which his æsthetic and delicate nature was not fitted. In sympathy, of course, his heart went out to the antique workers of the ancient world, on whose ruins the Eternal City is built; but the drudgery of overseeing and superintendence belonged to another type of man.

The stress of the times had told on

Love's Dream

Raphael; he was thirty-five, rich beyond all Umbrian dreams of avarice, on an equality with the greatest and noblest men of his time, honoured above all living artists; but life began to pall. He had won all—and thereby had learned the worthlessness of what the world has to offer. Rest, and dreams of love and a quiet country home came to him. He was betrothed to Maria di Bibbiena, a niece of Cardinal Bibbiena. The day of the wedding had been set, and the Pope was to perform the ceremony.

But the Pope regarded Raphael as a servant of the Church—he had work for him to do—and moreover he had fixed ideas concerning the glamour of sentimentalism, so he requested that the wedding be postponed for a space.

A request from the Pope was an order, and so the country house was packed away with other dreams, that were to come true all in God's good time.

But the realisation of love's dream did not come true, for Raphael had a rival. Death claimed his bride.

She was buried in the Pantheon, where within a year Raphael's worn-out body

Career Cut Short

was placed beside hers; and there the dust of both mingle.

The history of this love tragedy has never been written; it lies buried there with the lovers. But a contemporary said, that the fear of an enforced separation broke the young woman's heart; and this we know, that after her death, Raphael's hand forgot its cunning, and his frame was ripe for the fever that so soon burned out the strands of his life.

Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, and Fra Bartolomeo had made names for themselves before Raphael appeared upon the scene. Yet they all profited by his example, and were the richer in that he had lived.

Michael Angelo was born nine years before Raphael and survived him forty-three years. Titian was six years old when Raphael was born, and he continued to live and work for fifty-six years after Raphael had passed away.

It was a cause of grief to the day of his death to Michael Angelo, that he and Raphael had not been close, personal, and loving friends, as they should have been. The art world was big enough for both.

Farewells

Yet Rome was divided into two hostile camps—those who favoured Raphael and those who had but one prophet, Michael Angelo. Busybodies rushed back and forth carrying foolish messages; and these strong yet gentle men, both hungering for sympathy and love were thrust apart.

When Raphael realised the end was nigh, he sent for Perugino, and directed that he should complete certain work. His career had begun by working with Perugino, and now this friend of a lifetime must finish the broken task and make good the whole. He bade his beloved pupils one by one farewell, signed his will which gave most of his valuable property to his fellow-workers, and commended his soul to the God who gave it. He died on his birthday, Good Friday, April 6, 1520, aged thirty-seven years.

Michael Angelo wore mourning upon his sleeve for a year after Raphael's death. Once he said: "Raphael was a child, a beautiful child, and if he had only lived a little longer, he and I would have grasped hands as men and worked together as brothers."

LEONARDO DA VINCI

A Universal Genius

The world, perhaps, contains no other example of a genius so universal as Leonardo's, so creative, so incapable of self-contentment, so athirst for the infinite, so naturally refined, so far in advance of his own and subsequent ages. His pictures express incredible sensibility and mental power; they overflow with unexpressed ideas and emotions. Alongside of his portraits Michael Angelo's personages are simply heroic athletes; Raphael's virgins are only placid children whose souls are still asleep. His beings feel and think through every line and trait of their physiognomy. Time is necessary to enter into communion with them; not that their sentiment is too slightly marked, for, on the contrary, it emerges from the whole investiture; but it is too subtle, too complicated, too far above and beyond the ordinary, too dream-like and inexplicable.

TAINE in *A Journey through Italy.*

I

Renaissance Masters

THERE is a little book by George B. Rose, entitled *Renaissance Masters*, which is quite worth your while to read. I carried a copy, for company, in the side pocket of my coat for a week, and just peeped into it at odd times. I remember that I thought so little of the volume that I read it with a lead pencil and marked it all up and down and over, and filled the fly leaves with random thoughts and disfigured the margins with a few foolish sketches.

Then one fine day White Pigeon came out to the Roycroft Shop from Buffalo, as she was passing through. She came on the two o'clock train and went away on the four o'clock, and her visit was like a window flung open to the azure.

White Pigeon remained at East Aurora

The Little Book

only two hours,—"not long enough," she said, "to knock the gold and emerald off the butterfly's beautiful wings."

White Pigeon saw the little book I have mentioned, on my table in the tower-room. She picked it up and turned the leaves aimlessly; then she opened her Boston bag and slipped the book inside, saying as she did so, "You do not mind?" And I said, "Certainly not."

Then she added "I like to follow in the pathway you have blazed."

That closed the matter so far as the little book was concerned. Save, perhaps, that after I had walked to the station with White Pigeon and she had boarded the car, she stepped out upon the rear platform, and as I stood there at the station watching the train disappear around the curve, White Pigeon reached into the Boston bag, took out the little book and held it up.

That was the last time I saw White Pigeon. She was looking well and strong, and her step, I noticed, was firm and sure, and she carried the crown of her head high and her chin in. It made me carry my chin in, too, just by force of example,

I suppose,—so easily are we influenced. When you walk with some folks you slouch along, but others there be who make you feel an upward lift and a skyey gravitation—it is very curious!

Yet I do really believe White Pigeon is forty, or awfully close to it. There are silver streaks among her brown braids and surely the peach-blow has long gone from her cheek. Then she was awfully tanned—and that little mole on her forehead, and its mate on her chin, stand out more than ever, like the freckles on the face of Alcibiades Roycroft when he has taken on his August russet.

I think White Pigeon must be near forty! That is the second book she has stolen from me; the other was Max Müller's *Memories*,—it was at the Louvre in Paris, August 14, 1895, as we sat on a bench, silent before the *Mona Lisa* of Leonardo.

This book, *Renaissance Masters*, I did n't care much for, anyway. I got no information from it, yet it gave me a sort o' glow—that is all—like that lecture which I heard in my boyhood by Wendell Phillips.

Leonardo and Edison

There is only one thing in the book I remember, but that stands out as clearly as the little mole on White Pigeon's forehead. The author said that Leonardo da Vinci invented more useful appliances than any man who ever lived, excepting our own Edison.

I know Edison—he is a most lovable man (because he is himself), very deaf and glad of it, he says, because it saves him from hearing a lot of things he does n't wish to hear. "It is like this," he once said to me, "deafness gives you a needed isolation; reduces your sensitiveness so things do not disturb or distract; allows you to concentrate and focus on a thought until you run it down—see?"

Edison is a great Philistine—reads everything I write—has a complete file of the little brownie magazine; and some of the "Little Journeys" I saw he had interlined and marked. I think Edison is one of the greatest men I ever met—he appreciates good things.

I told Edison how this writer, Rose, had compared him with Leonardo. He smiled and said, "Who is Rose?"—then after a little pause continued, "The great man

Content to Be Himself

is one who has been a long time dead—the woods are full of wizards, but not many of them know that," and the wizard laughed softly at his own joke.

What kind of a man was Leonardo? Why he was the same kind of a man as Edison—only Leonardo was thin and tall while Edison is stout. But you and I would be at home with either. Both are classics and therefore essentially modern. Leonardo studied nature at first hands—he took nothing for granted—nature was his one book. Stuffy, fussy, indoor professors,—men of awful dignity, frighten folks, cause children to scream, and ladies to gaze in awe; but Leonardo was simple and unpretentious. He was at home in any society, high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned—and was quite content to be himself. It 's a fine thing to be yourself!

Thackeray once said, "If I had met Shakespeare on the stairs, I know I should have fainted dead away!" I do not believe Shakespeare's presence ever made anybody faint. He was so big that he could well afford to put folks at their ease.

If Leonardo should come to East Aurora,

Collecting Things

Bertie, Oliver, Lyle, and I would tramp with him across the fields, and he would carry that leather bag strung across his shoulder, just as he did when in the country. He was a geologist and botanist, and was always collecting things (and forgetting where they were).

We would tramp with him I say, and if the season were right, we would go through orchards, sit under the trees, and eat apples. And Leonardo would talk as he liked to do, and tell why the side of fruit that was towards the sun took on a beautiful colour first; and when an apple fell from the tree he would, so to speak, anticipate Sir Isaac Newton and explain why it fell down and not up.

That leather bag of his, I fear, would get rather heavy before we got back, and probably Oliver and Lyle would dispute the honour of carrying it for him.

Leonardo was once engaged by Cæsar Borgia to fortify the kingdom of Romagna. It was a brand new kingdom, presented to the young man by Pope Alexander the Sixth. It was really the Pope who ordered Leonardo to survey the tract and make plans for the fortifications and canals

and all that,—so Leonardo did n't like to refuse. Cæsar Borgia had the felicity of being the son of the Pope, but the Pope used to refer to him as his nephew—it was a habit that Popes once had. Pope Alexander also had a daughter, by name, Lucrezia Borgia, sister to Cæsar and very much like him, for they took their diversion in the same way.

Leonardo started in to do the work and make plans for fortifications that would be impregnable. He looked the ground over thoroughly, travelling on horseback, and his two servants followed him in a cart drawn by a bull, which Leonardo calmly explains was a "side-wheeler."

Leonardo carried a big sketch book, and as he made plans for redoubts, he made notes to the effect that crows fly in flocks without a leader, and wild ducks have a system and fly V-shape with a leader that changes off from time to time with the privates. Also a waterfall runs the musical gamut, and the water might be separated so to play a tune. Also the leaves turn to gold through oxidation, and robins pair for life.

Leonardo also wrote at this time on

Note Books

the movements of the clouds, the broken strata of rocks, the fertilisation of flowers, the habits of bees, and a hundred other themes which fill the library of note books that he left.

Meanwhile Cæsar Borgia was getting a trifle impatient about the building of his forts. Two years had passed when Cæsar and his father met with an accident not uncommon in those times. The precious pair had indulged in their Borgian specialty for the benefit of a certain cardinal, whom they did not warmly admire, though the plot seems to have been chiefly the work of Cæsar. By mistake they drank the poisoned wine prepared for the cardinal, and the Pope was cut off amidst a life of usefulness, his son surviving for a worse fate. Pope Julius II. coming upon the scene, speedily dispossessed the Borgians and the idea of the new kingdom was abandoned.

Leonardo evidently did not go into mourning for the Pope. He had a bullock cart loaded with specimens, sketches, and note books, and set to work to sort them out. He was very happy in this employment—being essentially a man of peace—

A Naturalist

and while he made forts and planned siege guns he was a deal more interested in certain swallows that made nests and glued the work into a most curious and beautiful structure, then tearing up the nest when the young were old enough to fly and pushing the wee birds out to "swim in the air" or perish.

I made some notes about Leonardo's bird observations in the back of that Renaissance book that White Pigeon appropriated. I cannot recall just what they were—I think I 'll hunt White Pigeon up the next time I am in Paris, and get the book back.

II

Birth of Leonardo

WHEN that painstaking biographer, Arsene Houssaye, was endeavouring to fix the date of Leonardo da Vinci's birth he interviewed a certain bishop, who waived the matter thus, "Surely what difference does it make, since he had no business to be born at all?"—a very Milesian-like reply.

Houssaye is too sensible a man to waste words with the spiritually obese, and so merely answered in the language of Terence, "I am a man and nothing that is human is alien to me!"

The gentle Erasmus when a boy, was once taunted by a schoolfellow with having "no name." And Erasmus replied, "Then I'll make one for myself." And he did.

No record of Leonardo's birth exists,

Caterina

but the year is fixed upon in a very curious way. Caterina, his mother, was married one year after his birth. The date of this marriage is proven and the fact that the son of Piero da Vinci was then a year old is also shown. As the marriage occurred in 1453, we simply go back one year and say that Leonardo da Vinci was born in 1452.

Most accounts say that Caterina was a servant in the da Vinci family, but a later and seemingly more authentic writer informs us that she was a governess and teacher of needle work. That her kinsmen hastened her marriage with the peasant, Vacca Accattabriga, seems quite certain; they sought to establish her in a respectable position. And so she acquiesced, and avoided society's displeasure, very much as Lord Bacon escaped disgrace by leaving "Hamlet" upon Shakespeare's doorstep.

This child of Caterina's found a warm welcome in the noble family of his father, From his babyhood he seems to have had the power of winning hearts—he came fresh from God and brought love with him. We even hear a little rustle of

Beloved by All

dissent from grandmothers and aunts when his father, Piero da Vinci married, and started housekeeping as did Benjamin Franklin "with a wife and a bouncing boy."

The charm of the child is again revealed in the fact that his stepmother treated him as her own babe, and lavished her love upon him even from her very wedding morn. Perhaps the compliment should go to her, as well as to the child, for the woman whose heart goes out to another woman's babe is surely good quality. And this was the only taste of motherhood that this brave woman knew, for she passed out in a few months.

Fate decreed that Leonardo should have successively four stepmothers, and should live with all of them in happiness and harmony, for he always made his father's house his own.

Leonardo was the idol of his father and all these stepmothers. He had ten half-brothers who alternately boasted of his kinship, and flouted him. Yet nothing could seriously disturb the serenity of his mind. When his father died, without a will, the brothers sought to dispossess

No Love Story

Leonardo of his rights, and we hear of a lawsuit, which was finally compromised. Yet note the magnanimity of Leonardo—in his will he leaves bequests to these brothers who had sought to undo him!

Of the life of the mother after her marriage we know nothing. There is a vague reference in Vasari's book to her "large family and growing cares," but whether she knew of her son's career, we cannot say. Leonardo never mentions her, yet one writer has attempted to show that the rare beauty of that mysterious face shown in so many of Leonardo's pictures was modelled from the face of his mother.

No love story comes to us in Leonardo's own life—he never married. Ventura suggests that "on account of his birth, he was indifferent to the divine institution of marriage." But this is pure conjecture. We know that his great contemporaries, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Giorgione never married; and we know further that there was a sentiment in the air at that time, that an artist belonged to the Church, and his life, like that of a priest, was sacred to her service.

Belief in Himself

Like Sir William Davenant, Leonardo was always proud of the mystery that surrounded his birth—it differentiated him from the mass, and placed him as one set apart. Well might he have used the language put into the mouth of Edmund in *King Lear*. In one of Leonardo's manuscripts is found an interjected prayer of thankfulness for "the divinity of my birth, and the angels that have guarded my life and guided my feet." This idea of "divinity" is strong in the mind of every great man. He recognises his sonship, and claims his divine parentage. The man of masterly mind is perforce an egotist. When he speaks he says, "Thus saith the Lord." If he did not believe in himself, how could he make others believe in him? Small men are apologetic and give excuses for being on earth, and reasons for staying here so long, and run and peek about to find themselves dishonourable graves. Not so the great souls—the fact that they are here is proof that God sent them. Their actions are regal, their language oracular, their manner affirmative. Leonardo's mental attitude was sublimely gracious—

he had no grievance with his Maker—he accepted life, and found it good. "We are all sons of God and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Sons of God

III

An All Round Life

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, who wrote the *Intellectual Life*, names Leonardo da Vinci as having lived the richest, fullest, and best rounded life of which we know. Yet while Leonardo lived there lived also these: Shakespeare, Cervantes, Columbus, Martin Luther, Savonarola, Loyola, Erasmus, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Raphael. Titans all—giants in intellect and performance, doing and daring, and working such wonders as men never before worked. Writing plays, without thought of posterity, that are to-day the mine from which men work their poetry; producing comedies that are classic; sailing trackless seas and discovering continents; tacking proclamations of defiance on church doors; hunted and exiled for the right of honest

Divinely Endowed

speech; welcoming fierce flames of fagots; falling upon blocks of marble and liberating angels; painting pictures that have inspired millions! But not one touched life at so many points, or revelled so in existence, or was so captain of his soul as was Leonardo da Vinci.

Vasari calls him the "divinely endowed," "showered with the richest gifts as by celestial munificence," and speaks of his countenance thus: "The radiance of his face was so splendidly beautiful that it brought cheerfulness to the hearts of the most melancholy, and his presence was such that his lightest word would move the most obstinate to say 'Yes' or 'No.'"

Bandello, the story teller who was made a Bishop on account of his peculiar talent, had the effrontery to put one of his worst stories, that about the adventures of Fra Lippo Lippi into the mouth of Leonardo. This rough-cast tale, somewhat softened down and hand-polished, served for one of Browning's best known poems. Had Bandello allowed Botticelli to tell the tale, it would have been much more in keeping. Leonardo's days were too full of work to permit of his indulging in the society

Leonardo's Angel

of roysterers—his life was singularly dignified and upright.

When about twenty years old Leonardo was a fellow-student with Perugino in the *bettega* of good old Andrea del Verrocchio. It seems the master painted a group and gave Leonardo the task of drawing in one figure. Leonardo painted in an angel—an angel whose grace and subtle beauty stands out, even to-day, like a ray of light. The story runs that good old Verrocchio wept on first seeing it—wept unselfish tears of joy, touched with a very human pathos—his pupil had far surpassed him, and never again did Verrocchio attempt to paint.

In physical strength Leonardo surpassed all of his comrades. "He could twist horseshoes between his fingers, bend bars of iron across his knees, disarm every adversary, and in wrestling, running, vaulting, and swimming he had no equals. He was especially fond of horses, and in the joust often rode animals that had never before been ridden, winning prizes from the most daring."

Brawn is usually purchased at the expense of brain, but not so in this case.

Commends himself

Leonardo was the courtier and diplomat, and all the finer graces were in his keeping, even from boyhood. And a recent biographer has made the discovery that he was called from Florence to the Court of Milan "because he was such an adept harpist, playing and singing his own compositions."

Yet we have the letter written by Leonardo to the Duke of Milan, wherein he commends himself, and in humility tells of a few things he can do. This most precious document is now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. After naming nine items in the way of constructing bridges, tunnels, canals, fortifications, the making of cannon, use of combustibles and explosives —known to him alone—he gets down to things of peace and says:

"I believe I am equalled by no one in architecture in constructing public and private buildings, and in conducting water from one place to another. I can execute sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or terra cotta, and in drawing and painting I believe I can do as much as any other man, be he who he may. Further, I could engage to execute the bronze statue in memory of your honoured father. And

A Man of Knowledge

again, if any of the above mentioned things should appear impossible, or overstated, I am ready to make such performance in any place or at any time to prove to you my power. In humility I thus commend myself to your illustrious house, and am your servant,

"LEONARDO DA VINCI."

And the strange part of all this is that Leonardo could do all he claimed—or he might, if there were a hundred hours in a day and a man did not grow old.

The things he predicted and planned have mostly been done. He knew the earth was round, and understood the orbits of the planets—Columbus knew no more. His scheme of building a canal from Pisa to Florence and diverting the waters of the Arno, was carried out exactly as he had planned, two hundred years after his death.

He knew the expansive quality of steam, the right systems of dredging, the action of the tides, the proper use of levers, screws, and cranes, and how immense weights could be raised and lowered. He placed a new foundation under a church

Many-Sided

that was sinking in the sand and elevated the whole stone structure several feet. But when Vasari seriously says he had a plan for moving mountains, (aside from faith) I think we would better step aside and talk of other things.

And all this time that he was working at physics and mathematics, he was painting and modelling in clay, just for recreation.

Then behold the Duke of Milan, the ascetic and profligate, libertine and dreamer, hearing of him and sending straightway for Leonardo because he is "the most accomplished harpist in Italy!"

So Leonardo came and led the dance and the tourney, improvised songs, and planned the fêtes and festivals where strange animals turned into birds and gigantic flowers opened, disclosing beautiful girls.

Yet Leonardo found time to plan the equestrian statue of Francisco Sporza, the Duke's father, and finding the subject so interesting he took up the systematic study of the horse, and dived to the depths of horse anatomy in a way that no living man had done before. He dissected the horse, articulated the skeletons of different

Paints Portraits

breeds for comparison, and then wrote a book upon the subject which is a text-book yet; and meanwhile he let the statue wait. He discovered that in the horse there are rudimentary muscles, and unused organs,—the "water stomach" for instance —thus showing that the horse evolved from a lower form of life—anticipating Darwin by three hundred years.

The Duke was interested in statues and pictures—what he called "results"—he did n't care for speculations or theories, and only a live horse that could run fast interested him. So to keep the peace, the gracious Leonardo painted portraits of the Duke's mistress, posing her as the Blessed Virgin, thus winning the royal favour and getting *carte-blanche* orders on the keeper of the exchequer. As a result of this Milan period we have the superb portrait now in the Louvre, of Lucrezia Crivelli, who was supposed to be the favourite of the Duke.

But the Duke was a married man, and the good wife must be placated. She turned to religion when her lover's love grew cold, just as women always do; and for her Leonardo painted the *Last*

Milan Academy of Art

Supper in the dining room of the monastery which was under her special protection, and where she often dined.

The devout lady found much satisfaction in directing the work, which was to be rather general and simply decorative. But the heart of Leonardo warmed to the task and as he worked he planned the most famous painting in the world.

All this time Leonardo had many pupils in painting and sculpture. Soon he founded the Milan Academy of Art. At odd times he made designs for the Duke's workers in silver and gold, drew patterns for the nuns to embroider from, and gave them and the assembled ladies, invited on the order of the Duke's wife, lessons in literature and the gentle art of writing poetry.

The Prior of the monastery watched the work of the *Last Supper* with impatient eyes. He had given up the room to the lumbering scaffolds, hoping to have all cleaned up and tidy in a month, come Michaelmas. But the month had passed and only blotches of color and black, curious outlines marred the walls. Once the Prior threatened to remove the lumber

"The Last Supper"

by force and wipe the walls clean, but Leonardo looked at him and he retreated.

Now he complained to the Duke about the slowness of the task. Leonardo worked alone, allowing no pupil or helper to touch the picture. Five good lively men could do the job in a week—"I could do it myself, if allowed," the good Prior said. Often Leonardo would stand with folded arms and survey the work for an hour at a time and not lift a brush; the Prior had seen it all through the key-hole!

The Duke listened patiently and then summoned Leonardo. The painter's gracious speech soon convinced the Duke that men of genius do not work like hired labourers. This painting was to be a masterpiece, fit monument to a wise and virtuous ruler. So consummate a performance must not be hastened; besides there was no one to pose for either the head of Christ or of Judas. The Christ must be ideal and the face could only be conjured forth from the painter's own soul, in moments of inspiration. As for Judas, "why if nothing better can be found—and I doubt it much—I believe I will take as model for Judas our friend the Prior!"

Genius and Talent

And Leonardo turned to the Prior who fled and never again showed his face in the room until the picture was finished.

The Prior's complaint that Leonardo had too many irons in the fire, was the one universal cry the groundlings raised against him. "He begins things but never completes them," they said.

The man of genius conceives things; the man of talent carries them forward to completion. This the critics did not know. It is too much to expect the equal balance of genius and talent in one individual. Leonardo had great talent, but his genius outstripped it, for he planned what twenty lifetimes could not complete. He was the endless experimenter—his was the experimental life. His incentive was self-development—to conceive was enough—common men could complete. To try many things means Power: to finish a few is Immortality.

IV

The Human Face

THE human face is the masterpiece of God. A woman's smile may have in it more pathos than a battle-scarred landscape; more warmth than the sun's bright rays; more love than words can say.

The human face is the masterpiece of God. The eyes reveal the soul, the mouth the flesh, the chin stands for purpose, the nose means will. But over and behind all is that fleeting something we call "expression." This something is not set or fixed, it is fluid as the ether, changeful as the clouds that move in mysterious majesty across the surface of a summer sky, subtle as the sob of rustling leaves—too faint at times for human ears—elusive as the ripples that play hide and seek over the bosom of a placid lake. And yet

Mona Lisa

men have caught expression and held it captive.

On the walls of the Louvre hangs the *Mona Lisa* of Leonardo da Vinci. This picture has been for four hundred years an exasperation and an inspiration to every portrait painter who has put brush to palette. Well does Walter Pater call it, "The Despair of Painters." The artist was over fifty years of age when he began the work, and he was four years in completing the task.

Completing, did I say? Leonardo's dying regret was that he had not completed this picture. And yet we might say of it, as Ruskin said of Turner's work, "By no conceivable stretch of imagination can we say where this picture could be bettered or improved upon."

Leonardo did not paint this portrait for the woman who sat for it, nor for the woman's husband, who we know was not interested in the matter. The painter made the picture for himself, but succumbing to temptation, sold it to the King of France for a sum equal to something over eighty thousand dollars,—an enormous amount at that time to be paid

La Gioconda

for a single canvas. The picture was not for sale, which accounts for the tremendous price that it brought.

Unlike so many other works attributed to Leonardo, no doubt exists as to the authenticity of "La Gioconda." The correspondence relative to its sale yet exists, and even the voucher proving its payment may still be seen. Fate and fortune have guarded the *Mona Lisa;* and neither thief nor vandal, nor impious infidel, nor unappreciating stupidity, nor time itself has done it harm. France bought the picture; France has always owned and housed it; it still belongs to France.

We call the *Mona Lisa* a portrait, and we have been told how "La Gioconda" sat for the picture, and how the artist invented ways of amusing her, by stories, recitations, the luring strain of hidden lutes, and strange flowers, and rare pictures brought in as surprises to animate and cheer.

That Leonardo loved this woman we are sure, and that their friendship was close and intimate the world has guessed; but the picture is not her portrait—it is himself whom the artist reveals.

Ideal Countenance

Away back in his youth, when Leonardo was a student with Verrocchio, he gave us glimpses of this same face. He showed this woman's mysterious smile in the Madonna, in St. Anne, Mary Magdalen, and the outlines of the features are suggested in the Christ and the St. John of the *Last Supper*. But not until "La Gioconda" had posed for him did the consummate beauty and mysterious intellect of this ideal countenance find expression.

There is in the face all you can read into it, and nothing more. It gives you what you bring, and nothing else. It is as silent as the lips of Memnon, as voiceless as the Sphinx. It suggests to you every joy that you have ever felt, every sorrow you have ever known, every triumph you have ever experienced.

This woman is beautiful, just as all life is beautiful when we are in health. She has no quarrel with the world—she loves and she is loved again. No vain longing fills her heart, no feverish unrest disturbs her dreams, for her no crouching fears haunt the passing hours—that ineffable smile which plays around her mouth says

Power to Repel and to Attract

plainly that life is good. And yet the circles about the eyes and the drooping lids hint of world-weariness, and speak the message of Koheleth and say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

"La Gioconda" is infinitely wise, for she has lived. That supreme poise is only possible to one who knows. All the experiences and emotions of manifold existence have etched and moulded that form and face until the body has become the perfect instrument of soul.

Like every piece of intense personality, this picture has power both to repel and to attract. To this woman nothing is either necessarily good or bad. She has known strange woodland loves in far off æons when the world was young. She is familiar with the nights and days of Cleopatra, for they were hers—the lavish luxury, the animalism of a soul on fire, the smoke of curious incense that brought poppy-like repose, the satiety that sickens—all these were her portion; the sting of the asp yet lingers in her memory, and the faint scar from its fangs is upon her white breast known and wondered at by Leonardo who loved her.

An Ideal Face

Back of her, stretches her life, a mysterious purple shadow. Do you not see the palaces turned to dust, the broken columns, the sunken treasures, the creeping mosses, and the rank ooze of fretted waters that have undermined cities and turned kingdoms into desert seas? The galleys of pagan Greece have swung wide for her on the unforgetting tide, for her soul dwelt in the body of Helen of Troy, and Pallas Athene has followed her ways and whispered to her even the secrets of the gods.

Aye! not only was she Helen, but she was Leda the mother of Helen. Then she was St. Anne, mother of Mary; and next she was Mary, visited by an angel in a dream, and followed by the Wise Men who had seen the Star in the East. The centuries, that are but thoughts, found her a Vestal Virgin in Pagan Rome when brutes were kings, and lust stalked rampant through the streets. She was the bride of Christ and her fair, frail body was flung to the wild beasts, and torn limb from limb while the multitude feasted on the sight.

True to the central impulse of her soul the Dark Ages rightly called her Cecilia,

Lady of the Beautiful Hands

and then Saint Cecilia, mother of sacred music, and later she ministered to men as Melania, the Nun of Tagaste; next as that daughter of William the Conqueror, the Sister of Charity who went throughout Italy, Spain, and France, and taught the women of the nunneries how to sew, to weave, to embroider, to illuminate books, and make beauty, truth, and harmony manifest to human eyes. And so this Lady of the Beautiful Hands stood to Leonardo as the embodiment of a perpetual life; moving in a constantly ascending scale, gathering wisdom, graciousness, love, even as he himself in this life, met every experience half-way and counted it joy, knowing that experience is the germ of power. Life writes its history upon the face, so that all those who have had a like experience read and understand. The human face is the masterpiece of God.

BOTTICELLI

Pagan and Christian

In Leonardo's *Treatise on Painting* only one contemporary is named—Sandro Botticelli. . . . The pagan and Christian world mingle in the work of Botticelli; but the man himself belonged to an age that is past and gone—an age that flourished long before men recorded history. His best efforts seem to spring out of a heart that forgot all precedent, and arose, Venus-like, perfect and complete, from the unfathomable Sea of Existence.

WALTER PATER.

I

Lautner's Crypto-gram

ONE Professor Max Lautner has recently placed a small petard under the European world of Art, and given it a hoist to starboard, by asserting that Rembrandt did not paint Rembrandt's best pictures. The professor makes his point luminous by a cryptogram he has invented and for which he has filed a caveat. It is a very useful cryptogram; no well regulated family should be without it—for by it you can prove any proposition you may make, even to establishing that Hopkinson Smith is America's only stylist. My opinion is that this cryptogram is an infringement on that of our lamented countryman, Ignatius Donnelly.

But letting that pass, the statement that Rembrandt could not have painted the pictures that are ascribed to him "be-

cause the man was low, vulgar, and untaught," commands respect on account of the extreme crudity of the thought involved. Lautner is so dull that he is entertaining.

"I have the capacity in me for every crime," wrote that gentlest of gentle men, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Of course he had n't, and in making this assertion, Emerson pulled toward him a little more credit than was his due. That is, he overstated a great classic truth.

"If Rembrandt painted the *Christ at Emmaus* and the *Sortie of the Civic Guard*, then Rembrandt had two souls," exclaims Professor Lautner. And the simple answer of Emerson would have been, "He had."

That is just the difference between Rembrandt and Professor Lautner. Lautner has one flat, dead-level, unprofitable soul that neither soars high nor dives deep; and his mind reasons unobjectionable things out syllogistically, in a manner perfectly inconsequential. He is "icily regular, splendidly null.

Every man measures others by himself—he has only one standard. When a

SANDRO BOTTICELLI PITTORE
FIORENTINO

man ridicules certain traits in other men, he ridicules himself. How would he know that other men were contemptible, did he not look into his own heart and there see the hateful things? Thackeray wrote his book on *Snobs* because he was a snob, —which is not saying that he was a snob all the time.

When you recognise a thing, good or bad, in the outside world, it is because it was yours already.

"I carry the world in my heart," said the prophet of old. All the universe you have is the universe you have within.

Old Walt Whitman when he saw the wounded soldier, exclaimed, "I am that man!" And two thousand years before this, Terence said, "I am a man, and nothing that is human is alien to me."

I know just why Professor Lautner believes that Rembrandt never could have painted a picture with a deep, tender, subtle, and spiritual significance. Professor Lautner averages fairly well, he labours hard to be consistent, but his thought gamut runs just from Bottom the weaver to Dogberry the judge. He

Untaught

is a cauliflower, —that is to say, a cabbage with a college education.

Yes, I understand him, because for most of the time, I myself am supremely dull, childishly dogmatic, beautifully self-complacent.

I am Lautner.

Lautner says, Rembrandt was "untaught," and Donnelly said the same of Shakespeare, and each critic gives this as a reason why the man could not have done a sublime performance. Yet since *Hamlet* was never equalled, who could have taught its author how? And since Rembrandt at his best was never surpassed, who could have instructed him?

Rembrandt sold his wife's wedding garments, and spent the money for strong drink.

The woman was dead.

And then there came to him days of anguish, and nights of grim, grinding pain. He paced the echoing halls, as did Robert Browning after the death of Elizabeth Barrett when he cried aloud, "I want her! I want her!"

The cold grey light of morning came creeping into the sky. Rembrandt was

"Christ at Emmaus"

fevered, restless, sleepless. He sat by the window and watched the day unfold. And as he sat there looking out to the east, the light of love gradually drove the darkness from his heart. He grew strangely calm—he listened, he thought he heard the rustle of a woman's garments; —he imagined Saskia was at his elbow.

He took up the palette and brushes that for weeks had lain idle, and he outlined the *Christ at Emmaus*—the gentle, loving, sympathetic Christ—the worn, emaciated, thorn-crowned, bleeding Christ, whom the Pharisees misunderstood, and the soldiers spit upon. Don't you know how Rembrandt painted the *Christ at Emmaus?* I do. I am that man.

II

A Beautiful Madonna

SHORTLY after Sandro Botticelli had painted that most distinctly pagan picture, *The Birth of Venus*, he equalised matters, eased conscience, and silenced the critics, by producing a beautiful Madonna, surrounded by a circle of singing angels. Yet, George Eliot writes, there were wiseacres who shook their heads and said, "This Madonna is the work of some good monk—only a man who is deeply religious could put that look of exquisite tenderness and sympathy in a woman's face. Some one is trying to save Sandro's reputation, and win him back from his wayward ways."

In the lives of Botticelli and Rembrandt there is a close similarity. In temperament as well as experience they seem to parallel each other. In boyhood

Botticelli and Rembrandt

Botticelli and Rembrandt were dull, perverse, wilful. Both were given up by teachers and parents as hopelessly handicapped by stupidity. Botticelli's father, seeing that the boy made no progress at school, apprenticed him to a metal-worker. The lad showed the esteem in which he held his parent by dropping the family name of Filipepi and assuming the name of Botticelli, the name of his employer.

Rembrandt thought his boy might make a fair miller, but beyond this his ambition never soared. Botticelli and Rembrandt were splendid animals. The many pictures of Rembrandt, painted by himself, show great physical vigour and vital power.

The picture of Botticelli, by himself, in the *Adoration of the Magi*, reveals a powerful physique and striking personality. The man is as fine as an Aztec, as strong and self-reliant as a cliff-dweller. Character and habit are revealed in the jaw—the teeth of the Aztecs were made to grind dried corn in the kernel, they had good teeth. Dentists were not required until men began to feed on mush.

Botticelli's Physique

Botticelli had broad, strong, square jaws, wide nostrils, full lips, large eyes set wide apart, forehead rather low and sloping, and a columnar neck that rose right out of his spine. A man with such a neck can "stand punishment"—and give it. Such a neck is seen only once in a thousand times. Men with such necks have been mothered by women who bore burdens balanced on their heads, boycotted the *corsetier*, and eschewed all deadly French heels.

Do you know the face of Oliver Goldsmith, the droop of the head, the receding chin and bulging forehead? Well, Botticelli's face was the antithesis of this.

Most of the truly great artists have been men of this Stone-Age,—quality-men who dared. Michael Angelo was the pure type; Titian who lived a century (lacking one year) was another. Leonardo was the same fine savage (who in some miraculous way also possessed the grace of a courtier). Franz Hals, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, and Botticelli were all men of fierce appetites, and heroic physiques. They had animality plus that would have carried them across the century

Ruskin Unearthed Botticelli

mark, had they not drawn checks on futurity, in a belief that their bank balance was unlimited.

Botticelli and Rembrandt kept step in their history, both receiving instant recognition in early life and becoming rich. Then fashion and society turned against them—the tide of popularity began to ebb. One reinforced his genius by strong drink, and the other became intoxicated with religious enthusiasm. Finally both begged alms in the public streets; and the bones of each filled a pauper's grave.

Ruskin unearthed Botticelli, (just as he discovered Turner) and gave him to the Pre-Raphaelites, who fell down and worshipped him. Whether we would have had Burne-Jones without Botticelli, is a grave question, and anyway it would have been another Burne-Jones. There would have been no processions of tall, lissome, melancholy beauties wending their way to nowhere, were it not for the *Spring*. Ruskin held up the picture, and the Pre-Raphaelites got them to their easels. At once all original "Botticellis" were gotten out "restored"

A "Botticelli" at Yale

and reframed. The prices doubled, trebled, quadrupled as the brokers scoured Europe. By the year 1876 every "Botticelli" had found a home in some public institution or gallery, and no lure of gold could bring one forth.

At Yale University there is a modest collection of good pictures. Among them is a "Botticelli"—not a great picture like the *Crowned Madonna* of the Uffizi, or *The Nativity* of the National Gallery, but still a picture painted by Sandro Botticelli, beyond a doubt. Recently J. Pierpont Morgan, alumnus of Harvard, conceived the idea that the "Botticelli" at Yale would look quite as well, and be safer if it were hung on the walls of the new granite fireproof Art Gallery at Cambridge. Accordingly he dispatched an agent to New Haven to buy the "Botticelli." The agent offered fifty thousand dollars, seventy-five, one hundred—no. Then he proposed to build Yale a new art gallery and stock it with Pan-American pictures, all complete, in exchange for that little, insignificant, and faded "Botticelli."

But no trade was consummated, and

The Lost Portrait

on the walls of Yale the picture still hangs. Each night a cot is carried in and placed beneath the picture. And there a watchman sleeps and dreams of that portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough, stolen from its frame, lost for a quarter of a century, and then rescued by one Colonel Patrick Sheedy, (philanthropist and friend of art) for a consideration, and sold to J. Pierpont Morgan, alumnus of Harvard (and a very alert, alive, and active man).

III

A Dazzling Comet

A SHORT time ago there shot across the artistic firmament a comet of daring and dazzling brightness. Every comet is hurling onward to its death: destruction is its only end: and upon each line and tracery of the work of Aubrey Beardsley is the taint of decay.

To deny the genius of the man were vain—he had elements in his character that made him akin to Keats, Shelley, Burns, Byron, Chopin, and Stephen Crane. With these his name will in brotherhood be forever linked. He was one made to suffer, sin, and die—a few short summers, and autumn came with yellow leaves and he was gone. And the principal legacy he left us is the thought of wonder as to what he might have been had he only lived!

Madonna Pictures

Aubrey Beardsley's art was the art of the ugly. His countenances are so repulsive that they attract. The psychology of the looks, and leers, and grins, and hot hectic desires upon the faces of his women are a puzzle that we cannot lay aside—we want to solve the riddle of this paradox of existence—the woman whose soul is mire and whose heart is hell. Many men have tried to fathom it at close range, but we devise a safer plan and follow the trail in books, art, and imagination. Art shows you the thing you might have done or been. Burke says the ugly attracts us, because we congratulate ourselves that we are not it.

The Madonna pictures, multiplied without end, stand for peace, faith, hope, trustfulness, and love. All that is fairest, holiest, purest, noblest, best, men have tried to portray in the face of the Madonna. All the good that is in the hearts of all the good women they know, all the good that is in their own hearts, they have made to shine forth from the "Mother of God." Woman has been the symbol of righteousness and faith.

On the other hand it was a woman—

Woman in Art

Louisa De la Rame—who said, "Woman is the instrument of lust." Saint Chrysostom wrote, "She is the snare the devil uses to lure men to their doom." I am not quite ready to accept the dictum of that old, old story that it was the woman who collaborated with the serpent and first introduced sin and sorrow into the world. Or, should I believe this, I wish to give woman due credit for giving to man the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge—the best gift that ever came his way.

But the first thought holds true in a poetic way—it has always been, is yet, and always will be true, that the very depths of degradation are only sounded by woman. As poets, painters, and sculptors have ever chosen a woman to stand for what is best in humanity, so she has posed as their model when they wanted to reveal the worst.

This desire to depict villainy on a human face seems to have found its highest modern exponent in Aubrey Beardsley. With him man is an animal, and woman a beast. Aye, she is worse than a beast—she is a vampire. Kipling's summing up of woman

Beardsley's Heroines

as "a rag and a bone, and a hank of hair" gives no clue to the possibilities in way of subtle, reckless, reaches of deviltry, compared with a single simple outline drawing by Beardsley.

Beardsley's heroines are the kind of women who can kill a man by a million pin pricks, so diabolically, subtly, and slyly administered that no one but the victim would be aware of the martyrdom—and he could not explain it.

As you enter the main gallery of statuary at the Luxembourg you will see, on a slightly raised platform, at the extreme opposite end of the room, the nude figure of a man. The mould is heroic, and the strong pose at once attracts your attention. As you approach closer you will see, standing behind the man, the figure of a woman. Her form is elevated so she is leaning over him and her face is turned so her lips are about to be pressed upon his. You approach still closer, and a feeling of horror flashes through you—you see that the beautiful arms of the woman end in hairy claws. The claws embrace the man in deadly grasp, and are digging deep into his vitals. On his face is a look of fear-

"The Vampire"

ful pain, and every splendid muscle is tense with awful agony.

Now if you do as I did, you will suddenly turn and go out into the fresh air—the fearful realism of the marble will for the moment unnerve you.

This is the piece of statuary that gave Phillip Burne-Jones the cue for his painting, *The Vampire;* which picture suggested the poem, by the same name, to Rudyard Kipling.

Aubrey Beardsley gloated on *The Vampire*—she was the sole goddess of his idolatry.

No wonder it was that the story of Salome attracted him! Salome was a woman so wantonly depraved that Beardsley, with a touch of pious hypocrisy, said he dared not use her for dramatic purposes, save for the fact that she was a Bible character.

You remember the story:—John the Baptist, the strong, fine youth came up out of the wilderness crying in the streets of Jerusalem, "Repent ye! Repent ye!"

Salome heard the call and looked upon the semi-naked young fanatic, from her window with half-closed, cat-like eyes.

She smiled, did this idle creature of luxury, as she lay there amid the cushions on her couch, and gazed through the casement upon the preacher in the street. Suddenly a thought came to her! She arose on her elbow—she called her slaves.

They clothed her in a gaudy gown, dressed her hair, and led her forth.

Salome followed the wild, weird, religious enthusiast. She pushed through the crowd and placed herself near the man.

Their eyes met. She half smiled and gave him that look which had snared the soul of many another. But he only gazed at her with passionless, judging intensity, and repeated his cry, "Repent ye, Repent ye, for the day is at hand!"

Her reply, uttered soft and low, was this: "I would kiss thy lips!"

He turned away and she reached to seize his garment, repeating—"I would kiss thy lips—I would kiss thy lips!"

He turned aside, and forgot her, as he continued his warning cry, and went his way.

The next day she waylaid the youth again; as he came near she suddenly and softly stepped forth and said in that

same low voice, "I would kiss thy lips!"

He repulsed her with scorn. She threw her arms about him and sought to draw his head down near hers. He pushed her from him with sinewy hands, sprang as from a pestilence, and was lost in the pressing throng.

That night she danced before Herod Antipas and when the promise was recalled that she should have anything she wished, she named the head of the only man who had ever turned away from her—"The head of John the Baptist on a charger!"

In an hour the wish is gratified. Two eunuchs stand before Salome with a silver tray bearing its fearsome burden.

The woman smiles—a smile of triumph, as she steps forth with tinkling feet. A look of pride comes over the painted face. Her jewelled fingers reach into the blood-matted hair. She lifts the head aloft, and the bracelets on her brown, bare arms fall to her shoulders, making strange music. Her face presses the face of the dead. In exultation she exclaims, "I have kissed thy lips!"

IV

A Famous Picture

THE most famous picture painted by Botticelli is the *Spring*, now in the Academy at Florence. The picture has given rise to endless inquiry, and the explanation was made in the artist's day and is still made, that it was painted to illustrate a certain passage in Lucretius. This innocent little subterfuge of giving a classic turn to things in art and literature, has allowed many a man to shield his reputation and gloss his good name. When Art relied upon the protecting wing of the Church, the poet-painters called their risky little things *Susannah and the Elders*, *The Wife of Uriah*, or *Pharaoh's Daughter*. Lucas van Leyden once pictured a Dutch wench with such startling and realistic fidelity that he scandalised a whole community, until he labelled the picture *Potiphar's Wife*.

"Spring"

When the taste for the classics began to be cultivated, we had *Leda and the Swan*, *Psyche*, *Phryne before the Judges*, *Aphrodite rising from the Sea;* and later, England experienced quite an artistic eruption of Lady Godivas. Literature is filled with many such naïve little disguises as *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, and Robert Browning himself caught the idea and put many a maxim into the mouth of another, for which he preferred not to stand sponsor.

Botticelli painted the *Spring* for Lorenzo the Magnificent, to be placed in the Medici villa at Castello. The picture it will be remembered, represents seven female figures, a flying cupid, and a youth. The youth is a young man of splendid proportions; he stands in calm indifference with his back to the sparsely clad beauties, and reaches into the branches of a tree for the plenteous fruit. This youth is a composite portrait of Botticelli and his benefactor, Lorenzo. The women were painted from life, and represent various favourites and beauties of the court. The drawing is faulty, the centre of gravity being lost in several of the figures, and

"Spring"

the anatomy of a quality that must have given a severe shock to the artist's friend Leonardo. Yet the grace, the movement, and the joyous quality of the spring is in it all. It is a most fascinating picture, and we can well imagine the flutter it produced when first exhibited four hundred years ago.

Two figures in the picture challenge attention. One of these represents approaching maternity—a most daring thing to attempt. This feature seems to belong to the school of Hogarth alone—a school which, let us pray, is hopelessly dead.

Cimabue and several of his pupils painted realistic pictures representing Mary visiting Elizabeth, but the intense religious zeal back of them, was a salt that saved from offending. Occasionally the staid and sober Dutch successfully attempted the same theme, and their stolidity stood for them, as religious zeal had done for the early Italians—we pardon them simply because they knew no better than to choose a subject that is beyond the realm of art.

The restorers and engravers have softened down Botticelli's intent, which was

"Spring"

originally well defined, but we can easily see that the effect was delicate and spiritual. The woman's downcast gaze is full of tenderness and truth. That figure when it was painted was history, and must have had a very tender interest for two persons at least. Had the painter dared to suggest motherhood in that other figure—the one with the flowered raiment—he would have offended against decency, and the art-sense of the world would have stricken his name from the roster of fame forever, and made him anathema.

More had been written and said, and more copies made of that woman in the flowered dress in the *Spring* than of any other portrait I can remember, save possibly the *Mona Lisa*.

The face is not without a certain attractiveness; the high cheek bones, the narrow forehead, and the lines above her brow show that this is no ideal sketch—it is the portrait of a woman who once lived. But the peculiar mark of depravity is the eye—this woman looks at you with a cold, calm, calculating, brazen leer. Hidden in the folds of her dress or the coil of her hair, is a stiletto—she can find it

"Spring"

in an instant—and as she looks at you out of those impudent eyes, she is mentally searching out your most vulnerable spot. In this woman's face there is an entire absence of wonder, curiosity, modesty, or passion. All that we call the eternally feminine is obliterated.

Mona Lisa is infinitely wise, while this woman is only cunning. All the lure she possesses is the lure of warm, pulsing youth—grown old she will be a repulsive hag. Speculation has made her one of the Borgias, for in the days of Botticelli a Borgia was a pope, and Cæsar Borgia and his court were well known to Botticelli —from such a group he could have picked his model, if anywhere. Ruskin has linked this unknown wicked beauty with Machiavelli. But Machiavelli had a head that out-matched hers, and he would certainly have left her to the fool-moths that fluttered around her candle. Machiavelli used women, and this woman, has only one ambition and that is to use men. She represents concrete selfishness,—the mother instinct swallowed up in pride, and conscience smothered by hate. Certainly sex is not dead in her, but it is perverted below

"Spring"

the brute. Her passion would be so intense and fierce that even as she caressed her lover, with arm about his neck, she would feel softly for his jugular, mindful the while, of the stiletto hidden in her hair. And this is the picture that fired the brain of Aubrey Beardsley, and caused him to fix his ambition on becoming the apostle of the ugly.

V

A Tinge of Melancholy

TO LIKEN Beardsley to Botticelli seems indeed a sin. The master was an artist, but Beardsley only gave chalk talks. His work is often rude, crude, and raw. He is only a promise, turned to dust. Yet let the simple fact stand for what it is worth, that Beardsley had but one god and that was Botticelli. Most of the things Beardsley did were ugly; many of the things Botticelli did were supremely beautiful.

Yet in all of Botticelli's work there is a tinge of melancholy—a shade of disappointment. The *Spring* is a sad picture. On the faces of his tall, fine, graceful girls there is a hectic flush. Their cheeks are hollow, and you feel that their beauty is already beginning to fade. Like fruit too much loved by the sun, they are ready to fall.

Botticelli the Lover

Botticelli had the true love nature. By instinct he was a lover, the proof of which lies in the fact that he was deeply religious. The woman he loved he has pictured over and over again. The touch of sorrow is ever in her wan face, but she possessed a silken strength, a heroic nature, a love that knew no turning. She had faith in Botticelli, and surely he had faith in her. For forty years she was in his heart; at times he tried to dislodge her and replace her image by another; but he never succeeded and the last Madonna he drew is the same wistful, loving, patient face—sad yet proud, strong yet infinitely tender.

VI

IN THAT piece of lapidary work, "How Sandro Botticelli saw Simonetta in the *Spring* is a bit of heart psychology which, I believe, has never been surpassed in English.

Simonetta, of the noble house of Vespucci, was betrothed to Giuliano, brother of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Simonetta was tall, stately,—beautiful as Venus, wise as Minerva, and proud as Juno. She knew her worth, realised her beauty, and feeling her power made others feel it, too.

On a visit to the villa of the Medici at Fiesole she first saw Sandro Botticelli at an evening assembly in the gardens. She had heard of the man and knew his genius. When they suddenly met face to face under the boughs, she noted how her beauty startled him. His gaze ranged

The Battle Fought

the exquisite lines of her tall form, then sought the burnished gold of her hair. Their eyes met.

First of all this man was an artist: the art-instinct in him was supreme: after that he was a lover.

Simonetta saw he had looked upon her merely as a "subject." She was both pleased and angry. She too loved art, but she loved love more. She was a woman.

They separated, and Simonetta inwardly compared the sallow, slavish scion of a proud name, to whom she was betrothed, with this God's nobleman whom she had just met. Giuliano's words were full of soft flattery; this man uttered an oath of surprise under his breath, on first seeing her, and treated her almost with rudeness.

She fought the battle out there, alone, leaning against a tree, listening to the monotonous voice of a poet who was reading from Plato. She felt the disinterested greatness of Sandro, she knew the grandeur of his intellect—she was filled with a desire to be of service to him. Certainly she did not love him—a social abyss separated them—but could not her beauty and

power in some way be allied with his, so that the world should be made better?

"Shame is of the brute dullard who thinks shame," came the resonant voice of the reader. The words rang in her ears. Sandro was greater than the mere flesh—she would be, too. She would pose for him, and thus give her beautiful body to the world—beauty is eternal. Her action would bless and benefit the centuries yet to come. She was the most beautiful of women—he the greatest of artists. It was an opportunity sent from the gods!

Instantly she half ran, seeking the painter. She found him standing apart, alone. She spoke eagerly and hotly, fearing her courage would falter before she could make known her wish:

"Ecco, Messer Sandro," she whispered, casting a furtive look about—"who is there in Florence like me?"

"There is no one," calmly answered Sandro.

"I will be your Lady Venus," she went on breathlessly, stepping closer—"You shall paint me rising from the sea!" . . .

Very early the next morning, before the household was astir, Sandro entered the apartments of the Lady Simonetta. She was awaiting him, leaning with feigned carelessness against the balustrade, arrayed from head to toe in a rose-coloured mantle. One bare foot peeped forth from under the folds of the robe.

Neither spoke a word.

Sandro arranged his easel, spread his crayons on the table, and looked about the room making calculations as to light.

He motioned her to a certain spot. She took the position, and as he picked up a crayon and examined it carelessly, she raised her arms and the robe fell at her feet.

Sandro faced her, and saw the tall delicate form, palpitating before him. The rays of the morning sun swept in between the lattices and kissed her shoulder, face, and hair.

For an instant the artist was in abeyance. Then from under his breath he exclaimed, "Holy Virgin! what a line! Stay as you are, I implore you—swerve not a hair's breadth, and soon you shall be mine forever!"

The pencil broke under his impetuous stroke. He seized another and worked at headlong speed. The woman watched him with eyes dilated. She was agitated, and the pink of her fair skin came and went. Her face grew pale, and she swayed like a reed. All the time she watched the artist, fearfully. She was at his mercy!

Ah God! he was only an artist with the biggest mouth in all Florence! She noted how he tossed the hair from his eyes every moment. She saw the heavy jaw, the great broad-spreading feet, the powerful chest. His smothered exclamations as he worked filled her with scorn. What had she done? Who was she, anyway, that she should thus bare her beauty before such a creature? He had not even spoken to her! Was she only a thing?

She grew deadly pale and reeled as she stood there. Two big tears chased each other down her cheeks. The painter looking up saw other tears glistening on her lashes.

He noted her distress.

He dropped his crayon and made a motion as if to advance to her relief.

A few moments before and he might

Life Burned out

have folded her mantle about her and assisted her to a seat—then they would have talked, reassured each other, and been mutually understood. To be understood—to be appreciated—that is it!

It was too late, now—she hated him.

As he advanced she recovered herself.

She pointed her finger to the door, and bade him begone.

Hastily he huddled his belongings into a parcel and without looking up, passed out of the door. She heard his steps echoing down the stairway, and soon from out the lattice she saw him walk across the court and disappear. He did not look up!

She threw herself upon her couch, buried her face in the pillows and burst into tears.

In one short week word came to Sandro that Simonetta was dead—a mysterious quick fever of some kind—she had refused all food—the doctors could not understand it—the fever had just burned her life out!

Let Maurice Hewlett tell the rest:

> They carried dead Simonetta through the streets of Florence with her pale face uncovered and a crown of myrtle in her hair. People

Simonetta's Funeral

throngings there held their breath, or wept to see such still loveliness; and her poor parted lips wore a patient little smile, and her eyelids were pale violet and lay heavy on her cheek. White, like a bride, with a heavy nosegay of orange-blossom and syringa at her throat, she lay there on her bed with lightly folded hands and the strange aloofness and preoccupation all the dead have. Only her hair burned about her like molten copper.

The great procession swept forward; black brothers of Misericordia, shrouded and awful, bore the bed or stalked before it with torches that guttered and flared sootily in the dancing light of day. . . .

Santa Croce, the great church, stretched forward beyond her into distances of grey mist and cold spaces of light. Its bare vastness was damp like a vault. And she lay in the midst, listless, heavy-lidded, apart, with the half smile, as it seemed, of some secret mirth. Round her the great candles smoked and flickered, and mass was sung at the high altar for her soul's repose.

Sandro stood alone facing the shining altar, but looking fixedly at Simonetta on her couch. He was white, with dry-parched lips and eyes that ached and smarted. Was this the end? Was it possible, my God! that the transparent unearthly thing lying

A Dream in Half Tones

there so prone and pale was dead? Had such loveliness aught to do with life or death? Ah! sweet lady, dear heart, how tired she was, how deadly tired! From where he stood, he could see with intolerable anguish the sombre rings around her eyes and the violet shadows on the lids, her folded hands and the straight meek line to the feet. And her poor wan face with its wistful pitiful little smile was turned half aside on the delicate throat, as if in a last appeal:—"Leave me now, O Florentines, to my rest." Poor child! Poor child! Sandro was on his knees with his face pressed against the pulpit and tears running through his fingers as he prayed. . . .

As he had seen her, so he painted. As at the beginning of life in a cold world, passively meeting the long trouble of it, he painted her a rapt Presence floating evenly to our earth. A grey, translucent sea laps silently upon a little stream and, in the hush of a still dawn, the myrtles and sedges on the water's brim are quiet. It is a dream in half tones that he gives us, grey and green and steely blue; and just that, and some homely magic of his own, hint the commerce of another world with man's discarded domain. Men and women are asleep, and as in an early walk you may startle the

Spirit of the April Woodland

hares at their play, or see the creatures of the darkness—owls and night hawks and heavy moths—flit with fantastic purpose over the familiar scene, so here it comes upon you suddenly that you have surprised nature's self at her mysteries; you are let into the secret; you have caught the spirit of the April woodland as she glides over the pasture to the copse. And that, indeed, was Sandro's fortune. He caught her in just such a propitious hour. He saw the sweet wild thing, pure and undefiled by touch of earth; caught her in that pregnant pause of time ere she had lighted. Another moment and a buxom nymph of the grove would fold her in a rosy mantle, coloured as the earliest wood-anemones are. She would vanish, we know, into the daffodils or a bank of violets. And you might tell her presence there, or in the rustle of the myrtles, or coo of doves mating in the pines; you might feel her genius in the scent of the earth or the kiss of the west wind; but you could only see her in mid-April, and you should look for her over the sea. She always comes with the first warmth of the year. But daily, before he painted, Sandro knelt in a dark chapel in Santa Croce, while a priest said mass for the repose of Simonetta's soul.

VII

"Romola"

GEORGE ELIOT gives many a side-glimpse of the art life of Florence in the days of the luxury-loving Medici. She saturated herself in Italian literature and history, and the days of Fra Angelico, Fra Lippo Lippi, and Fra Girolamo Savonarola are bodied forth from lines deeply etched upon her heart.

When you go to Florence carry *Romola* in your side-pocket, just as you take the *Marble Faun* to Rome. The book is sad, but on the theory that like cures like, you will find to read something sad in a sad city will enlighten your spirits. And certainly it will make history live again and pass before your gaze. The story is unmistakably high art, for from

Renunciation

the opening lines of the poem you hear the slow, measured wing of death; and after you have read the volume, forever, for you, will the smoke of martyr fires hover about the Piazza Signoria, and from the gates of San Marco you will see emerge that little man in black robe and cowl,—that homely, repulsive man with the curved nose, the protruding lower lip, the dark leathery skin—that man who lured and fascinated by his poise and power, whose words were whips of scorpions that stung his enemies until they had to silence him by a rope; and as a warning to those whom he had hypnotised, they burned his swart, shrunken body in the public square, just as he had burned their books and pictures.

Sandro Botticelli, the painter, who made sensuality beautiful, ugliness seductive, and the sin-stained soul attractive, renounced all and followed the monk of San Marco—sensuality and asceticism at the least are one. When the procession headed for the Piazza Signoria, where the fagots were piled high, Sandro stood afar off and his heart was wrung in anguish, as he saw the glare

Mere Existence

of the flames gild the eastern sky. And this anguish was not for the friends who had perished—no, no, it was for himself: the thought that he was unworthy of martyrdom filled his mind—he had fallen at the critical moment. Basely and cravenly he had saved himself. By saving all he lost all. To lose one's self-respect is the only calamity. Sandro Botticelli had failed to win the approval of his other self—and this is defeat, and there is none other. He might have sent his soul to God on the wings of victory, in glorious company, but now it was too late —too late!

From this time forth he ceased to live —he merely existed. Into his soul there occasionally shot gleams of sunshine, but his nerveless hands refused to do the bidding of his brain. He stood on crutches, hat in hand, at church doors, and asked for alms. Sometimes he would make bold to tell people of wonderful pictures within, over the altar or upon the walls; and he would say that they were his, and then the hearers would laugh aloud, and ask him to repeat his words, that others too might hear and

laugh. Thus dwindled the passing days; and for him who had painted the glorious *Spring*, there came the chilling neglect of winter, until death in mercy laid an icy hand upon him. And he was still.

Death

THORWALDSEN

Ship's Guardian Spirit.

See the hovering ships on the wharves! The Dannebrog waves, the workmen sit in circle under the shade at their frugal breakfasts; but foremost stands the principal figure in this picture; it is a boy who cuts with a bold hand the life-like features in the wooden image for the beakhead of the vessel. It is the ship's guardian spirit, and, as the first image from the hand of Albert Thorwaldsen, it shall wander out into the wide world. The swelling sea shall baptise it with its waters, and hang its wreaths of wet plants around it; nor night, nor storm, nor icebergs, nor sunken rocks shall lure it to its death, for the Good Angel that guards the boy shall, too, guard the ship upon which with mallet and chisel he has set his mark.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

I

American Ancestry

THE real business-like biographer begins by telling when his subject "first saw the light"—by which he means when the man was born. In this instance we will go a bit farther back and make note of the interesting fact that Thorwaldsen was descended from an ancestor who had the rare fortune to be born in Rhode Island, in the year 1007.

Wiggling, jiggling, piggling individuals with quibbling proclivities, and an incapacity for distinguishing between fact and truth, may maintain that there was no Rhode Island in the year 1007. Emerson has written, "Nothing is of less importance on account of its being small." And so I maintain that in the year 1007, Rhode Island was just where it is now,

Honoured for Ancestry

and to the Cosmos quite as important. Let Pawtucket protest and Providence bite the thumb—no retraction will be made!

About the year 1815, the Secretary of the Rhode Island Historical Society wrote Thorwaldsen informing him that he had been elected an honorary member of the society, on account of his being the only known living descendant of the first European white man born in America.

Thorwaldsen replied, expressing his great delight in the honour conferred, and touched feelingly on the fact that while he had been elected to membership in various societies in consideration of what he had done, this was the first honour that had come his way on account of his ancestry. To a friend he said, "How would we ever know who we are, or where we came from were it not for the genealogical savants!

In a book called *American Antiquities*, now in the library at Harvard College, and I suppose accessible in various other libraries, there is a genealogical table tracing the ancestry of Thorwaldsen.

Snome the American

It seems that in the year 1006, one Thorfinne, an Icelander whaler, commanded a ship which traversed the broad Atlantic, and skirted the coast of New England. Thorfinne wintered his craft in one of the little bays of Rhode Island and spent the winter at Mount Hope, where the marks of his habitat endure even unto this day.

The statement to the effect that when the Indians saw the ships of Columbus, they cried out, "Alas, we are discovered!" goes back to a much earlier period, like many another of Mark Twain's gladsome scintillations. So little did Thorfinne and his hardy comrades think of crossing the Atlantic in search of adventure, that they used to take their families along, as though it were a picnic. And so fate ordered that Gudrid, the good wife of Thorfinne, should give birth to a son, there at Mount Hope, Rhode Island, in the year 1007. And they called the baby boy Snome. And to Snome the American, the pedigree of Thorwaldsen traces.

In a lecture on the Icelandic Sagas I once heard William Morris say that all really respectable Icelanders traced their

Origin of the Name

genealogy to a king, and many of them to a god. Thorwaldsen did both—first to Harold Hildestand, King of Denmark, and then with the help of several kind old gran'mamas, to the god Thor.

His love for mythology was an atavism. In childhood the good old aunties used to tell him how the god Thor once trod the earth and shattered the mountains with his hammer. From Thor and the World his first ancestor was born, so the family name was Thor-vald. The appendix "sen" or son means that the man was the son of Thorwald; and in some way the name got ossified like the name Robinson, Parkinson, Peterson, or Albertson; and then it was Thorwaldsen.

Men who are strong in their own natures are very apt to smile at the good folk who chase the genealogical anise-seed trail—it is a harmless diversion with no game at the end of the route. And on the other hand, all men like Thorwaldsen, who reach cosmic consciousness, recognise their divine sonship. Such men feel that their footsteps are mortised and tenoned in granite; and the Power that holds the worlds in space and guides the wheeling

Small Men and Great

planets, also prompts their thoughts and directs their devious way. They know that they are a necessary part of the whole. Small men are provincial, mediocre men are cosmopolitan, but great souls are universal.

II

Birth of Bertel Thorwaldsen

TWO islands, one city, and the open sea claim the honour of being the birthplace of Bertel Thorwaldsen. The date of his birth ranges, according to the authorities, from 1770 to 1773—take your choice. His father was an Icelander who had worked his passage down to Copenhagen and had found his stint as a wood-carver in a shipyard where it was his duty to carve out wonderful figure-heads, after designs made by others. Gottschalk Thorwaldsen never thought to improve on a model, or change it in any way, or to model a figurehead himself. The cold of the north had chilled any ambition that was in his veins. Goodsooth! Such work as designing figure-heads was only for those who had been to college, and who could read and write! So he worked

First Great Cross

away, day after day, and by the help of the goodwife's foresight and economy managed to keep out of debt, pay his tithes at church, and lead a decent life.

Little Bertel used to remember when, like the Peggottys, they lived in an abandoned canal boat that had been tossed up on the beach. Bertel carried chips and shavings from the shipyard for fuel and piled them against the "house." One night the tide came up in a very unexpected manner and carried the chips away, for the sea is so very hungry that it is always sending the tide in to shore after things. It was quite a loss for the poor wood-carver and his wife to have all their winter fuel carried away; so they cuffed little Bertel soundly (for his own good) for not piling the chips up on the deck of the boat, instead of leaving them on the shifting sand.

This was the first great cross that came to Bertel. He had a few others afterward. but he never forgot the night of anguish and the feeling of guilt that followed the losing of the shavings and chips.

Some weeks after another high tide came sweeping in, and lapped and sniffed

Second Calamity

and sighed around the canal boat as if it were trying to tug it loose and carry the old craft and all the family out to sea. Little Bertel hoped the tide would fetch it, for it would be kind o' nice to get clear out away from everybody and everything —where there were no chips to pick up. His mother could supply a quilt for a mainsail and he would use his shirt for a jib and they would steer straight for America—or somewhere.

But lest the dream should come true, Gottschalk and his wife talked the matter over and concluded to abandon the boat, before it got sunk into the sand quite out of sight. So the family moved into a little house on an alley, half a mile away from the shipyard—it was an awful long way to carry chips.

The second calamity that came into the life of little Bertel was when he was eight years old. He and several companions were playing about the King's Market, where there was an equestrian statue of Charles V. The boys climed up on the pedestal, cut various capers there, and finally they challenged Bertel to mount the horse behind the noble rider. By dint

Caught in Mischief

of much boosting from several boys older than himself, he was at last perched on the horse. Then his companions made hot haste to run away and leave him in his perilous position. Just then, as unkind fate would have it, a pair of gendarmes came along on the lookout for anything that might savour of sedition, contumacy, or contravention. They found it in little Bertel clutching tearfully to the royal person of Charles V., twelve feet above the ground. Quickly they rushed the lad off to the police station, between them, each with a firm grip upon his collar.

Victor Hugo once said, "The minions of the law go stolidly after vice, and not finding it, they stolidly take virtue instead."

Besides an awful warning "never to do this thing again" from a judge in a ferocious wig, the boy got a flogging at home, (for his own good) although his father first explained that it was a very painful duty to himself to be obliged to punish his son. The son volunteered to excuse the father, and this brought the youngster ten extra lashes for being so smart.

Long years after, at Rome, Thorwaldsen told the story to Hans Christian Andersen

A Confession

about being caught astride the great bronze horse at Copenhagen, and of the awful reprimand of the judge bewigged.

"And honestly now—I 'll never tell"—said Andersen with a sly twinkle in his blue eyes, "did you ever repeat the offence?"

"Since you promise not to divulge it, I 'll confess that forty-three years after my crime of mounting that horse, I had occasion to cross King's Market Square at midnight. I had been out to a little social gathering, and was on my way home alone. I saw the great horse and rider gleaming in the pale moonlight. I recalled vividly how I had occupied that elevated perch and been hauled down by the scandalised and indignant officers. I remembered the warning of the judge as to what would happen if I ever did it again. Hastily I removed my coat and hat and clambered up on the pedestal. I seized a leg of the royal person, and swung up behind. For five minutes I sat there mentally defying the State, and saying unspeakable things about all gendarmes and Copenhagen gendarmes in particular."

III

Every Man a Boy

I HAVE a profound respect for boys. Grimy, ragged, tousled boys in the street often attract me strangely. A boy is a man in the cocoon—you do not know what it is going to become—his life is big with possibilities He may make or unmake kings, change boundary lines between states, write books that will mould characters, or invent machines that will revolutionise the commerce of the world. Every man was a boy—I trust I will not be contradicted—it is really so. Would n't you like to turn time backward, and see Abraham Lincoln at twelve, when he had never worn a pair of boots?—the lank, lean, yellow, hungry boy—hungry for love, hungry for learning, tramping off through the woods for twenty miles to borrow a book, and spelling it out

The Corsican Boy and Others

crouching before the glare of the burning logs.

Then there was that Corsican boy, one of a goodly brood, who weighed only fifty pounds when ten years old; who was thin and pale and perverse, and had tantrums, and had to be sent supperless to bed, or locked in a dark closet because he would n't "mind!" Who would have thought that he would have mastered every phase of warfare at twenty-six, and when told that the Exchequer of France was in dire confusion, would say, "The finances? I will arrange them!"

Distinctly and vividly I remember a squat, freckled boy who was born in the "Patch" and used to pick up coal along the railroad tracks in Buffalo. A few months ago I had a motion to make before the Court of Appeals. That boy from the "Patch" was the judge who wrote the opinion, granting my petition.

Yesterday I rode horseback past a field where a boy was ploughing. The lad's hair stuck out through the top of his hat; one suspender held his trousers in place; his form was bony and awkward; his bare legs and arms were brown and sunburned

and briar-scarred. He swung his horses around just as I passed by, and from under the flapping brim of his hat he cast a quick glance out of dark, half-bashful eyes, and modestly returned my salute. When his back was turned I took off my hat and sent a God-bless-you down the furrow after him.

Who knows?—I may go to that boy to borrow money yet, or to hear him preach, or to beg him to defend me in a lawsuit; or he may stand with pulse unhastened, bare of arm, in white apron, ready to do his duty, while the cone is placed over my face, and night and death come creeping into my veins. Be patient with the boys—you are dealing with soul-stuff—Destiny awaits just around the corner. Be patient with the boys!

IV

At Fourteen

BERTEL THORWALDSEN was fourteen years old. He was pale and slender, and had a sharp chin and a straight nose and hair the colour of sunburned tow. His eyes were large, set wide apart and bright blue; and he looked out upon the world silently, with a sort o' wistful melancholy. He helped his father carve out the wonderful figureheads that were to pilot the ships across strange seas and bring good luck to the owners.

"A boy like that should be sent to the Academy and taught designing" said one of the shipowners one day as he watched the lad at his work. Gottschalk shook his head dubiously. "How could a poor man, with a family to support, and provisions so high, spare his boy from

Awarded a Prize

work! Aye, wasn't he teaching the lad a trade, himself, as it was?"

But the shipowner fumbled his fob, and insisted, and to test the boy, he had him work with his designers. And he compromised with the father by having Bertel sent to the Academy half a day at a time.

At the school one of the instructors remembered Bertel, on account of his long yellow hair that hung down in his eyes when he leaned over the desk; also his dulness in every line except drawing and clay-modelling. The newspapers one day announced that a certain young Master Thorwaldsen had been awarded a prize for clay-modelling. "Is that your brother?" asked the teacher next day. "It is myself, Herr Chaplain," replied the boy, blushing to the roots of his yellow hair.

The chaplain coughed to conceal his surprise. He had always thought this boy incapable of anything. "Herr Thorwaldsen," he said, severely, "you will please pass to the first grade!" And to be addressed as "Herr" meant that you really were somebody. "He

The Right Stuff in Him

called me 'Herr,'" said Bertel to his mother that night—"He called me 'Herr!'"

About this time we find the painter Abildgaard taking a special interest in young Bertel, giving him lessons in drawing and painting, and encouraging him in his modelling. In fact Thorwaldsen has himself explained that all of his "original" designs about this time were supplied by Abildgaard. The interest of Abildgaard in the boy was slightly resented by the young man's parents, who were afraid that their son was getting above his station. Abildgaard has left a record to the effect that at this time Thorwaldsen was very self-contained, reticent, and seemingly without ambition. He used to postpone every task, and would shirk his duties until often sharp reminders came. Yet when he did begin, he would fall on the task like one possessed and finish it in an hour. This proved to Abildgaard that the stuff was there, and down in his heart he believed that this sleepy lad would some day awake from slumber. Anyway, Abildgaard used to say, long years after, "What did I tell

you?" Gottschalk was paid by the piece for his carving; he was getting better pay now, because he did better work, his employer thought. Bertel was helping him. The family was getting quite prosperous.

Prospering

V

A Pivotal Point

WHEN Bertel had secured between sleepy spells, about all the prizes for clay-modelling and sketching that artistic Copenhagen had to offer, he started for Rome, armed with a three-years' travelling scholarship. This prize proved to be a pivotal point. The young man had done good work, and seemingly without effort; but he was sadly lacking in general education and worse—apparently he had no desire to learn.

He was twenty-six years of age when he sailed for Rome on the good ship *Thetis*. The scholarship he had won four years before, but through disinclination to press his claims, and the procrastination of officialism, the matter was pigeonholed. It might have gone by default had not Abildgaard said, "Go!" and loudly.

Arrives at Rome

Thorwaldsen was a sort of charity passenger on the ship,—taken on request of the owner,—and it was assumed that he would make himself useful. But the captain of the craft left him a recommendation to the effect that "The young fellow Thorwaldsen is the laziest man I ever saw." The ship was on a trading tour and lingered along various coasts and put into many harbours; so nine months went by before Bertel Thorwaldsen found himself in the Eternal City.

"I was born March 8, 1797," Thorwaldsen used to say. That was the day he reached Rome. His scholarship provided for a three years' residence—but twenty-three years were to elapse before he should again see Copenhagen; and as for his parents, he had looked into their eyes for the last time.

VI

Wasted Opportunity

THE soul grows by leaps and bounds, by throes and throbs. A flash! and a glory stands revealed for which you have been blindly groping through the years. Well did Thorwaldsen call the day of his arrival in Rome the day of his birth! For the first time the world seemed to unfold before him. On the voyage thither, the captain of the *Thetis* had offered to prepare him for his stay in Rome by teaching him the Italian language, but the young sculptor was indifferent. During the months he was on shipboard, he might have mastered the language—this came back to him as he stood in the presence of St. Peter's, and realised that he was treading the streets once trod by Michael Angelo. He spoke only "Sailor's Latin," a composite of Danish, Swedish, Norwegian,

A New World Opens to Him

and Icelandic. The waste of time of which he had been guilty, and the extent of all that lay beyond, pressed home upon him.

Of course we know that the fallow years are as good as the years of plenty—the silent winter prepares the soil for spring; and we know, too, that the sense of unworthiness and the discontent that Thorwaldsen felt during his first few weeks at Rome, were big with promise.

The antique world was a new world to him; he knew nothing of mythology; nothing of history; little of books. He began to thirst for knowledge, and this being true, he drank it in. Little men spell things out with sweat and lamp-smoke, but others there be who absorb in the mass, read by the page, and grow great by simply letting down their buckets.

This fair-haired descendant of a Viking bold had the usual preliminary struggle, for the Established Order is always resentful toward pressing youth. He worked incessantly; sketched, read, studied, modelled, and to help out his finances, copied pictures for prosperous dealers who made it their business thus to employ

Made Friends

'prentice talent. But a few years and we see Bertel Thorwaldsen occupying the studio of Flaxman, and more than filling that strong man's place. For specimens of Flaxman's work examine your "Wedgwood"; and then to see Thorwaldsen's product, multiply Flaxman by one hundred. One worked in the delicate and exquisite; the other had a taste for the heroic: both found inspiration in the Greek.

It will not do to claim for Thorwaldsen that he was a great and original genius. He lacked that hirsute, independent quality of Michael Angelo, and surely he lacked the Attic invention. He was receptive as a woman, and he builded on what had been done. He moved in the line of least resistance—made friends of Protestant and Catholic alike; won the warm recognition of the Pope, who averred, "Thorwaldsen is a good Catholic, only he does not know it." He kept clear of factions, and with a modicum more will, might have been a very prince of diplomats. As it was, he evolved into a prince of artists.

VII

The Young Signorina

SOON after his advent in Rome, Thorwaldsen met at the country house of his friend, critic, and benefactor Zoega, a young woman who was destined to have a profound influence upon his life. Anna Maria Magnani was lady's maid and governess in the Zoega household. She was a beautiful animal—dark, luminous, flashing eyes, hair black as the raven's wing, and a form that palpitated with passion—a true daughter of the warm, sun-kissed south.

The young sculptor of the yellow locks danced with the signorina at the rustic fêtes upon the lawn. She spoke no English, and his Italian was exceedingly limited, but hand pressed hand and they contrived to make themselves understood. She volunteered to give him lessons in Italian; this went well and then she posed for him as a model.

Ties Broken

What should have been at best or worst a mere incident in the artist's life ripened into something more. Intellectually and spiritually they lived in different worlds, and in sober moments both realised it. An arrangement was entered into of the same quality and kind as Goethe and Christiana Vulpius assumed. Only this woman had moments of rebellion when she thirsted for social honours. As his wife, Thorwaldsen knew that she would be a veritable dead-weight and he sought to loosen her grasp upon him. An offer of marriage came to her from a man of means and social station. Thorwaldsen favoured the mating and did what he could to hasten the nuptials. But when the other man had actually married the girl and carried her away, he had a sick spell to pay for it —he was n't quite so calloused in heart as he had believed. Like many other men Thorwaldsen found that such a tie is not easily broken.

Anna Maria thought she loved the man she had married, and at last she believed she could learn to do so. Alas! After six months of married life she packed up and came home to Rome, declaring that

Thor-
waldsen's
Daughter

though her husband was kind and always treated her well, she would rather be the slave and servant of Thorwaldsen than the wife of any man on earth. The sculptor had n't the heart to turn her away. More properly, her will was stronger than his conscience. Perhaps he was glad too, that she had come back! The injured husband followed and Anna Maria warned the man to begone, and emphasised the suggestion with the gleam of a pearl-handled stiletto; and by the same token kept all gushing females away from the Thorwaldsen preserve.

Thorwaldsen never married, and there is no doubt that his engagement to Miss Mackenzie, a most excellent English lady, was vetoed by Anna Maria and her pearl-handled stiletto.

One child was born to Anna Maria and Thorwaldsen—a girl, who was legally acknowledged by Thorwaldsen as his daughter. When prosperity came his way, some years later he deposited in the bank of Copenhagen a sum equal to twenty thousand dollars, with orders that the interest should be paid to her as long as she lived.

The Furies Disarmed

Unlike Byron's daughter Allegra, born the same year only a few miles away, who died young and for whose grave at Harrow the poet had carved the touching line, "I shall go to her, but she will not return to me,"—the daughter of Thorwaldsen grew up, was happily married and bore a son who achieved considerable distinction as an artist. Thus the sculptor's good fortune attended him even in circumstances that work havoc in most men's lives—he disarmed the Furies with a smile!

VIII

Admired by the King of Bavaria

MANY visitors daily thronged the studio of Thorwaldsen. He had one general reception room containing casts of his work, and many curious things in the line of art. His servant greeted the callers and made them at home, expressing much regret at the absence of his master who was "out of the city," etc. Meanwhile Thorwaldsen was hard at it in a back room to which only the elect were admitted.

The King of Bavaria, a genuine artist himself in spirit, who spent much time in Rome, conceived a great admiration for Thorwaldsen. He walked into the atelier where the sculptor was at work one day and hung around his neck by a gold chain, the "Cross of the Commander," a decoration never before given to any but great military commanders.

A General Favourite

King Louis had a very unkinglike way of doing things, and used to go by the studio and whistle for Thorwaldsen and call to him to come out and walk or drive, ride or dine.

"I wish that King would go off and reign—I have work to do," once said the sculptor rather impatiently.

Envious critics used to maintain that there were ten men in Rome who could model as well as Thorwaldsen, "but they have n't yellow hair that falls to their shoulders, and heaven-blue eyes with which to snare the ladies."

The fact must be admitted that the vogue of Thorwaldsen owed much to the remarkable social qualities of the man. His handsome face and fine form were supplemented by a manner most gentle and winning; and whether his half-diffident ways, and habit of reticence were natural or the triumph of art, was a vexing problem that never found solution.

He was the social rage in every salon. And his ability to do the right thing at the right time, seemingly without premeditation, made him a general favourite. For instance if he attended a fête given

Decora-tions

by the King of Bavaria, he wore just one decoration—the decoration of Bavaria. If he attended a ball given by the French Embassador, in the lapel of his modest black velvet coat he wore the red ribbon that tokens the Legion of Honour. When he visited the Villa of the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, he wore no jewel save the diamond-studded star presented to him by the Czar. At the reception given by the "English Colony" to Sir Walter Scott, the great sculptor wore a modest thistle blossom in his lapel, which caused Lord Elgin to offer odds that if O'Connell should appear in Rome, Thorwaldsen would wear a sprig of shamrock in his hat and say nothing.

The thistle caught Sir Walter, and the next day when he came to call on the sculptor he saw a "Tam O'Shanter" hanging on the top of an easel and a bit of plaid scarf thrown carelessly across the corner of the picture below. The poet and the sculptor embraced, patting each other on the back, called each other "Brother" and smiled good will. But as Thorwaldsen could not speak English and Sir Walter spoke nothing else, they merely beamed

Visitors

and ran the scale of adjectives, thus: Sublimissimo! Hero! Precious! Plaisir! La Grande! Delighted! Splendide! Honourable! Then they embraced again and backed away, waving each other good-bye.

Thorwaldsen had more medals, degrees, and knighthoods than Sir Walter ever saw, but he would allow no prefix to his name. Denmark, Russia, Germany, Italy, France, and the Pope had outdone themselves in doing him honour. All these "trifles" in the way of decorations he kept in a prepared case, which was opened occasionally for the benefit of lady visitors. "The girls like such things," said Thorwaldsen, and smiled in apology.

Shelley found his way to Thorwaldsen's studio, and made mention that the master was a bit of a poseur. Byron came, and as we know sat for that statue which is now at Cambridge. The artist sought to beguile the melancholy sitter with pleasant conversation, but the author of *Don Juan* would none of it, and when the work was completed and unveiled before him, he exclaimed in disappointment, "I look far more unhappy than that!"

The Man at his Work

Thorwaldsen was a musician of no mean quality, and there was always a piano in his studio, to which he often turned for rest. When Felix Mendelssohn was in Rome he made the sculptor's workshop his headquarters, and sometimes the two would play "four hands," or Thorwaldsen would accompany the *Songs without Words* upon his violin.

Gradually the number of the "elect" seemed to grow. It was regarded as a great sight to see the master at his work. And by degrees Thorwaldsen reached a point where he could keep right along at his task and receive his friends at the same time.

The man at his work! there is nothing finer. I have seen men homely, uncouth, and awkward when "dressed up," who were superb when at their work. Once I saw Augustus St. Gaudens in blouse and overalls, well plastered with mud, standing on a ladder hard at it on an equestrian statue, lost to everything but the task in hand—intoxicated with a thought, working like mad to materialise an idea. The sight gave me a thrill!—one of those very few unforgettable thrills that time

The Duchess of Parma

fixes ever the more firmly in one's memory.

To gain admittance to the work-room of Thorwaldsen was a thing to boast of—proud ladies schemed and some sought to bribe the trusty valet; but to these the door was politely barred. Yet the servant, servant-like, was awed by titles and nobility.

"The Duchess of Parma!" whispered the valet one day in agitation—"The Duchess of Parma—she has followed me in and is now standing behind you!" Thorwaldsen could not just place the lady,—he turned, bowed, and gazed upon a stout personage slightly overdressed. The lady quite abruptly stated that she had called to make arrangements to have a statue, or a bust at least, made of herself. The idea that Thorwaldsen would be proud to model her features seemed quite fixed in her mind. The artist cast her a swift glance and noted that nature had put small trace of the classic in the lady's modelling. He mentally declined the commission, and muttered something about being "so delighted and honoured, but unluckily I am so very busy," etc.

"My husband desires it," continued

A Hero-Worshipper

the lady, "and so does my son, the King of Rome—a title I hope that is not strange to you!"

It swept over Thorwaldsen like a winter wave, that this big, brusque, bizarre woman before him was Maria Louisa, the second wife of Napoleon. He knew her history—wedded at nineteen to Napoleon—the mother of L'Aiglon at twenty—married again in unbecoming haste to the Count Niepperg Nobody, with whom she had been on very intimate terms, as soon as word arrived of the death of Napoleon at St. Helena; and now raising a goodly brood of Nobodies! The artist grew faint before this daughter of kings who had made a mesalliance with Genius—he excused himself and left the room.

Thorwaldsen was a hero-worshipper by nature, and Napoleon's memory loomed large to him on the horizon of the ideal. Needless to say, he never modelled the features of Maria Louisa Hapsburg, but her visit fired him with a desire to make a bust of Napoleon, and the desire materialised is ours in heroic mould.

Sometime after this, Thorwaldsen de-

A Good Business Man

signed a monument to the Duke Leuchtenberg, Eugene de Beauharnais, son of the Empress Josephine.

The days went in their fashion, and the Count Niepperg passed away, as even counts do, for death recognises no title; and Maria Louisa was again experiencing the pangs of widowhood. She sent word for Thorwaldsen to come and design the late lamented a proper tomb, something not unlike that which he had done for the son of Josephine,—money was no object in the Hapsburg family!

Very few commissions were declined by Thorwaldsen. He was a good business man and often had a dozen men quietly working out his orders, but he wrote to Maria Louisa begging to be excused—and as a relief to his feelings, straightway modelled another bust of Napoleon. This bust was sold to Alexander Murray, Byron's publisher, and is now to be seen in Edinburgh. Strange is it not, that the home of "The Scotch Greys," tumbled by fate and Napoleon into an open grave, should do the little man honour! And Thorwaldsen the man of peace, was bound to the man of war by the silken thread

of sentiment. Thorwaldsen was the true successor of Canova—his great career was inaugurated when Canova gave him his blessing. The triumphs of the lover of Pauline Bonaparte were transferred to him. He accepted the situation with all of its precedents.

Successor of Canova

IX

Honoured by Denmark

THORWALDSEN spent forty-two years of his life at Rome, but Denmark never lost her hold upon him during this time. The King showered him with honours and gave him every privilege at his command.

The Danish Ambassador always had special instructions "not to neglect the interests and welfare of our brother, Chevalier Thorwaldsen, Artist and Sculptor to the King."

For years, in the Academy at Copenhagen, rooms were set apart for him, and he was solicited to return and occupy them, and by his gracious presence honour the institution that had sent him forth. Only once, however, did he return, and then his stay was brief. But from time to time he presented specimens of his

Thorwaldsen Museum

work to his native city, and various casts and copies of his pieces found their way to the "Thorwaldsen Room" at the Academy; so there gradually grew up there a "Thorwaldsen Museum."

Now the shadows were lengthening toward the west. The master had turned his seventieth milestone, and he began to look backward to his boyhood's home as a place of rest, as old men do. A commissioner was sent by the King of Denmark with orders to use his best offices to the end that Thorwaldsen should return; and plans were made to evolve the Thorwaldsen Room into a complete museum.

The result of these negotiations brought about the Thorwaldsen Museum—that plainly simple, but solidly built structure at Copenhagen, erected by the city, from plans made by the master. Here are shown over two hundred large statues and bas-reliefs, copies and originals of the best things done in that long and busy life.

Thorwaldsen left his medals, decorations, pictures, books, and thousands of drawings and sketches to this Museum—the sole

A Fitting Tomb

property of the municipality. The building is arranged in the form of a square, with a court; and here the dust of the master rests. No artist has ever had a more fitting tomb, designed by himself, surrounded by the creations of his hand and brain. These chant his elegy and there he sleeps.

X

Fame, Honour, Wealth

GOOD looks, courtesy, and social accomplishments are factors in our artistic career that should not be lightly waived.

Thorwaldsen won every recognition that is possible for men to win from other men —fame, honour, wealth. In way of success he tasted all that the world can offer.

He built on Wincklemann, Mengs, and Canova, inspired by a classic environment, and examples of work done by men turned to dust centuries before. In many instances Thorwaldsen followed the letter and failed to catch the spirit of Greece—this is not to his discredit. Who has completely succeeded in revitalising the breath of ancient art?

Thorwaldsen won everything but immortality. It sounds harsh but let us admit

A Great Imitator

it,—he was at best a great imitator, however noble the objects of his imitation. A recent writer has tried to put him in the class with "John Rogers, the Pride of America" but this is manifestly unfair. As an artist he ranks rather with Powers, Story, and Palmer. Never for a moment can he be compared with St. Gaudens—our own French: Bartlett and Ward surpass him in general skill and fertility of resources. All is comparative —Thorwaldsen's fame floats upon the wave, far astern. We are making head.

We have that superb *Night*, so full of tenderness and spirit, done in tears (as all the best things are). The *Night* is not to be spoken of without its beautiful companion piece, the *Morning*. Each was done at a sitting, in a passion of creative energy. Yet when the roll of all Thorwaldsen's pieces is called, we see that his fame centres and is cheifly embodied in *The Lion of Lucerne*.

XI

The Lion of Lucerne

I SUPPOSE it need not longer be concealed that in Switzerland you can purchase copies and models of Thorwaldsen's *Lion of Lucerne*. Some are in marble, some in granite, some in bronze, a great many are in wood—carved while you wait—and at my hotel in Lucerne we used to have the noble beast on the table every morning at breakfast, done in butter.

The reproductions are of all sizes, from heroic mould to watch charms and bangles. Sculptors have carved this lion, painters have painted it, artists have sketched it, but did you ever see a reproduction of *The Lion of Lucerne?* No, dearie, you never did, and never will. No copy has a trace of that indefinable look of mingled pain and patience, which even the broken spear in his side cannot disturb—that soulful, human quality which

Appropriate Setting

the original has. No, every copy is a caricature. It is a risky thing to try to put love in a lion's face!

An intelligent young woman called my attention to the fact that the psychological conditions under which we view *The Lion* are the most subtle and complete that man can devise; and these are the things that add the last touch to art and cause us to stand speechless, and which make the unbidden tears start. The little lake at the foot of the cliff prevents a too near approach; the overhanging vines and melancholy boughs form a dim, subduing shade; the falling water seems like the playing of an organ in a vast cathedral; and last, the position of the lion itself, against the solid cliff, partakes of the miraculous. It is not set up there for people to look at: it is a part of the mountain and the great seams of the strata running through the figure lend the spirit of miracle to it all. It seems as though God himself had done the work and the surprise and joy of discovery are ours, as we stand uncovered before it.

One must concede the masterly framing

Monument Enough

and hanging of the picture, but beyond all this is the technical skill, giving the look of woe that does not tell of weakness, as woe usually does, but strength and loyalty and death without flinching in a righteous cause—symbolic of the Swiss Guard that died at their post, not one of the three hundred wavering, there at the king's palace at Paris—all dead and turned to dust a century past, and this lion, mortally wounded, mutely pleading for our tears!

We pay the tribute.

And the reason we are moved is because we partake of the emotions of the artist when he did the work; and the reason we are not moved by any models or copies or imitations is because there is small feeling in the heart of an imitator. Great art is born of feeling! In order to do, you must feel.

If Thorwaldsen had done nothing else, *The Lion* would be monument enough. We remember William Cullen Bryant, like Dante Gabriel Rossetti, for one poem; Poe for three. Thoreau wrote only one essay the world will cherish; and "keeping Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* and *The Golden*

Best Work

River we can let the rest go," says Augustine Birrell.

Thorwaldsen paid the penalty of success. He should have tasted exile, poverty, and heart-break—not to have known these was his misfortune. And perhaps his best work lay in keeping alive the classic tradition; in educating whole nations to a taste for sculpture; in turning the attention of society from strife to art, from war to harmony. His were the serene successes of beauty, the triumphs of peace.

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH

Heads the List

If ever this nation should produce a genius sufficient to acquire to us the honourable distinction of an English School, the name of Gainsborough will be transmitted to posterity, in this history of the art, among the very first of that rising name.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

I

Two Classes of Biographies

MOST biographies are written with intent to make a man the demi-god, or to damn him as a rogue who has hoodwinked a world. Of the first mentioned class, Weems' *Life of Washington* must ever stand as the true type. The author is so fearful that he will not think well of his subject that he conceals every attribute of our common humanity, and gives us a being almost devoid of eyes, ears, organs, dimensions, passions. Next to Weems in point of literary atrocity comes John S. C. Abbott, whose life of Napoleon is a splendid concealment of the man.

Of those who have written biographies for the sake of belittling their subject, John Galt's *Life of Byron* occupies a conspicious position. But for books written for the double purpose of downing

Thicknesse as Biographer

the subject and elevating the author, Philip Thicknesse's *Life of Gainsborough* must stand first. The book is so bad that it is interesting, and so stupid that it will never die. Thicknesse had a quarrel with Gainsborough and three fourths of the volume are given up to a minute recital of "says he" and "says I." It is really only an extended pamphlet written by an arch-bore with intent to get even with his man.

The writer regards his petty affairs as of prime importance to the world, and he shows with great care, and not a single flash of wit, how all of Thomas Gainsborough's success in life was brought about by Thicknesse. And then, behold! after Thicknesse had made the man by hand, all he received for pay was ingratitude and insolence! Thicknesse was always good, kind, unselfish, and disinterested; while Gainsborough was ungrateful, procrastinating, absurd, and malicious—this according to Thicknesse, who was on the spot and knew. Well, I guess so!

Brock-Arnold describes Thicknesse as "a fussy, ostentatious, irrepressible busybody, without the faintest conception of

The Injured One

delicacy or modesty, who seems to think he has a heaven-born right to patronise Gainsborough, and to take charge of his affairs."

The aristocratic and pompous Thicknesse presented the painter to his friends, and also gave much advice about how he should conduct himself. He also loaned him a fiddle and presented him a *viola de gamba*, and often invited him to dinner. For these favours Gainsborough promised to paint a portrait of Thicknesse, but never got beyond washing in the background. During ten years he made thirty-seven excuses for not doing the work, and as for Mrs. Gainsborough, she once had the temerity to hand Thicknesse his cocked hat and cane and show him the door. From this, Thicknesse is emboldened to make certain remarks about Mrs. Gainsborough's pedigree, and to suggest that if Thomas Gainsborough had married a different woman he might have been a different painter. Thicknesse, throughout the book, thrusts himself into the breach and poses as the injured one.

On reading "the work" it is hard to believe it was written in sober, serious

Allan Cunningham

earnest—it contains such an intolerable deal of Thicknesse and so little Gainsborough. The Mother Gamp flavour is upon every page. Andrew Lang might have written it to show the literary style of a disgruntled dead author.

And the curious part is that up to 1829, Thicknesse held the stage and many people took his portrait of Gainsborough as authentic. In that year Allan Cunningham put the great painter in his proper light, and thanks to the minute researches of Fulcher and others, we know the man as though he had lived yesterday.

II

THE father of Gainsborough was a tradesman of acute instincts. He resided at Sudbury, in Suffolk, seventy miles from London. It was a time when every thrifty merchant lived over his place of business, so as to be on hand when buyers came; to ward off robbers; and to sweep the sidewalk, making all tidy before breakfast. Gainsborough *père* was fairly prosperous, but not prosperous enough to support any of his nine children in idleness. They all worked, took a Saturday night "tub," and went to the Independent Church in decent attire on Sunday.

Gainsborough Père

Thomas Gainsborough was the youngest of the brood, the pet of his parents, and the pride of his big sisters who had nursed

Tom's Brothers

him and brought him up in the way he should go. In babyhood he was n't so very strong, but love and freedom gradually did their perfect work, and he evolved into a tall, handsome youth of gracious manner and pleasing countenance. All the family were sure that Tom was going to be "somebody."

The eldest boy, John, known to the town as "Scheming Jack," had invented a cuckoo clock, and this led to a self-rocking cradle that wound up by a strong spring; next he made a flying machine; and so clever was he that he painted signs that swung on hinges, and in several instances essayed to put a picture of the prosperous owner on the sign. The second son, Humphrey, was a brilliant fellow, too. He made the model of a steam engine and showed it to a man by the name of Watt, who was greatly interested in it; and when Watt afterwards took out a patent on it, Humphrey's heart was nearly broken, and it might have been quite, but he said he had in hand half a dozen things worth more than the steam engine. As tangible proof of his power, he won a prize of fifty pounds from the

The Hope of the Family

London Society for the Encouragement of Art, for a mill that was to be turned by the tide of the sea. The steam engine would require fuel, but this tide engine would be turned by nature at her own expense. In the British Museum is a sun-dial made by Humphrey Gainsborough, and it must stand to his credit that he made the original fire-proof safe. From a fire-proof safe to liberal theology is but a step, and Humphrey Gainsborough became a Dissenting clergyman, passing rich on forty pounds a year.

The hopes of the family finally centred on Thomas. He had assisted his brother John at the sign painting, and had done several creditable little things in drawing 'scutcheons on coach doors for the gentry. Besides all this, once, while sketching in his father's orchard, a face cautiously appeared above the stone wall and for a single moment studied the situation. The boy caught the features on his palette, and transferred them to his picture. The likeness was so perfect that it led to the execution of the thief who had been robbing the orchard, and also the execution of that famous picture, finished many

St. Martin's Drawing Academy

years after, known as "Tom Peartree."

The orchard episode pleased the Gainsboroughs greatly. A family council was held, and it was voted that Thomas must be sent to London to study art. The girls gave up a dress apiece, the mother retrimmed her summer bonnet for the winter, the boys contributed, and there came a day when Tom was duly ticketed and placed on top of the great coach bound for London. Good-byes were waved until only a cloud of dust was seen in the distance.

Gainsborough went to "St. Martin's Drawing Academy" at London, and the boys educated him. The art at the "Academy" seems to have been very much akin to the art of the writing academies of America, where learned bucolic professors used to teach us the mysteries of the Spencerian system for a modest stipend. The humiliation of never knowing "how to hold your pen" did much to send many budding geniuses off on a tangent after grasshopper chirography, but those who endured unto the end acquired the "wrist movement." They all wrote alike. That is to say, they all wrote like the professor, who wrote just like

Homesick

all Spencerian professors. So write the girls in Melvil Dewey's Academy for Librarians, at Albany—God bless them all—they all write like Dewey.

Thomas Gainsborough at London seems to have haunted the theatres and coffee-houses, and whenever there were pictures displayed, there was Thomas to be found. To help out the expense account, he worked at engraving and made designs for a silversmith. The strong receptive nature of the boy showed itself, for he succeeded in getting a goodly hold on the art of engraving, in a very short time. He absorbed in the mass.

But he tired of the town—he wanted freedom, fresh air, the woods and fields. Hogarth and Wilson were there in London, but the Academy students never heard of them. And if Gainsborough ever listened to Richardson's famous prophecy which inspired Hogarth and Reynolds, to the effect that England would soon produce a great school of art, we do not know it.

The young man grew homesick; he was doing nothing in London—no career was open to him—he returned to Sudbury after an absence of nearly two years. He

Landscape Painting

thought it was defeat, but his family welcomed him as a conquering hero. He was eighteen and looked twenty—tall, strong, fair-haired, gentle in manner, gracious in speech.

Two of his sisters had married clergymen and were happily situated in neighbouring towns; his brother Humphrey was "occupying the pulpit" and causing certain local High Churchmen to have dreams of things tumbling about their ears.

The sisters and mother wanted Tom to be a preacher, too—he was so straight and handsome and fine, and his eyes were so tender and blue!

But he preferred to paint. He painted in the woods and fields, by streams and old mills, and got on good terms with all the flocks of sheep and cattle in the neighbourhood.

The art of landscape painting developed from an accident. The early Italian painters used landscape only as a background for figures. All they pictured were men, women, and children, and to bring these out rightly they introduced scenery. Imagine a theatre with scenes set and no person on the stage, and you

get the idea of landscape up to the time of Gainsborough. Landscape! it was nothing —a blank.

Wilson first painted landscapes as backgrounds for other men to draw portraits upon. A marine scene was made merely that a commodore might stand in cocked hat, a spy-glass under his arm, in the foreground, while the sun peeps over the horizon begging permission to come up. Gradually these incomplete pictures were seen hanging in shop windows, but for them there was no market. They were merely curios.

Gainsborough drew pictures of the landscape because he loved it. He seems to be the first English artist who loved the country for its own sake. Old bridges, winding roadways, gnarled oaks, cattle grazing and all the manifold beauties of quiet country life fascinated him. He educated the collector, and educated the people into a closer observation and study of nature. Gainsborough stood at the crossways of progress and pointed the way.

With Hogarth's idea that a picture should teach a lesson and have a moral, he had no sympathy. And with Reynolds,

Portrait Painter

who thought there was nothing worth picturing but the human face, he took issue. Beauty to him was its own excuse for being. However, in all of Gainsborough's landscapes you will find the human interest somewhere—man has not been entirely left out. But from being the one important thing, he sinks simply into a part of the view that lies before you. Turner's maxim, "you cannot leave man out," he annexed from Gainsborough. And Corot's landscapes, where the dim, shadowy lovers sit on the bank-side under the great oaks,—the most lovely pictures ever painted by the hand of man—reveal the extreme evolution from a time when the lovers occupied the centre of the stage, and the landscape was only an accessory.

And it is further interesting to note that the originator of English landscape painting was also a great portrait painter, and yet he dared paint portraits with absolutely no scenery back of them—a thing which up to that time was only done by a man who hadn't the ability to paint landscape. Thus do we prove Rabelais' proposition: "The man who has a well-filled strong box can surely afford to go ragged."

III

Margaret Burr

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, aged nineteen, was one day intently sketching in a wood near Sudbury, when the branches suddenly parted and out into a little open space stepped Margaret Burr. This young woman had taken up her abode in Sudbury during the time the young man was in London, and he had never met her, although he had probably heard her praises sounded. Everybody around there had heard of her. She was the handsomest woman in all Suffolk—and knew it. She lived with her "uncle," and the gossips, who looked after these little things, divided as to whether she was the daughter of one of the exiled Stuarts, or the natural child of the Duke

The Proud Beauty

of Bedford. Anyway, she was a true princess in face, form, and bearing, and had an income of her own of two hundred pounds a year. Her pride was a thing so potent that the rustic swains were chilled at the sight of her, and the numerous suitors sighed and shot their love-sick glances from a safe distance.

Let that pass: the branches parted and Margaret stepped out into the open. She thought she was alone, when all at once her eyes looked full into the eyes of the young artist—not a hundred feet away. She was startled; she blushed, stammered, and tried to apologise for the intrusion. Her splendid self-possession had failed her for once—she was going to flee by the way she had come. "Hold that position, please,—stand just as you are!" called the artist in a tone of authority.

Even the proudest of women are willing to accept orders when the time is ripe; and I am fully convinced that to be domineered over by the right man is a thing all good women warmly desire.

Margaret Burr, the proud beauty, stood stock still, and Thomas Gainsborough admitted her into his landscape and his heart.

A Distinguished Couple

This is not a love story or we might begin here and extend our booklet into a volume. Suffice it to say that within a few short months after their first meeting, the young woman, being of royal blood, exercised her divine right and "proposed". She proposed just as Queen Victoria did later. And then they were married—both under twenty—and lived happy ever after.

It is a great mistake to assume that pride and a high degree of common-sense cannot go together. Margaret knew how to manage. After a short stay in Sudbury the couple rented a cottage at Ipswich for six pounds a year—a dove-cote with three rooms. The proud beauty would not let the place be profaned by a servant—she did all the work herself, and if she wanted help, she called on her husband. Base is the man who will not fetch and carry for the woman he loves.

They were accounted the most distinguished and handsomest couple in all Sudbury, and when they attended church there was so much craning of necks, and so many muffled exclamations of admiration that the clergyman made it a

A Passion for Music

point not to begin the service until they were safely seated.

They were very happy—they loved each other and so loved life and everything and everybody, and God's great green out-o'-doors was their playhouse. Margaret's income was quite sufficient for their needs, and mad ambition passed them by. Gainsborough drew pictures and painted and sketched, and then gave his pictures away.

Music was his passion and whenever at concerts, held round about there, the player did exceptionally well, Gainsborough would proffer a picture in exchange for the instrument used. In this way the odd corners of their house got filled with violins, lutes, hautboys, kettledrums and curious stringed things that have died the death and are now extinct. At this time if any one had asked Gainsborough his profession, he would have said, I am a musician.

Fifteen years had slipped into the eternity that lies behind—"years not lost, for we can turn the hourglass and live them all over in sweet memory," once said Gainsborough to his wife. The

Thicknesse

constant sketching had developed much skill in the artist's hand. Thicknesse had come puffing alongside, and insisted out of pure friendship to take the artist and his wife in tow. They laughed at him behind his back, and carried on conversation over his head, and dropped jokes at his feet by looks and pantomime and communicated in cipher—for true lovers always evolve a code.

Thicknesse was sincere and serious and surely was not wholly bad—even Mephisto is not bad all of the time. Mrs. Gainsborough once said she would prefer Mephisto to Thicknesse, because Mephisto had a sense of humour. Very naturally they often referred to Thicknesse as "Thickhead"—the joke was too obvious to let pass entirely, until each "took the pledge," witnessed by Gainsborough's favorite terrier, "Fox."

Thicknesse had a summer house at Bath, and thither he insisted his friends should go. He would vouch for them and introduce them into the best society. He would even introduce them to Beau Nash, "the King of Bath," and arrange to have Gainsborough do himself the

At Bath

honour of painting the "King's" picture. Two daughters nearing womanhood reminded Mr. and Mrs. Gainsborough that an increase in income would be well; and Thicknesse promised many commissions from his friends, the gentry.

The cheapest house they could find in Bath was fifty pounds a year. "Do you want to go to gaol?" asked Mrs. Gainsborough of her husband when he proposed signing the lease. The worldly Thicknesse proposed that they should take this house at fifty pounds a year, or else take another at one hundred and fifty at his expense. They decided to risk it at the rate of fifty pounds a year for a few months, and were duly settled.

Thicknesse was very proud of his art connections. He had but one theme—Gainsborough! People of note began to find their way to the studio of the painter-man in the Circus. Gainsborough was gracious, handsome, and healthy—fresh from the country. He met all nobility on a frank equality—God had made him a gentleman. His beautiful wife, now in her early thirties, was much sought in local society circles.

George III

Everybody of note who came to Bath visited Gainsborough's studio. Garrick sat to him and played such pranks with his countenance that each time when the artist looked up from his easel, he saw a new man. "You have everybody's face but your own," said Gainsborough to Garrick, and dismissing the man, he completed the picture from memory.

This portrait and also pictures of General Honeywood, the Comedian Quin, Lady Grosvenor, the Duke of Argyle, besides several landscapes were sent up to the Academy Exhibition at London.

George III. saw them and sent word down that he wished Gainsborough lived in London so he could sit to him.

The carrier, Wiltshire, who packed the pictures and took them up to London had a passion for art that filled his heart and refused to accept gold, that base and common drudge twixt man and man, for his services in an art way. And so Gainsborough presented him with a picture. In fact during the term of years that Gainsborough lived at Bath, he gave Wiltshire, the modest driver of an express cart, a dozen or more pictures and

Wiltshire's Collection

sketches. He gave him the finest picture he ever painted—that portrait of the old parish clerk.

Gainsborough was not so good a judge of his own work as Wiltshire was. Wiltshire kept all the "Gainsboroughs" he could get, revelled in them during his long life, basked and bathed his soul in their beauty, and dying, bequeathed them to his children.

Had Wiltshire been moved by nothing but keen, cold worldly wisdom—which he wasn't—he could not have done better. Even friendship, love, and beauty have their Rialto—the appraiser footed up the Wiltshire estate at over fifty thousand pounds.

Gainsborough found himself with more work than he could well care for, so he raised his prices for a "half length" from five pounds to forty; and for a "full length" from ten pounds to one hundred, in order to limit the number of his patrons. It doubled them.

His promised picture of Thicknesse was delegated behind the door, and a check was sent the great man for five hundred pounds for his borrowed *viola da gamba* and other favours.

Moves to London

But Thicknesse was not to be bought off. He took charge of the studio, looked after the visitors, explaining this and that, telling how he had discovered the artist and rescued him from obscurity, giving scraps of his history, and presenting little impromptu lectures on art as he had found it.

The fussy Thicknesse used to be funny to Mr. and Mrs. Gainsborough, but now he had developed into a nuisance. To escape him, they resolved to turn the pretty compliment of King George into a genuine request. They packed up and moved to London.

The fifty pounds a year at Bath had seemed a great responsibility, but when Gainsborough took Schomberg House in Pall Mall at three hundred pounds, he boasts of his bargain. About this time "Scheming Jack" turns up asking for a small loan to perfect a promising scheme. The gracious brother replies that although his own expenses are over a thousand pounds a year, yet he is glad to accommodate him, and hopes the scheme will prosper—which of course he knew it would not, for success is a matter of the red corpuscle.

The Royal Academy

Almost immediately on reaching London the Royal Academy recognised Gainsborough's presence by electing him a member of its Council. However, he never attended a single meeting. He did not need the Academy. Royalty stood in line at his studio doors, and he took his pick of sitters. He painted five different portraits of the king, various pictures of his children, did the rascally heir apparent ideally, and made a picture of Queen Charlotte that Goldsmith said "looked like a sensible woman."

He painted pictures of his lovely wife, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Burke, Walpole the dictator of Strawberry Hill, and immortalised the hats worn by the smashing, dashing Duchess of Devonshire. One of these pictures of Her Grace comes very close to us Americans, as it was cut from the frame one dark, foggy night in London, sealed up in the false bottom of a trunk and brought to New York. Here it lay for over twenty years, when Colonel Patricius Sheedy, connoisseur and critic, arranged for its delivery to the heirs of the original owners on payment of some such trifle as twenty-five thousand dollars.

This superb picture, with its romantic past was not destined to traverse the Atlantic again; for thanks to the generosity of J. Pierpont Morgan, it has now found a permanent home at Harvard College.

A Superb Picture

IV

Onward March

IT is only a little way back from civilisation to savagery. We live in a wonderful time: the last twenty-five years have seen changes that mark epochs in the onward and upward march. Not to mention but two, we might name the almost complete evolution of our definition as to what constitutes "Christianity"; and in material things the use of electricity, which has worked such a revolution as even Jules Verne never conjured forth.

Americans are somewhat given to calling our country "The Land of the Free"—as if there were no other. But the individual in England to-day has greater freedom of speech and action than the individual has in America. In every

A Strong Factor

large city of America there is an extent of petty officialism and dictation that the English people would not for a day endure. Our policemen, following their Donnybrook proclivities, are all armed with clubs, and allowing pre-natal influences to lead, they unlimber the motto, "Wherever you see a head, hit it," on slight excuse. In Central Park, New York, for instance, the citizen who "talks back" would speedily be clubbed into silence—but try that thing in Hyde Park, London, if you please, and see what would follow! But, thank heaven we are working out our salvation all the time—things are getting better, and it is the "dissatisfied" who are making them go. Were we satisfied, there would be no progress.

During the sixty-one years of Gainsborough's life, wondrous changes were made in the world of thought and feeling. And the good-natured but sturdy quality of such as he was the one strong factor that worked for freedom. Gainsborough was never a tuft-hunter: he toadied to no man, and his swinging independence refused to see any special difference between himself and the sleek, titled nobility.

The Reign of the Georges

He asked no favors of the Academy, no quarter from his rivals, no grants from royalty. This dissenting attitude probably cost him the mate of the knighthood which went to Sir Joshua, but behold the paradox! he was usually closer to the throne than those who lay in wait for honours. Gainsborough sought for nothing—he did his work, preserved the right mental attitude, and all good things came to him.

It is a curious thing to note that while England was undergoing a renaissance of art, and realising a burst of freedom, Italy, that land so long prolific in greatness, produced not a single artist who arose above the dull and commonplace. Has nature only just so much genius at her disposal?

The reign of the Georges worked a blessed, bloodless revolution for the people of England. They reigned better than they knew. Gainsborough saw the power of the monarch transferred to the people, and the king become the wooden figurehead of the ship, instead of its captain. So, thanks to the weakness of George III. and the short-sighted policy of Lord

North, America achieved her independence about the same time that England did hers.

In the Realm of Letters

Theological freedom and political freedom go hand in hand, for our conception of Deity is always a pale reflection of our chief ruler. Did not Thackeray say that the people of England regarded Jehovah as an infinite George the Fourth?

Gainsborough saw Whitefield and Wesley entreating that we should go to God direct; Howard was letting the sunshine into dark cells; Clarkson, Sharp, and Wilberforce had begun their crusade against slavery, and their arms and arguments were to be transferred a hundred years later to William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Henry Ward Beecher, who bought "Beecher Bibles" for old John Brown, Ossawatomie Brown, whose body no longer needed, was hanged on a sour apple tree, while his soul goes marching on.

In the realm of Letters, Gainsborough saw changes occur no less important than in the political field. Samuel Johnson bowled into view, scolding and challenging the ensconced smug; Goldsmith scaled the Richardson ghetto and wrote his

Progress in Science

touching and deathless verse; Fielding's saffron comedies were produced at Drury Lane; Cowper, nearly the same age as the artist, did his work and lapsed into imbecility, surviving him sixteen years; Richardson became the happy father of the English Novel; Stern took his Sentimental Journey; Chatterton, the meteor, flashed across the literary sky; Gray mused in the churchyard and laid his head upon the lap of earth; Burns was promoted from the Excise to be the idol of all Scotland. The year that Gainsborough died, Napoleon, a slim slip of a youth seventeen years old, was serving as a sub-lieutenant of artillery; while Wellington had just received his first commission and was marching zigzag, by the right oblique, to meet him eighteen miles from Brussels on the night of a ball sung into immortality by Byron; Watt had invented the steam engine, thanks to Humphrey Gainsborough; Arkwright had made his first spinning-frame; Humphrey Davy was working at problems (with partial success) to be solved later by Edison of Menlo Park; Lord Hastings was tried, and it was while listening to the

speech of Sheridan—the one speech of his life, the best words of which, according to his butler, were, "My Lords, I am done," that Gainsborough caught his death o' cold.

Death o' Cold

V

A Life of Work and Love

GAINSBOROUGH never went abroad to study; he painted things at home, and painted as he saw them. He never imagined he was a great artist, so took no thought as to the future of his work. He set so little store on his pictures that he did not think even to sign them. The masterpiece that satisfied him was never done.

His was a happy life of work and love, with no cloud to obscure the sun, save possibly now and then a bumptious reproof from Sir Thicknesse of the occasional high-handed haughtiness of a hanging committee.

Thus passed his life in work, music, laughter, and love; but to music he ever

Life of Gratitude

turned for rest. He made more money than all of his seven brothers and sisters combined, five times over, and divided with them without stint. He educated several of his nieces and nephews, and one nephew, Gainsborough Dupont, he adopted, and helped make of him an acceptable artist.

Of that peculiarly to be dreaded malady, artistic jealousy, Gainsborough had not a trace. His failure to court Sir Joshua's smile led foolish folks to say he was jealous—not so! he was simply able to get along without Sir Joshua, and he did. Yet he admired Reynolds' work and admired the man, but was too wise to force any close personal relationship.

He divided with West, the American, the favour of the Court, and with Romney and Reynolds the favour of the town. He got his share, and more, of all the world counts worth while. The gratitude of his heart was expressed by his life—generous, kind, joyous—never cast down excepting when he thought he had spoken harshly or acted unwisely—loyal to his friends, forgetting his enemies.

He did a deathless work, for it is a work

A Great Privilege

upon which other men have built. He prepared the way for those who were to come after.

It is a great privilege to live, to work, to feel, to endure, to know: to realise that one is the instrument of Deity—being used by the Maker to work out His inscrutable purposes: to see vast changes occur in the social fabric and to know that men stop, pause, and consider: to comprehend that this world is a different place because you have lived. Yes, it is a great privilege to live! Gainsborough lived—he revelled in life, and filled his days to their brim, ever and alway grateful to the Unknown that had guided his hand and led him forth upon his way. It is a great privilege to live!

VELASQUEZ

Among the notable prophets of the new and true, Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude—Velasquez was the newest and certainly the truest from our point of view. He showed us the mystery of light as God made it.

STEVENSON.

A Notable Prophet

I

Horace Greeley

THERE are among writing men, those who please the populace, and also that elect few who inspire writers. When Horace Greeley gave his daily message to the world, every editor of any power in America paid good money for the privilege of being a subscriber to the *Tribune*. The *Tribune* had no exchange list—if you wanted the *Tribune* you had to buy it, and the writers bought it because it wound up their clocks—set them a-going—and they either carefully abstained from mentioning Greeley, or else went in right valiantly and exposed his vagaries.

Greeley may often have been right, and we now know he was often wrong, but he infused the breath of life into

Strong Men

his words—his sentences were a challenge—he made men think. And the reason he made men think was because he himself was a thinker.

Among modern literary men, the two English writers who have most inspired writers are Carlyle and Emerson. They were writers' writers. In the course of their work, they touched upon every phase of man's experience and endeavour. You cannot open their books anywhere and read a page without casting about for your pencil and pad. Strong men infuse into their work a deal of their own spirit, and their words are charged with a suggestion and meaning beyond the mere sound. There is a reverberation that thrills one. All art that lives is thus vitalised with a spiritual essence: an essence that ever escapes the analyst, but which is felt and known by all who have hearts that throb and souls that feel.

Strong men make room for strong men. Emerson and Carlyle inspired other men, and they inspired each other—but whether there be warrant for that overworked reference to their "friendship" is a ques-

A Painter's Painter

tion. Some other word surely ought to apply here, for their relationship was largely a matter of the head, with a weather eye on Barabbas, and three thousand miles of very salt brine between them. Carlyle never came to America: Emerson made but three trips to England; and often a year or more passed without a single letter on either side. Tammas Carlyle, son of a stone-mason, with his crusty ways and clay pipe, with personality plus, at close range would have been a combination not entirely congenial to the culminating flower of seven generations of New England clergymen—probably not more so than was the shirt-sleeved and cravatless Walt, when they met that memorable day by appointment at the Astor House.

Our first and last demand of art is that it shall give us the artist's best. Art is the mintage of the soul. All the whim, foible, and rank personality are blown away on the winds of time—the good remains. Of artists who have inspired artists, and who being dead yet live, Velasquez stands first.

"Velasquez was a painters' painter—

A Finished Picture

the rest of us are only painters." And when the man who painted "Symphonies in White," further explained that a picture is finished when all traces of the means used to bring about the end have disappeared—for work alone will efface the footsteps of work—he had Velasquez in mind.

II

THE subject of this sketch was born in the year 1599, and died in 1660. And while he lived there also lived these: Shakespeare, Cervantes, Murillo, Rembrandt, and Rubens.

The Equal of Great Men

As an artist and a man Velasquez was the equal, in his way, of any of the men just named. Ruskin has said, "Everything that Velasquez does may be regarded as absolutely right." And Sir Joshua Reynolds placed himself on record by saying, "The portrait of Pope Innocent X. by Velasquez, in the Doria Gallery, is the finest portrait in all Rome." Yet until the year 1776, a date Americans can easily remember, the work of Velasquez was scarcely known outside of Spain. In that

The World Awoke

year Raphael Mengs wrote: "How this painter, greater than Raphael or Titian, truer far than Rubens or Van Dyke, should have been lost to view is more than I can comprehend. I can not find words to describe the splendour of his art!"

But enthusiasts who ebulliate at low temperature are plentiful. The world wagged on in its sleepy way, and it was not until 1828, that an Englishman, Sir David Wilkie, following up the clue of Mengs, began quietly to buy up all the stray pictures by Velasquez he could find in Spain. He sent them to England, and the world one day awoke to the fact that Velasquez was one of the greatest artists of all time. Curtis compiled a list of two hundred and seventy-four pictures by Velasquez, which he pronounces authentic. Of these one hundred and twenty-one were owned in England, thirteen in France, twelve in Austria, and eight in Italy. At least fifteen of the English 'oldings have since been transferred to America; so outside of England and Spain, America possesses more of the works of this master than any other country. But of this be sure: No Velasquez will ever leave Spain unless

The Stolen Picture

spirited out of the country between two days—and if one is carried away, it will not be in the false bottom of a trunk. Within a year one Velasquez was so found secreted at Cadiz, and the owner only escaped prison by presenting the picture with his compliments to the Prado Museum at Madrid. The release of the prisoner and the acceptance of the picture, were both a bit irregular as matter of jurisprudence; but I am told that lawyers can usually arrange these little matters—Dame Justice being blind in one eye.

III

Law or Art

THERE seems to have been some little discussion in the de Silva family of Seville as to whether Diego should be a lawyer, and follow in his father's footsteps, or become an artist and possibly a vagrom. The father had hoped the boy would be his helper and successor, and here the youngster was wasting his time drawing pictures of water-jugs, baskets of flowers, old women-and foolish folk about the market!

Should it be the law school or the studio of Herrera the painter?

To almost every fond father the idea of discipline is, to have the child act as he does. But in this case the mother had her way, or more properly, she let the boy have his—as mothers do—and the sequel shows that a woman's heart is sometimes nearer right than a man's head.

In Herrera's Studio

The fact that "Velasquez" was the maiden name of his mother, and was adopted by the young man, is a straw that tells which way the vane of his affections turned.

Diego was sixteen and troublesome. He was n't "bad" —only he had a rollicksome, flamboyant energy that inundated everything, and made his absence often a blessing devoutly to be wished. Herrera had fixed thoughts about art and deportment. Diego failed to grasp the beauty and force of these ideas, and in the course of a year he seems to have learned just one thing of Herrera—to use brushes with very long handles and long bristles. This peculiarity he clung to through life, and the way he floated the colour upon the canvas with those long, ungainly brushes no one understood; he really did n't know himself, and the world has long since given up the riddle. But the scheme was Herrera's, improved upon by Velasquez; yet not all men who paint with a brush that has a handle eight feet long can paint like Velasquez.

In Herrera's studio there were often heated arguments as to merits and de-

Pacheco

merits, flat contradictions as to facts, and wordy warfare that occasionally resulted in broken furniture. On such occasions Herrera never hesitated to take a hand and soundly cuff a pupil's ears, if the master thought the pupil needed it.

Velasquez has left on record the statement that Herrera was the most dogmatic, pedantic, overbearing, and quarrelsome man he ever knew. Just what Herrera thought of the young man Velasquez, unfortunately, we do not know. But the belief is that Velasquez left Herrera's studio on request of Herrera.

He next entered the studio of the rich and fashionable painter, Pacheco. This man, like Macaulay, had so much learning that it ran over and he stood in the slop. He wrote a book on painting, and might also have carried on a correspondence school wherein the art of portraiture would be taught in ten easy lessons.

In Madrid and Seville are various specimens of work done by both Herrera and Pacheco. Herrera had a certain style, and the early work of Velasquez showed Herrera's earmarks plainly; but we look in vain

for a trace of influence that can be attributed to Pacheco.

Velasquez at eighteen could outstrip his master, and both knew it. So Pacheco showed his good sense by letting the young man go his own pace. He admired the dashing, handsome youth, and although Velasquez broke every rule laid down in Pacheco's mighty tome, "Art as I have Found It," yet the master uttered no word of protest.

The boy was bigger than the book.

More than this, Pacheco invited the young man to come and make his home with him, so to better avail himself of the master's instruction. Now Pacheco (like Brabantio in the play) had a beautiful daughter,—Juana by name. She was about the age of Velasquez, gentle, refined, and amiable. Love is largely a matter of propinquity: and the world now regards Pacheco as a master match-maker as well as a master painter. Diego and Juana were married, aged nineteen, and Pacheco breathed easier. He had attached to himself the most daring and brilliant young man he had ever known, and he had saved himself the annoyance of having

Pacheco's Virtue

his studio thronged with a gang of suitors such as crowded the courts of Ulysses.

Pacheco was pleased.

And why should Pacheco not have been pleased? He had linked his name for all time with the history of art. Had he not been the teacher and father-in-law of Velasquez, his name would have been writ in water, for in his own art there was not enough Attic salt to save it; and his learning was a thing of dusty, musty books.

Pacheco's virtue consisted in recognising the genius of Velasquez, and hanging on to him closely, rubbing off all the glory that he could make stick to himself. To the day of his death Pacheco laid the flattering unction to his soul that he had made Velasquez; but leaving this out of the discussion, no one doubts that Velasquez plucked from oblivion the name and fame of Pacheco.

IV

Eternal Fighting Man

MR. VANCE THOMPSON has written, "Those splendid blonde women of Rubens are the solaces of the eternal fighting man." The wife of Velasquez was of the Rubens type: she looked upon her husband as the ideal. She believed in him, ministered to him, and had no other gods before him. She had but one ambition, and that was to serve her lord and master.

Her faith in the man—in his power, in his integrity and in his art—corroborated his faith in himself. We want one to believe in us, and this being so, all else matters little.

Velasquez seems a type of the "eternal fighting man"—not the quarrelsome, quibbling man, who draws on slight excuse, but the man with a message, who goes straight to his destination with a will that

Sum of Life

breaks through every barrier, and pushes aside every obstacle. With the savage type there is no progression—the noble red man is content to be a noble red man all his days, and the result is that in standing still he is retreating off the face of the earth. Not so your "eternal fighting man"—he is scourged by a restlessness that allows him no rest nor respite save in his work. Beware when a thinker and worker is let loose on the planet. In the days of Velasquez, Spain had but two patrons for art: Royalty and the Church.

Although nominally a Catholic, Velasquez had little sympathy with the superstitions of the multitude. His religion was essentially a natural religion: to love his friends, to bathe in the sunshine of life, to preserve a right mental attitude—the receptive attitude, the attitude of gratitude—and to do his work—these things were for him the sum of life.

His passion was art—to portray his feelings on canvas and make manifest to others the things he himself saw. The Church, he thought, did not afford sufficient outlet for his power. Cherubs that could live only in the tropics, and wings without

muscles to manipulate them, did not mean much to him. The men and women on earth appealed to him more than the angels in heaven, and he could not imagine a better paradise than this. So he painted what he saw—old men, market women, beggars, handsome boys, and toddling babies. These things did not appeal to prelates—they wanted pictures of things a long way off. So from the Church Velasquez turned his gaze toward the Court at Madrid.

Velasquez had been in the studio of Pacheco at Seville for five years. During that time he filled the days with work—joyous, eager work. He produced a good many valuable pictures and a great many sketches that were mostly given away. Yet to-day Seville, with her splendid art gallery and her hundreds of palaces, contains not a single specimen of the work of her greatest son.

It was a daring thing, for a young man of twenty-four to knock boldly at the gates of royalty. But the application was made in Velasquez's own way. All of his studies which the critics tauntingly called "tavern pieces" were a preparation for the life and work before him. He had mastered the

A Strong and Valiant Soul

subtlety of the human face, and had seen how the spirit shines through and reveals the soul.

To know how to write correctly is nothing —you must know something worth recording. To paint is nothing—you must know what you are portraying. Velasquez had become acquainted with humanity, and gotten on intimate terms with life. He had haunted the waysides and markets to good purpose—he had laid the foundation of those qualities which characterise his best work—mastery of expression, penetration into character, the ability to look upon a face and read the thoughts that lurk behind, the crouching passions, and all the aspirations too great for speech. To picture great men you must be a great man.

Velasquez was twenty-four—dark, daring, silent, with a face and form that proclaimed him a strong and valiant soul. Strong men can well afford to be gentle—those who know can well cultivate silence.

The young man did not storm the doors of the Alcazar. No, at Madrid he went quietly to work copying Titians in the gallery, and incidentally painting portraits —royalty must come to him. He had faith

The King's Request

in his power: he could wait. His wife knew the Court would call him—he knew it, too—the Court of Spain needed Velasquez. It is a fine thing to make yourself needed.

Nearly a year had passed, and Velasquez gave it out quietly that he was about to return to his home in Seville. Artistic Madrid rubbed its eyes. The Minister of State, the great Olivares, came to him with a commission from the King and a goodly payment in advance, begging that as soon as he had made a short visit to Seville, he should return to Madrid. Apartments had already been set aside for him in the Alcazar Palace. Would he not kindly comply?

Such a request from the King was really equal to an order. Velasquez surely had no intention of declining the compliment since he had angled for it most ingeniously; but he took a little time to consider it. Of course he talked it over with his wife and her father, and we can imagine they had a quiet little supper by themselves in honour of the event.

And so in the month of May, 1623, Diego de Silva Velasquez duly became a member

Member of the Royal Family

of the royal household, and very soon was the companion, friend, adviser and attendant of the King—that post which he was to hold for thirty-six years, ere death should call him hence.

V

A Most Miserable Man

"THE farmer thinks that place and power are fine things, but let him know that the President has paid dear for his White House," said the sage of Concord.

The most miserable man I ever knew was one who married a rich woman, managed her broad acres, looked after her bonds, and made report of her stocks. If the stocks failed to pay dividends, or the acres were fallow, my friend had to explain why to the tearful wife and sundry sarcastic next of kin.

The man was a Jeffersonian democrat and preached the life of simplicity, because we always preach about things that are not ours. He rode behind horses that had docked tails, and apologised for being on earth to an awful butler in solemn black.

Health and Happiness

The man had married for a home—he got it. When he wanted funds for himself, he was given dole, or else was put to the necessity of juggling the expense account. If he wished to invite friends to his home, he had to prove them standard-bred, morally sound in wind and limb, and free from fault or blemish.

The good man might have lived a thoroughly happy life, with everything supplied that he needed, but he acquired the sanatarium habit, for which there is no cure but poverty. And this man could not be poor even if he wanted to, for there were no grounds for divorce. His wife loved him dearly, and her income of five thousand dollars a month came along with startling regularity, willy nilly.

Finally, at Hot Springs, death gave him treatment and he was freed from pain.

From this o'er-time incident it must not be imagined that wealth and position are bad things. Health is potential power. Wealth is an engine that can be used for good if you are an engineer; but to be tied to the fly-wheel of an engine is rather unfortunate. Had my friend been big enough to rise supreme over horses with

docked tails, to subjugate a butler, to defy the next of kin and manage the wife (without letting her know it), all would have been well.

But it is a Herculean task to cope with the handicap of wealth. Mediocre men can endure failure, for as Robert Louis, the beloved, has pointed out, failure is natural, but worldly success is an abnormal condition. In order to stand success you must be of very stern fibre, with all the gods on your side.

The Alcazar Palace looked strong, solid, and self-sufficient on the outside. But inside, like every court, it was a den of quibble, quarrel, envy, and the hatred that tinctured with fear, knocks an anvil chorus from day-dawn to dark.

A thousand people made up the household of Philip IV. Any of these could be dismissed in an hour—the power of Olivares, the Minister, was absolute. Very naturally there were plottings and counter-plottings. A court is a prison to most of its inmates; no freedom is there—thought is strangled and inspiration is still-born.

Yet life is always breaking through. When locked in a cell in a Paris prison, Horace

Life a Lie

Greeley wrote, "Thank God, at last I am free from intrusion."

> Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage,

laughed Lovelace. Have not some of the great books of the world been written in prison? Things work by antithesis; and if your discipline is too severe, you get no discipline at all. Puritanical pretence, hypocrisy, and a life of repression, with "thou shalt not" set on a hair-trigger have made more than one man bold, genuine, and honest. Draw the bow far enough this way and your arrow will go a long way that. Forbid a man to think for himself or to act for himself, and you may add the joy of piracy and the zest of smuggling to his life.

In the Spanish Court, Velasquez found life a lie, public manners an exaggeration, etiquette a pretence, and all the emotions put up in sealed cans. Fashionable society is usually nothing but canned life. Look out for explosions! Velasquez held the balance true by an artistic courage and an audacity of private thought that might not have been his in a freer atmosphere.

He did not wear his art upon his sleeve—he outwardly conformed, but inwardly his soul towered over every petty annoyance, and all the vain power of the fearing and quibbling little princes touched him not.

Inward Calm

VI

Philip II

SPAIN, under the rule of Philip II., grew great. Her ships sailed every sea—the world contributed to her wealth. Art comes after a surplus has accumulated, and the mere necessities of life have been provided. Philip built great palaces, founded schools, gave encouragement to the handicrafts, and sent his embassies scouring the world for the treasures of art. The king was a practical man, blunt, far-seeing, direct. He knew the cost of things, studied out the best ways, ascertained right methods. He had the red corpuscle, the deep convolution, and so was king. His ministers did his bidding.

The grim sarcasm of entailed power is a thing so obvious that one marvels it has escaped the recognition of mankind until yesterday. But stay! men have always

Spanish Inquisition

seen its monstrous absurdity—hence the rack.

The Spanish Inquisition, in which Church and State combined against God, seems an awful extreme to show the depths of iniquity to which pride married to hypocrisy can sink. Yet martyrdom has its compensation. The spirit flies home upon the wings of victory, and in the very moment of so-called defeat, the man has the blessed consolation that he is still master of his fate—captain of his soul.

The lesson of the Inquisition was worth the price—the martyrs bought freedom for us. The fanged dogs of war, once turned loose upon the man who dared to think, have left as sole successor only a fat and harmless poodle, known as Social Ostracism. This poodle is old, toothless, and given over to introspection; it has to be fed on pap; its only exercise is to exploit the horse-blocks, doze in milady's lap, and dream of a long lost canine paradise. The dog-catcher waits around the corner.

Philip III. was an etiolate and perfumed dandy. In him culture had begun to turn yellow. Men who pride themselves upon their culture have n't any of which to

speak. All the beauties of art, this man thought were exclusively for him and his precious company of lisping exquisites, and giggling, mincing queans. The thought that those who create beauty are also they who possess it, never dawned upon this crack-pated son of tired sheets.

He lived to enjoy—and so he never enjoyed anything. Surfeit and satiety overtook him in the royal hog-wallow; digestion and zest took flight. Philip III. speedily became a wooden Indian on wheels, moved by his Minister of State, the Duke of Lerma.

Huge animals sustain huge parasites, and so the Court of Philip III., with its fools, dwarfs, idiots, and all of its dancing, jiggling, wasteful folly, did not succeed in wrecking the land. When Philip III. travelled he sent hundreds of men ahead to beat the swamps, day and night, in the vicinity of his royal presence, so as to silence the frogs. He thought their croaking was a personal matter meant for him.

I think he was right. How the lords of death must chuckle in defiant glee when they send malaria and night into the palaces of the great through cracks and crevices! Philip's bloated, unkingly body

Philip IV

became full of disease and pain; lingering unrest racked him; the unseen demons he could not exorcise, danced on his bed, wrenched his members, and played mad havoc with each quivering nerve. And so he died.

Then comes Philip IV., immortal through his forty portraits painted by Velasquez. Philip was only fourteen when his father died. He was a rare-ripe and showed strength and decision far beyond his years. His grandfather, Philip II., was his ideal, and he let it be known right speedily that his reign was to be one of moderation and simplicity, modelled along the lines of Philip the Great.

The Duke of Lerma, Minister of State, who had so long been the actual ruler of Spain, was deposed and into his place slipped the sauve and handsome Olivares, gentleman-in-waiting to the young King.

Olivares was from Seville, and had known the family of Velasquez. It was through his influence that Diego so soon got the nod of royalty. The King was eighteen, Velasquez was twenty-four, and Olivares not much older—all boys together. And the fact that Velasquez secured the appoint-

Olivares

ment of Court Painter with such ease was probably owing to his dashing horsemanship, as much as to his being a skilful painter.

At Harvard once I saw a determined effort made to place a famous "right tackle" in the chair of Assistant Professor of Rhetoric. The plan was only given over with great reluctance, when it was discovered that the "right tackle" was beautifully ignorant of the subject he would have to tackle. Even then it was urged he could "cram"—keeping one lesson in advance of his class.

But Olivares knew Velasquez could paint, and the artist's handsome face, stalwart frame, and fearless riding did the rest. The young King was considered the best horseman in Madrid—Velasquez and Olivares took pains never to outdo him in the joust.

The biography of Olivares as a study of life is a better subject far than either the life of Velasquez or the King. Their lives were too successful to be interesting. Olivares is a fine example of a man growing great through exercise. Read history and behold how commonplace men have often had greatness thrust upon them and met the

Nipped in the Bud

issue. I have seen an absurd Class B lawyer elevated into a judgeship, and rise to the level of events, keeping silence, looking wise, hugging his dignity hard, until there came a time when the dignity really was a fair fit. Trotters often need toe-weights to give them ballast and balance —so do men need responsibility. We have had at least three commonplace men for president of the United States, who live in history as adequately great—and they were. Various and sundry good folk will here rise and say the germ of greatness was in these men all the time, awaiting the opportunity to unfold. And the answer is correct, right, and proper; but a codicil should then be added to the effect that the germ of greatness is in every man, but we fall victims of arrested development, and success or society, like a worm i' the bud, feeds on our damask cheek.

Philip was nipped i' the bud by falling into the protecting shadow of Olivares. The prime minister provided boar-hunts and tourneys and masquerades and fêtes. Philip's life of simplicity faded off into dressing in black—all else went on as before. Philip glided into the line of least resistance

Court Painters

and signed every paper that he was told to sign by his gracious, winning, inflexible minister—the true type of the iron hand in the velvet glove. From his twentieth year, after that first little fury of pretended power, the novelty of ruling wore away; and for over forty years he never either vetoed an act or initiated one. His ministers arranged his recreations, his gallantries, his hours of sleep. He was ruled and never knew it, and here the Richelieu-like Olivares showed his power. It was anything to keep the King from thinking, and Spain, the Mother of Magnificence, went drifting to her death.

There were already three Court Painters when Velasquez received his appointment. They were Italians appointed by Philip III. Their heads were full of tradition and precedent, and they painted like their masters who had been pupils of men who had worked with Titian—beautiful attenuations three times reduced. We only know their names now because they raised a pretty chorus of protest when Velasquez appeared at the palace. They worked all the wires they knew to bring about his downfall, and then dwindled away into chronic

Velasquez and the King

artistic jealousy, which finally struck in; and they were buried. That the plots, challenges, and constant knockings of these underling Court painters ever affected Velasquez, we cannot see. He swung right along at prodigious strides, living his own life,—a life outside and beyond all the pretence and vanity of place and power.

The King came by a secret passage daily to the studio to watch Velasquez work. There was always a chair for him, and the King even had an easel and sets of brushes and a palette where he played at painting. Pacheco, who had come up to Madrid and buzzed around, encroaching on the Samuel Pepys copyright, has said that the King was a skilled painter. But this statement was for publication during the King's lifetime.

When Velasquez could not keep the King quiet in any other way, it seems he made him sit for his picture. The studio was never without an unfinished portrait of the King. From eighteen to sixty he sat to Velasquez—and it is always that same tall, spindle-legged, impassive form, and the dull, unspeaking face. There is no thought there, no aspiration, no hope

The Guiding Star

too great for earth, no unrequited love, no dream unrealised. The King was incapable of love as he was of hate. And Velasquez did not use his art to flatter; he had the artistic conscience. Truth was his guiding star. And the greatness of Velasquez is shown in that all subjects were equally alike to him. He did not select the classic or peculiar. Little painters are always choosing their subjects and explaining that this or that may be pretty or interesting, but they will tell you it is "unpaintable" —which means that they cannot paint it.

"I can write well on any topic—all are alike to me!" said Dean Swift to Stella. "Then write me an essay on a broomstick," answered Stella.

And Swift wrote the essay—full of abstruse reasons, playful wit, and charming insight.

The long, oval, dull face of Philip lured Velasquez. He analysed every possible shade of emotion of which this man was capable, and stripped his soul bare. The sallow skin, thin curling locks, nerveless hands and unmeaning eyes are upon the walls of every gallery of Christendom,—

Rubens

matchless specimens of the power to sink self, and reveal the subject.

That is why Whistler is right when he says that Velasquez is the painters' painter. *The Blacksmith* by Whistler shows you the blacksmith, not Whistler; Rembrandt's pictures of his mother show the woman; Franz Hals gives you the Burgomaster, not himself. Shakespeare of all writers is the most impersonal—he does not give himself away.

When Rubens painted a portrait of Philip II. he put a dash of daring, exuberant health in the face that was never there. The health and joy of life was in Rubens and he could not keep it off his palette. There is a sameness in every Rubens, because the imagination of the man ran over, and falsified his colours: he always gives you a deal of Rubens.

But stay! that expression "sinking self," is only a figure of speech. At the last the true artist never sinks self: he is always supreme and towers above every subject, every object that he portrays. The riotous health and good cheer of Rubens marked the man's limitations. He was not great enough to comprehend the small, the

Set Apart

delicate, the insignificant and the absurd. Only a very great man can paint dwarfs, idiots, topers, and kings. And so the many-sidedness of the great man continually deceives the world into thinking that he is the thing with which he associates; or, on the other hand, we say he "sinks self" for the time, whereas the truth is that in his own nature he comprehends the whole. Shakespeare being the universal man, we lose him in the labyrinth of his winding and wondrous imagination. The great comprehends the less.

The beginner paints what he sees; or, more properly, he paints what he thinks he sees. If he grows he will next paint what he imagines, as Rubens did. Then there is another stage which completes the spiral and comes back to the place of beginning,—and the painter will again paint what he sees.

This Velasquez did, and this is what sets him apart. The difference between the last stage and the first is that the artist has learned to see. To write is nothing—to know what to write is much. To paint is nothing—to see and know the object you are attempting to portray, is everything.

"Shall I paint the thing just as I see it?" asked the ingenue of the great artist. "Why, yes," was the answer, "provided you do not see the thing as you paint it."

Painting What One Sees

VII

The King and the Painter

THE King and the painter grew old together. They met on a common ground of horses, dogs, and art; and while the King used these things to kill time and cause him to forget self, the painter found horses and dogs good for rest and recreation. But art was for Velasquez a religion, a sacred passion.

Nominally the Court Painter ranked with the Court Barber, and his allowance was the same. But Velasquez ruled the King, and the King knew it not. Like all wasteful, dissolute men, Phillip IV. had spasms of repentance when he sought by absurd economy to atone for folly. We are all familiar with individuals who will blow to the four winds good money, and much of it, on needless meat and drink for those who are neither hungry nor

athirst, and take folks for a carriage ride who should be abed, and then the next day buy a sandwich for dinner and walk a mile to save a five-cent carfare. Some of us have done these things; and so occasionally Philip would dole out money to buy canvas and complain of the size of it, and ask in injured tone how many pictures Velasquez had painted from that last bolt of cloth!

The Diplomat

But Velasquez was a diplomat and humoured his liege; yet when the artist died, the administrator of his estate had to sue the State for a settlement, and it was ten years before the final amount due the artist was paid. After twenty years of devotion Olivares—outmatched by Richelieu in the game of statecraft—fell into disrepute and was dismissed from office. Monarchies like republics are ungrateful. Velasquez sided with his old friend Olivares in the quarrel, and thus risked incurring the sore displeasure of the King. The King could replace his Minister of State, but there was no one to take the place of the artist; so Philip bottled his wrath, gave Velasquez the right of his private opinion, and refused to accept his resignation.

Trips to Italy

There seems little doubt that it was a calamity for Velasquez that Philip did not send him flying into disgrace with Olivares. Had Velasquez been lifted out on the toe of the King's displeasure, Italy would have claimed him, and the Vatican would have opened wide its doors. There, relieved of financial badgering, in the company of his equals, encouraged and uplifted, he might have performed such miracles in form and colour that even the wonderful ceiling of the Chapel of the Sistine would have faded into mediocre.

And again he might not—what more idle and fascinating than such speculation? That the King endured the calm rebuke of Velasquez, when Olivares was deposed, and still retained the painter in favour, was probably because Rubens had assured the King that Velasquez as an artist was the master of any man in all Europe.

Velasquez made two trips to Italy, being sent on royal embassies to purchase statuary for the Prado Gallery, and incidentally to copy pictures. So there is many a Veronese, Tintoretto, and Titian now in the Prado that was copied by Velasquez.

Think of the value of a Titian copied by

Rubens at Madrid

Velasquez? And so faithfully was the copying done, even to inserting the signature initials and date, that much doubt exists as to what pictures are genuine and what copies.

When Rubens appeared at the Court of Madrid, sent by the Duke of Mantua, with presents of Old Masters (done by himself) I cannot but imagine the quiet confession, with smiles and popping of corks, that occurred when the wise and princely Rubens, and the equally wise and princely Velasquez got together in some private corner.

The advent of Rubens at Madrid sent a thrill through the entire Court, and a lesser man than Velasquez would have quaked with apprehension when he found the King sitting to Rubens for a portrait in his own studio.

Not so Velasquez—he had done the King on canvas a score of times; no one else had ever been allowed to paint the King's portrait—and he was curious to see how the picture would come out.

Rubens, twenty-two years the senior of Velasquez, shrank a bit, it seems, from the contest, and connoisseurs have said

Velasquez's Pupils

that there is a little lack of the exuberant, joyous Rubenesque quality in the various pictures done by the gracious Fleming in Spain.

The taunt that many of the pictures attributed to Rubens were done by his pupils loses its point when we behold the prodigious amount of work that the master accomplished at Madrid in nine months—a dozen portraits, several groups, a score of pictures copied. And besides this, there was time for horseback rides when the King, Rubens, and Velasquez galloped away together, when they climbed mountains and when there were fêtes and receptions to attend. Rubens was then over fifty, but the fire of his youth and that joyous animation of the morning, the years had not subdued.

Velasquez had many pupils, but in Murillo his skill as a teacher is best revealed. Several of his pupils painted exactly like him, save that they neglected to breathe into the nostrils of their work the breath of life. But Velasquez seems to have encouraged Murillo to follow the bent of his moody and melancholy genius—so Murillo was himself, not a diluted Velasquez.

Master of Ceremonies

The strong administrative ability of Velasquez was prized by the King as much as his ability as a painter, and he was, therefore, advanced to the position of Master of Ceremonies. In this work with its constant demand of close attention to petty details, his latter days were consumed. He died, aged sixty-one, a victim to tasks that were not worth the doing, but which the foolish King considered as important as painting deathless pictures.

So closely was the life of his wife blended with his own that in eight days after his passing, she followed him across the border, although the physicians declared that she had no disease. Husband and wife were buried in one grave in a church that a hundred years later was burned and never rebuilt. No stone marks their resting place; and none is needed, for Velasquez lives in his work. The truth, splendour, and beauty that he produced are on a hundred walls—the inspiration of men who do and dare—the priceless heritage of us who live to-day and those who shall come after.

COROT

Sunset

The sun sinks more and more behind the horizon. Bam! he throws his last ray, a streak of gold and purple which fringes the flying clouds. There, now it has entirely disappeared. Bien! bien! twilight commences. Heavens, how charming it is! There is now in the sky only the soft vaporous colour of pale citron—the last reflection of the sun which plunges into the dark blue of the night, going from green tones to a pale turquoise of an unheard-of fineness and a fluid delicacy quite indescribable. . .

The fields lose their colour, the trees form but grey or brown masses . . . the dark waters reflect the bland tones of the sky. We are losing sight of things—but one still feels that everything is there—everything is vague, confused, and Nature grows drowsy. The fresh evening air sighs among the leaves—the birds, these voices of the flowers are saying their evening prayer.

COROT'S *Letter to Graham.*
Translated by David Croal Thompson.

I

Details

MOST young artists begin by working for microscopic effects, trying to portray every detail, to see every leaf, stem, and branch, and reveal them in the picture.

The ability to draw carefully and finish painstakingly is very necessary, but the great artist must forget how to draw before he paints a great picture; just as every strong writer must put the grammar upon the shelf before he writes well. I once heard William Dean Howells say that any good, bright high school girl of sixteen could pass a far better examination in rhetoric than he could—and the admission did Mr. Howells no discredit.

"Would you advise me to take a course in elocution?" once asked a young man with oratorical ambitions of Henry Ward Beecher.

Beginnings

"Yes, by all means. Study elocution very carefully, but you will have to forget it all before you ever become an orator," was the answer.

Corot began as a child by drawing very rude, crude, uncertain pictures, just such pictures as any schoolboy can draw. Next he began to "complete" his sketches, and work with infinite pains. If he sketched a house he showed whether the roof was shingled or made of straw or tile; his trees revealed the texture of the bark and showed the shape of the leaf, and every flower contained its pistil and stamens and told the man knew his botany. Two of his pictures done in Rome in his twenty-ninth year, *The Coliseum* and *The Forum*, now in the Louvre, are good pictures—complete in detail, painstaking, accurate, hard and tight in technique. They are bomb-proof—beyond criticism—absolutely safe.

Have a care, Corot. Keep where you are and you will become an irreproachable painter. That is to say, you will paint just like a hundred other French painters. There will be a market for your wares, the critics will approve, and at the Salon

Fashion's Favourites

your work will never be either enskyed or consigned to the catacombs. Society will court you, fair ladies will smile and encourage. You will be a success; your name will be safely pigeon-holed among the unobjectionable ones and before your wind-combed shock of hair has turned to silver, you will be supplanted by a new crop of fashion's favourites.

II

Children of the Metropolis

IT is a fact worth noting that the two greatest landscape painters of all time were city-born and city-bred. Turner was born in London, the son of a barber, and fate held him so in leash that he never got beyond the sound of Bow Bells until he was a man grown. Corot was born in Paris, and his first outdoor sketch, made at twenty-two, was done amidst the din and jostle of the quays of the Seine.

Five strong men made up the Barbizon School, and of these, three were reared in Paris, Paris the frivolous, Paris the pleasure-loving: Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny were children of the metropolis.

I state these facts in the interests of truth, and also to ease conscience, for I am aware that I have glorified the country

In Paris

boy in pages gone before, as if God were kind to him alone.

Turner made over a million dollars by the work of his hands (reinforced by head and heart); and left a discard of nineteen thousand sketches to the British nation. Was ever such an example of concentration, energy, and industry known in the history of art?

Corot, six feet one, weight two hundred, ruddy, simple, guileless, singing softly to himself as he walked, in peasant blouse, and sabot-shod, used to come up to Paris, his birthplace, two or three times a year, and the gamins would follow him on the streets, making remarks irrelevant and comments uncomplimentary, just as they might follow old Joshua Whitcomb on Broadway in New York.

British grandees often dress like farmers, for pride may manifest itself in simplicity, but the disinterested pose of Camille Corot, if pose it was, fitted him as the feathers fit a wild duck. If pose is natural it surely is not pose: and Corot, the simplest man in the world, was regarded by the many as a man of mannerisms. His work was so quiet and modest that the art world

"Papa Corot"

refused to regard it seriously. Corot was as unpretentious as Walt Whitman and just as free from vanity.

During the War of the Rebellion, Whitman bankrupted himself in purse and body by caring for the stricken soldiers. At the siege of Paris, Corot could have kept outside of the barriers, but safety for himself he would not accept. He remained in the city, refused every comfort that he could not divide with others, spent all the money he had in caring for the wounded, nursed the sick by night and day, listened to the confessions of the dying, and closed the eyes of the dead. To everybody, especially the simple folk, the plain, the unpretentious, the unknown, he was "Papa Corot," and everywhere did the stalwart old man of seventy-five carry hope, good cheer, and a courage that never faltered.

Corot, like Whitman, had the happiness to have no history.

Corot used paint just as if no one had ever painted before, and Whitman wrote as if he were the first man who had ever expressed himself in verse—precedent stood for naught. Each had all the time there was; they were never in a hurry; they

loafed and invited their souls; they loved all women so well that they never could make a choice of one; both were ridiculed and hooted and misunderstood; recognition came to neither until they were about to depart; and yet in spite of the continual rejection of their work, and the stupidity that would not see, and the ribaldry of those who could not comprehend, they continued serenely on their way, unruffled, kind,—making no apologies nor explanations—unresentful, with malice toward none, and charity for all.

The world is still divided as to whether Walt Whitman was simply a coarse and careless writer, without either skill, style, or insight; or one with such a subtle, spiritual vision, such a penetration into the heart of things that few comparatively can follow him.

During forty years of Corot's career the critics said, when they deigned to mention Corot at all, "There are two worlds, God's world and Corot's world." He was regarded as a harmless lunatic, who saw things differently from others, and so they indulged him, and at the Salon hung his pictures in the "Catacombs" with many

"Corot Nature"

a sly joke at his expense. The expression "Corot Nature" is with us yet.

But now the idea has gradually gained ground that Camille Corot looked for beauty and found it—that he painted what he saw, and that he saw things that the average man, through incapacity, never sees at all. Science has taught us that there are sounds so subtle that our coarse senses cannot recognise them, and there are thousands of tints, combinations, and variations in colour that the unaided or uneducated eye cannot detect.

If Corot saw more than we, why denounce Corot? And so Corot has gradually and very slowly come into recognition as one who had power plus—it was we who were weak, we who were faulty, not he. The stones that were cast at him have been gathered up and cemented into a monument to his memory.

III

THE father of Camille Corot was a peasant who drifted over to Paris to make his fortune. He was active, acute, intelligent, and economical—and when a Frenchman is economical his economy is of a kind that makes the Connecticut brand look like extravagance.

The Dry-Goods Clerk

This young man became a clerk in a dry-goods store that had a millinery attachment, as most French dry-goods stores have. He was precise, accurate, had a fair education, and always wore a white cravat. In the millinery department of this store was employed, among many others, a Swiss girl who had come up to Paris on her own account to get a knowledge of millinery and dressmaking. When this was gained she intended to go back to Switzerland, the land of liberty and Swiss

A Competent People

cheese, and there live out her life in her native village making finery for the villagers for a consideration.

She did not go back to Switzerland, because she very shortly married the precise young dry-goods clerk who wore the white cravat.

The Swiss are the most competent people on this globe of ours, which is round like an orange and slightly flattened at the poles. There is less illiteracy, less pauperism, less drunkenness, more general intelligence, more freedom in Switzerland than in any other country on earth. This has been so for two hundred years: and the reason, some say, is that she has no standing army and no navy. She is surrounded by big nations that are so jealous of her that they will not allow each other to molest her. She is not big enough to fight them. Being too little to declare war she makes a virtue of necessity and so just minds her own business. That is the only way an individual can succeed—mind your own business—and it is also the best policy with a nation.

The way the Swiss think things out with their heads and materialise them with their

A Swiss Milliner

hands is very wonderful. In all the Swiss schools the pupils draw, sew, carve wood, and make things. Pestalozzi was Swiss, and Froebel was more Swiss than German. Manual training and the kindergarten are Swiss ideas. All of our progress in the line of pedagogy that the years have brought has consisted in carrying kindergarten ideas into the little red school house, and elsewhere.

The world is debtor to the Swiss—the carmine of their ideas has tinted the whole thought-fabric of civilisation. The Swiss know how. Skilled workmen from Switzerland are in demand everywhere.

That Swiss girl in the Paris shop was a skilled needlewoman, and the good taste and talent she showed in her work was a joy to her employers. There are hints that they tried to discourage her marriage with the clerk in the white cravat. What a loss to the art world if they had succeeded! But love is stronger than business ambition, and so the milliner married the young clerk, and they had a very modest little nest to which they flew when the day's work was done.

In a year a domestic emergency made

Corot's Mother

it advisable for the young woman to stay at home, but she kept right along with her sewing. Some of the customers hunted her up and wanted her to work for them.

When the stress of the little exigency was safely passed, the young mother found she could make more by working at home for special customers. A girl was hired to help her, then two—three.

The rooms down stairs were secured, and a show window put in. This was at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Pont Royal, within sight of the Louvre. It is an easy place to find, and you would better take a look at the site the next time you are in Paris—it is sacred soil.

Corot has told us much about his mother—a Frenchman is apt to regard his father simply as a necessary though often inconvenient appendage, possibly absorbing the idea from the maternal side of the house—but his mother is his solace, comforter, and friend. The mother of Corot was intelligent, industrious, tactful; sturdy in body and strong in mind.

In due course of time she built up a paying business, bought the house in which

Discipline

they lived, and laid by a goodly dot for her son and two daughters. And all the time Corot *père* wore the white cravat, a precise smile for customers, and an austere look for his family. He held his old position as floor-walker and gave respectability to his wife's millinery and dressmaking establishment.

The father's ambition for Camille was that he should become a model floor-walker, treading in the father's footsteps; and so while yet a child, the boy was put to work in a dry-goods store, with the idea of discipline strong in mind.

And for this discipline, in after years Corot was grateful. It gave him the habit of putting things away, keeping accurate accounts, systematising his work and throughout his forty years or more of artistic life, it was his proud boast that he reached his studio every morning at three minutes before eight.

Young Corot's mother had quite a little skill as a draughtsman. In her business she drew designs for patterns, and if the prospective customer lacked imagination she could draw a sketch of the garment as it would look when completed.

Sketching

Savage tribes make pictures long before they acquire an alphabet; so do all children make pictures before they learn to read. The evolution of the child mirrors the evolution of the race. Camille made pictures just as all boys do, and his mother encouraged him in this, and supplied him copies.

When he was set to work in the dry-goods store he made sketches under the counter and often ornamented bundles with needless hieroglyphics. But these things did not necessarily mean that he was to be a great artist—thousands of dry-goods clerks have sketched and been dry-goods clerks to the end of their days. But good dry-goods clerks should not sketch too much or too well, else they will not rise in their career and some day have charge of a department.

Camille Corot did not get along at haberdashery—his heart was not in it. He was not quite so bad as a certain budding, artistic genius I once knew, who clerked in a grocery store, and when a woman came in and ordered a dozen of eggs and a half bushel of potatoes, the genius counted out a dozen potatoes, and sent the customer a half bushel of eggs.

In the Louvre

Then there was that absent-minded young drug clerk, who when a stranger entered and inquired for the proprietor, answered, "He 's out just at present, but we have something that is just as good."

Corot had n't the ability to make folks think they needed something they did not want—they only got what they wanted, after much careful diplomacy and insistence. These things were a great cross to Corot *père*, and the dulness of the boy made the good father grow old before his time—so the father alleged. Were the woes of parents written in books, the world would not be big enough to contain the books. Camille Corot was a failure—he was big, fat, lazy, and tantalisingly good-natured. He haunted the Louvre, and stood open-mouthed before the pictures of Claude Lorraine until the attendants requested him to move on. His mother knew something of art, and they used to discuss all the new pictures together. The father protested: he declared that the mother was encouraging the boy in his vascillation and dreaminess.

Camille lost his position. His father got him another, and after a month they laid

Invincible Good Nature

him off for two weeks, and then sent him a note not to come back. He hung around home, played the violin, and sang for his mother's sewing girls while they worked. The girls all loved him—if the mother went out and left him in charge of the shop, he gave all hands a play-spell until it was time for Madame to return. His good nature was invincible. He laughed at the bonnets in the windows, slyly sketched the customers who came to try on the frivolities, and even made irrelevant remarks to his mother about the pétite fortune she was deriving from catering to dead-serious nabobs who discussed flounces, bows, stays, and beribboned gewgaws as though they were eternal verities.

"Mamma is a sculptor who improves upon Nature," one day Camille said to the girls. "If a woman has n't a good form Madame Corot can supply her such amorous proportions that lovers will straightway fall at her feet." But such jocular remarks were never made to the father—in his presence Camille was subdued and suspiciously respectful. The father had "disciplined" him—but had done nothing else.

A Flat Failure

Camille had a companion in Achille Michallon, son of the sculptor, Claude Michallon. Young Michallon modelled in clay and painted fairly well, and it was he who no doubt, fired the mind of young Corot to follow an artistic career, to which Corot the elder was very much opposed.

So matters drifted and Camille Corot, aged twenty-six, was a flat failure, just as he had been for ten years. He had n't self-reliance to push out for himself, nor enough will to swing his parents into his way of thinking. He was as submissive as a child; and would not and could not do anything until he had gotten permission —thus much for discipline.

Finally, in desperation, his father said, "Camille, you are of an age when you should be at the head of a business, but since you refuse to avail yourself of your opportunities and become a merchant, why, then, I 'll settle upon you the sum of three hundred dollars a year for life and you can follow your own inclinations. But depend upon it, you shall have no more than I have named. I am done—now go and do what you want."

The words are authentic, being taken

Beginning of Artistic Career

down from Corot's own lips; and they sound singularly like that remark made to Alfred Tennyson by his grandfather, "Here is a guinea for your poem, and depend upon it, this is the first and last money you will ever receive for poetry."

Camille was so delighted to hear his father's decision that he burst into tears and embraced the austere and stern-faced parent in the white cravat.

Straightway he would begin his artistic career, and having so announced his intention to the sewing girls in an impromptu operatic aria, he took easel and paints and went down on the tow-path to paint his first outdoor picture.

Soon the girls came trooping after, in order to see Monsieur Camille at his work. One girl, Mlle. Rose, staid longer than the rest. Corot told of the incident in 1858—a lapse of thirty years—and added, "I have not married—Mlle. Rose has not married—she is alive yet, and only last week was here to see me. Ah! what changes have taken place—I have that first picture I painted yet—it is the same picture and still shows the hour and the season, but Mlle. Rose and I, where are we?"

IV

Artistic Ancestor

TURNER and Corot trace back to the same artistic ancestor. It was Claude who first fired the heart of the barber's boy, and it was Claude who diluted the zeal of Camille Corot for ribbons and haberdashery.

Turner stipulated in his will that a certain picture of his should hang on the walls of the National Gallery by the side of a "Claude Lorraine"; and to-day in the Louvre you can see, side by side, a "Corot" and a "Claude." These men are strangely akin; yet so far as I know, Corot never heard of Turner. However, he was powerfully influenced by Constable, the English painter, who was of the same age as Turner, and for a time, his one bitter rival.

Claude had been dead a hundred years before Constable, Turner, or Corot was born. But time is an illusion; all souls are of one

John Constable

age, and in spirit these men were contemporaries and brothers. Claude, Corot, and Turner never married—they were wedded to art. Constable ripened fast; he got his reward of golden guineas, and society caught him in its silken mesh. Success came faster than he was able to endure it, and he fell a victim to fatty degeneration of the cerebrum, and died of an acute attack of self-complacency.

It was about the year 1832, that Constable gave an exhibition of his work in Paris—a somewhat daring thing for an Englishman to do. Paris had then, and has yet, about the same estimate of English art that the English have now of ours—although it is quite in order to explain in parentheses that three Americans, Whistler, Sargent, and Abbey, have recently called a halt on English ribaldry as applied to American artists.

But John Constable's exhibit in Paris met with favour—the work was singularly like the work of Claude Lorraine, the critics said. And it was, for Constable had copied Claude conscientiously. Corot saw the Englishman's pictures, realised that they were just such pictures as he would like

Spiritual Quality of Work

to paint, and so fell down and worshipped them. For a year he dropped Claude and painted just like Constable.

There was a time when Turner and Constable painted just alike, for they had the same master; but there came a day when Turner shoved out from shore, and no man since has been able to follow him.

And no one can copy Corot. The work that he did after he attained freedom and swung away from Claude and Constable has an illusive, intangible, subtle and spiritual quality that no imitator can ever catch on his canvas. Corot could not even copy his own pictures—his work is born of the spirit. His effects are something beyond skill of hand, something beyond mere knowledge of technique. You can copy a Claude and you can copy a Constable, for the pictures have well defined outline and the forms are tangible. Claude was the first painter who showed the shimmering sunlight on the leaves, the upturned foliage of the silver poplar, the yellow willows bending beneath the breeze, the sweep of the clouds across the sky, the play of the waves across the sea-

A Daring Quality

shore, the glistening dewdrops on the grass, the soft stealing mists of twilight.

Constable did all this, too, and he did it as well as Claude, but no better. He never got beyond the stage of microscopic portrayal; if he painted a dewdrop he painted it, and his blades of grass, swaying lily stems, and spider webs are the genuine articles.

Corot painted in this minute way for many years, but gradually he evolved a daring quality and gave us the effect of dewdrops, the spider threads, the foliage, the tall lilies without painting them at all—he gives you the feeling, that is all, stirs the imagination until the beholder, if his heart be in tune, sees things that only the spiritual eye beholds.

The pale silvery tones of Corot, the shadowy boundaries that separate the visible can never be imitated without the Master's penetration into the heart of nature. He knew things he could never explain, and he held secrets, he could not impart. Before his pictures we can only stand silent—he disarms criticism and strikes the quibbler dumb. Before a Corot you would better give way, and let its

Corot's Colours

beauty caress your soul. His colours are thin and very simple—there is no challenge in his work as there is in the work of Turner. Greens and greys predominate, and the plain, drab tones are blithe, airy, gracious, graceful, and piquant as a beautiful young Quaker woman clothed in the garb of simplicity and humility—but a woman still. Corot coquettes with colour—with pale lilac, silver grey, and diaphanous green. He poetises everything he touches—quiet ponds, clumps of bushes, whitewashed cottages, simple swards, yellow cows, blowsy peasants, woodland openings, stretching meadows and winding streams—they are all full of divine suggestion and joyous expectancy. Something is just going to happen—somebody is coming, some one we love—you can almost detect a faint perfume, long remembered, never to be forgotten. A Corot is a tryst with all that you most admire and love best—it speaks of youth, joyous, hopeful, expectant youth.

If the Greeks had left us any paintings, they would all have been just like Corot's.

V

Moods of Rapture

THE bubbling, boyish good cheer that Corot possessed is well shown in a letter he once wrote to Stevens Graham. This letter was written, without doubt, in that fine intoxication which comes after work well done; and no greater joy ever comes to a mortal in life than this.

George Moore tells somewhere of catching Corot in one of these moods of rapture: the Master was standing alone on a log in the woods, like a dancing faun, leading an imaginary orchestra with silent but tremendous gusto. At other times when Corot captured certain effects in a picture, he would rush across the fields to where there was a peasant ploughing, and seizing the astonished man, would lead him over and stand him before the canvas crying, "Look at that! Ah, now, look at that! What did

I tell you! You thought I never could catch it—Oho, aha, ohe, tralala, la, la, la, loo!"

This willingness to let the unrestrained spirit romp was strong in Corot—and it is to be recommended. How much finer it is to go out into the woods and lift up your voice in song, and be a child, than to fight inclination and waste good God-given energy endeavouring to be proper—whatever that may be!

Corot never wrote anything finer than that letter to his friend Graham, and, like all really good things, it was written with no weather eye on futurity. The thought that it might be published never came to him, for if it had, he would probably have produced something not worth publishing. It was scribbled off with a pencil, hot from the heart, out of doors, immediately after having done a particularly choice bit of work. Every one who writes of Corot quotes this letter, and there are various translations of it. It cannot be translated literally, because the language in which it was written is effervescent, flashing, in motion like a cascade. It defies all grammar, forgets rhetoric, and simply makes you feel. I have just as good a right to trans-

Letter to Stevens Graham

late this letter as anybody, and while I will add nothing that the spirit of the text does not justify, I will omit a few things, and follow my own taste in the matter of paragraphing.

So here is the letter:

A landscapist's day is divine. You are jealous of the moments, and so are up at three o'clock—long before the sun sets you the example.

You go out into the silence and sit under a tree, and watch and watch and wait and wait.

It is very dark—the nightingales have gone to bed, all the mysterious noises of night's forenoon have ceased—the crickets are asleep, the tree-toad has found a nest—even the stars have slunk away.

You wait.

There is scarcely anything to be seen at first—only dark, spectral shapes that stand out against the blue-black of the sky.

Nature is behind a veil, upon which some masses of form are vaguely sketched. The damp, sweet smell of the incense of spring is in the air—you breathe deeply—a sense of religious emotion sweeps over you—you close your eyes an instant in a prayer of thankfulness that you are alive.

Letter to Stevens Graham

You do not keep your eyes closed long though—something is about to happen—you grow expectant, you wait, you listen, you hold your breath—everything trembles with a delight that is half pain, under the invigorating caress of the coming day.

You breathe fast, and then you hold your breath and listen.

You wait.

You peer.

You listen.

Bing! A ray of pale, yellow light shoots from horizon to zenith. The dawn does not come all at once, it steals upon you by leaps and subtle strides like deploying pickets.

Bing! Another ray, and the first one is suffusing itself across an arc of the purple sky.

Bing, Bing! The east is all aglow.

The little flowers at your feet are waking in joyful mood.

The chirrup of birds is heard. How they do sing! When did they begin? You forgot them in watching the rays of light.

The flowers are each one drinking its drop of quivering dew.

The leaves feel the cool breath of the morning, and are moving to and fro in the invigorating air.

Letter to Stevens Grabam

The flowers are saying their morning prayers, accompanied by the matin song of the birds.

Amoretti, with gauzy wings, are perching on the tall blades of grass that spring from the meadows, and the tall stems of the poppies and field lilies are swaying, swaying, swaying a minuet motion fanned by the kiss of the gentle breeze. Oh, how beautiful it all is! How good God is to send it! How beautiful! how beautiful!

But merciful easel! I am forgetting to paint —this exhibition is for me, and I'm failing to improve it. My palette—the brushes—there! there!

We can see nothing—but you feel the landscape is there—quick now, a cottage away over yonder is pushing out of the white mist. To thine easel—go!

Oh! it's all there behind the translucent gauze—I know it—I know it—I know it!

Now the white mist lifts like a curtain—it rises and rises and rises.

Bam! the sun is risen.

I see the river, like a stretch of silver ribbon; it weaves in and out and stretches away, away, away.

The masses of the trees, of the meads, the meadows—the poplars, the leaning willows, are all revealed by the mist that is reeling and rolling up the hillside.

Letter to Stevens Grabam

I paint and I paint and I paint, and I sing and I sing and I paint!

We can see now all we guessed before. Bam, bam! The sun is just above the horizon —a great golden ball held in place by spider threads.

I can see the lace made by the spiders— it sparkles with the drops of dew.

I paint and I paint and I sing and I paint.

Oh, would I were Joshua—I would command the sun to stand still.

And if it should, I would be sorry, for nothing ever did stand still, except a bad picture. A good picture is full of motion. Clouds that stand still are not clouds— motion, activity, life, yes, life is what we want—life!

Bam! A peasant comes out of the cottage and is coming to the meadow.

Ding, ding, ding! There comes a flock of sheep led by a bell-wether. Wait there a minute, please, sheepy-sheepy, and a great man will paint you.

All right then, don't wait. I did n't want to paint you anyway.

Bam! All things break into glistening—ten thousand diamonds strew the grasses, the lilies, and the tall stalks of swaying poppies. Diamonds on the cobwebs—diamonds every-

Letter to Stevens Graham

where. Glistening, dancing, glittering light —floods of light—pale, wistful, loving light: caressing, blushing, touching, beseeching, grateful light.

Oh, adorable light! The light of morning that comes to show you things—and I paint and I paint and I paint.

Oh, the beautiful red cow that plunges into the wet grass up to her dew-laps! I will paint her. There she is—there!

Here is Simon, my peasant friend, looking over my shoulder.

"Oho, Simon, what do you think of that?"

"Very fine," says Simon, "very fine!"

"You see what it is meant for, Simon?"

"Me? Yes, I should say I do—it is a big red rock."

"No, no, Simon, that is a cow."

"Well, how should I know unless you tell me," answers Simon.

I paint and I paint and I paint.

Boom! Boom! The sun is getting clear above the treetops. It is growing hot.

The flowers droop.

The birds are silent.

We can see too much now—there is nothing in it. Art is a matter of soul. Things you see and know all about are not worth painting —only the intangible is splendid.

Let 's go home. We will dine, and sleep, and dream.

That 's it—I 'll dream of the morning that would not tarry—I 'll dream my picture out, and then I 'll get up and smoke, and complete it, possibly—who knows!

Let 's go home.

. . . . . .

Bam! Bam! It is evening now—the sun is setting.

I did n't know the close of the day could be so beautiful—I thought the morning was the time.

But it is not just right—the sun is setting in an explosion of yellow, of orange, of *rouge-feu*, of cherry, of purple.

Ah! it is pretentious, vulgar. Nature wants me to admire her—I will not. I 'll wait—the sylphs of the evening will soon come and sprinkle the thirsty flowers with their vapours of dew.

I like sylphs—I 'll wait.

Boom! The sun sinks out of sight, and leaves behind a tinge of purple, of modest grey touched with topaz—ah! that is better.

I paint and I paint and I paint.

Oh, Good Lord, how beautiful it is—how beautiful!

The sun has disappeared and left behind

Letter to Stevens Graham

a soft, luminous, gauzy tint of lemon—lemons half ripe. The light melts and blends into the blue of the night.

How beautiful! I must catch that—even now it fades—but I have it: tones of deepening green, pallid turquoise, infinitely fine, delicate, fluid, and ethereal.

Night draws on. The dark waters reflect the mysteries of the sky—the landscape fades, vanishes, disappears—we cannot see it now, we only feel it is there.

But that is enough for one day—Nature is going to sleep, and so will we, soon. Let us just sit silent a space and enjoy the stillness.

The rising breezes are sighing through the foliage, and the birds, choristers of the flowers, are singing their vesper songs—calling, some of them, plaintively for their lost mates.

Bing! A star pricks its portrait in the pond.

All around now is darkness and gloom—the crickets have taken up the song where the birds left off.

The little lake is sparkling, a regular ant-heap of twinkling stars.

Reflected things are best—the waters are only to reflect the sky—Nature's looking-glass. The sun has gone to rest; the day is done. But the sun of Art has arisen, and my picture is complete. Let us go home.

VI

Barbizon School

THE Barbizon School—which, by the way, was never a school, and if it exists now is not at Barbizon—was made up of five men: Corot, Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, and Daubigny.

Corot saw it first—this straggling little village of Barbizon, nestling there at the foot of the Forest of Fontainebleau, thirty-five miles southeast of Paris. This was about the year 1830. There was no market then for Corot's wares, and the artist would have doubted the sanity of any one who might have wanted to buy. His income was one dollar a day—and this was enough. If he wanted to go anywhere, he walked; and so he walked into Barbizon one day, his pack on his back, and found there a little inn, so quaint and simple that he stayed two days.

Corot at Barbizon

The landlord quite liked the big, jolly stranger. Hanging upon his painting outfit was a mandolin, a harmonica, a guitar, and two or three other small musical instruments of nondescript pedigree. The painter made music for the village, and on invitation painted a sketch on the tavern wall to pay for his board. And this sketch is there even to this day, and is as plain to be seen as the splash of ink on the wall at Eisenach where Martin Luther threw the ink bottle at the devil.

When Corot went back to Paris he showed sketches of Barbizon and told of the little snuggery, where life was so simple and cheap. Soon Rousseau and Diaz went down to Barbizon for a week's stay—later came Daubigny. In the course of a few years Barbizon grew to be a kind of excursion point for artistic and ragged Bohemians, most of whom have done their work, and their little life is now rounded with a sleep.

Rousseau, Diaz, and Daubigny, all younger men than Corot, made comfortable fortunes long before Corot got the speaker's eye; and when at last recognition came to him, not the least of their claim to

Rosa Bonheur

greatness was that they had worked with him.

It was not until 1849 that Jean François Millet with his goodly brood was let down from the stage at Barbizon to work there for twenty-six years, and give himself and the place immortality. For when we talk of the Barbizon School, we have the low tones of *The Faggot Gatherer* in mind —the browns, the russets, and the deep, dark yellows fading off into the gloom of dying day.

And only a few miles away, clinging to the hillside, is By, where lived Rosa Bonheur—too busy to care for Barbizon, or if she thought of the Barbizon School it was with a fine contempt, which the "School" returned with usurious interest.

At the Barbizon Inn the Bohemians used to sing songs about the Bonheur breeches, and *The Lady who keeps a Zoo*. The offence of Rosa Bonheur was that she minded her own business, and sold the *Horse Fair* for more money than the entire Barbizon School had ever earned in its lifetime. Only two names loom large out of Barbizon. Daubigny, Diaz, and Rousseau are

Corot and Millet

great painters, and they each have disciples and imitators who paint as well as they; but Corot and Millet stand out separate and alone, incomprehensible and unrivalled.

And yet were ever two artists more unlike! Just compare *The Dancing Sylphs* and *The Gleaners*. The theme of all Millet's work is, "Man goeth forth to his labours unto the evening." Toil, hardship, heroic endurance, plodding monotony, burdens greivous to be borne—these things cover the canvases of Millet. All of his deep sincerity, his abiding melancholy, his rugged nobility, are there; for every man who works in freedom simply reproduces himself. That is what true work is—self-expression, self-revelation. The style of Millet is so strongly marked, so deeply etched, that no man dare imitate it. It is covered by a perpetual copyright, signed and sealed with the life's blood of the artist. Then comes Corot the joyous, Corot the careless, Corot who had no troubles, no sorrows, no grievances, and not an enemy that he recognised as such. He even loved Rosa Bonheur, or would, he once said, "If she would only chain

up her dog, and wear woman's clothes!" Corot, singing at his work, unless he was smoking, and if he was smoking, removing his pipe only to lift up his voice in song: Corot, painting and singing—"Ah ha—tra la la. Now I 'll paint a little boy—oho, oho, tra lala la loo—lal loo—oho—what a nice little boy—and here comes a cow; hold that, bossy—in you go for art's dear sake—tra la la la, la loo!"

Look at Corot closely and listen, and you can always hear the echo of the pipes o' Pan. Lovers sit on the grassy banks, children roll among the leaves, sylphs dance in every open, and out from between the branches lightly steps Orpheus, harp in hand, to greet the morn. Never is there a shadow of care in a Corot—all is mellow with love, ripe with the rich gift of life, full of prayer and praise just for the rapture of drinking in the day—grateful for calm, sweet rest and eventide.

Corot, eighteen years the senior of Millet, was the first to welcome the whipped-out artist to Barbizon. With him Corot divided his scanty store; he sang and played his guitar at the Millet hearthstone when he had nothing but himself to give,

Corot's Kindness to Millet

and when, in 1875, Millet felt the chill night settling down upon him, and the fear that want would come to his loved ones haunted his dreams, Corot assured him by settling upon the family the sum of one thousand francs a year, until the youngest child should become of age, and during Madame Millet's life.

So died Jean François Millet. In 1889, *The Angelus* was bought by an American syndicate for five hundred and eighty thousand francs. In 1890, it was bought back by agents of the French Government for seven hundred and fifty thousand francs, and now has found a final resting place in the Louvre. Within a few months after the death of Millet, Corot, too, passed away.

VII

COROT is a remarkable example of a soul ripening slowly. His skill was not at its highest until he was seventy-one years of age. He then had eight years of life and work left, and he continued even to the end. In his art there was no decline.

It cannot be said that he received due recognition until he was approaching his seventy-fifth year, for it was then, for the first time, that the world of buyers besieged his door. The few who had bought before were usually friends who had purchased with the amiable idea of helping a worthy man. During the last few years of Corot's life, his income was over fifty thousand francs a year—"more than I received for pictures during my whole career," he once said. And then

Best-Loved Man in Paris

he shed tears at parting with the treasures that had been for so long his close companions. "You see, I am a collector," he used to say, "but being poor, I have to paint all my pictures myself—they are not for sale." And probably he would have kept his collection unbroken were it not that he wanted the money so much to give away.

When he passed out in 1875, he was the best-loved man in Paris. Five thousand art students wore crepe on their arms for a year in memory of "Papa Corot," a man who did his work joyously, lived long, and to the end carried in his heart the perfume of the morning, and the beneficent beauty of the sunrise.

CORREGGIO

Correggio's Fair Images

What genius disclosed all these wonders to thee? All the fair images in the world seem to have sprung forward to meet thee, and to throw themselves lovingly into thy arms. How joyous was the gathering when smiling angels held thy palette, and sublime spirits stood before thy inward vision in all their splendour as models! Let no one think he has seen Italy, let no one think he has learned the lofty secrets of art, until he has seen thee and thy Cathedral at Parma, O Correggio!

LUDWIG TIECK.

I

Reconciliation

THERE is no moment that comes to mortals so charged with peace and precious joy as the moment of reconciliation. If the angels ever attend us, they are surely present then. The ineffable joy of forgiving and being forgiven forms an ecstasy that well might arouse the envy of the gods.

How well the theologians have understood this! Very often, no doubt, their psychology has been more experimental than scientific—but it is effective. They plunge the candidate into a gloom of horror, guilt, and despair; and then when he is thoroughly prostrated—submerged—they lift him out and up into the light, and the thought of reconciliation possesses him.

He has made peace with his Maker!

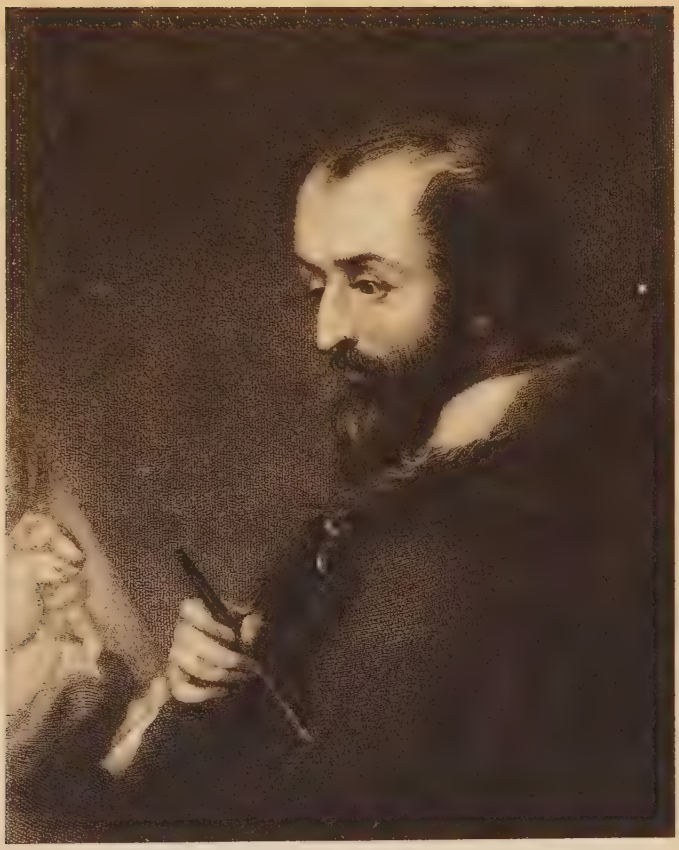
"The Day"

That is to say, he has made peace with himself—peace with his fellow-men. He is intent on reparation; he wishes to forgive every one. He sings, he dances, he leaps into the air, clasps his hands in joy, embraces those nearest him, and calls aloud, "Glory to God! Glory to God!"

It is the moment of reconciliation.

Yet there is a finer temperament than that of the "new convert," and his moment of joy is one of silence—sacred silence.

In the Parma Gallery is the painting entitled *The Day*, the masterpiece of Correggio. The picture shows the Madonna, St. Jerome, St. John, and the Christ-child. A second woman is shown in the picture. This woman is usually referred to as Magdalen, and to me she is the most important figure in it. She may lack a little of the ethereal beauty of the Madonna, but the humanness of the pose, the tenderness and subtle joy of it, shows you that she is a woman indeed, a woman the artist loved—he wanted to paint her picture, and St. Jerome, the Madonna, and the Christ-child are only excuses.



"The Day"

John Ruskin, good and great, but with prejudices that matched his genius, declared this picture "immoral in its suggestiveness." It is so splendidly, superbly human that he could not appreciate it. Yet this figure of which he complains is draped from neck to ankle—the bare feet are shown—but the attitude is sweetly, tenderly modest. The woman, half reclining, leans her face over and allows her cheek, very gently, to press against the Christ-child. Absolute relaxation is shown, perfect trust—no tension, no anxiety, no passion—only a stillness and rest, a gratitude and subdued peace that are beyond speech. The woman is so happy that she cannot speak, so full of joy that she dare not express it, and a barely perceptible tear-stain upon her cheek suggests that this peace has not always been. She has found her Saviour—she is His and He is hers. It is the moment of reconciliation.

II

A Feeling of Safety

THE Renaissance came as a great burst of divine light, after a thousand years of lurid night. The iron heel of Imperial Rome had ground individuality into the mire. Unceasing war, endless bloodshed, slavery without limit, and rampant bestiality had stalked back and forth across Europe. Insanity, uncertainty, drudgery, and crouching want were the portion of the many. In such soil neither art, literature, nor religion can prosper.

But now the Church had turned her face against disorder, and was offering her rewards for excellence and beauty. Gradually there came a feeling of safety—something approaching security. Throughout Italy, beautiful, stately churches were being built; in all the little principalities, palaces were erected: architecture became

Joyous Life

a science. The churches and palaces were decorated with pictures, statues filled the niches, memorials to great ones gone were erected in the public squares.

It was a time of reconciliation—peace was more popular than war—and where men did go to war, they always apologised for it by explaining that they fought simply to obtain peace.

Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo, and Botticelli were doing their splendid work —work palpitating with the joy of life, and yet upon it was the tinge of sorrow, the scars of battles fought, the tear-stains that told of troubles gone. Yet the general atmosphere was one of blitheness, joyous life, and gratitude for existence. Men seemed to have gotten rid of a great burden; they stood erect, they breathed deeply, and, looking around them, were surprised to perceive that life was really beautiful, and God was good.

In such an attitude of mind they reached out friendly hands toward each other. Poets sang; musicians played; painters painted, and sculptors carved. Universities sprang into being—schools were everywhere. The gloom was dispelled even from

A Beautiful World

the monasteries. The monks ate three meals a day—sometimes four or five. They went a-visiting. Wine flowed, and music was heard where music was never heard before. Instead of the solemn processional, there were Barnabee steps seen on stone floors—steps that looked like ecclesiastical fandango. The rope girdles were let out a trifle, flagellations ceased, vigils relaxed, and in many instances the coarse horse-hair garments were replaced with soft, flowing robes, tied with red, blue, or yellow sashes of silk and satin.

The earth was beautiful, men were kind, women were gracious, God was good, and his children should be happy—these were the things preached from many pulpits.

Paganism had been grafted upon Christianity, and the only branches that were bearing fruit were the pagan branches. The old spirit of Greece had come back, romping, laughing in the glorious Italian sunshine. Everything had an Attic flavour. The sky was never so blue, the yellow moonlight never before cast such soft, mysterious shadows, the air was full of perfume, and you had but to stop and

A Spirit of Feasting

listen any time and anywhere to hear the pipes o' Pan.

When time turned the corner into the sixteenth century, the tide of the Renaissance was at its full. The mortification of the monasteries, as we have seen, had given place to a spirit of feasting—good things were for use. The thought was contagious, and, although the Paulian idea of women keeping silence in all due subjection has ever been a favourite one with masculine man, yet the fact is that in the matter of manners and morals men and women are never far apart—there is a constant transference of thought, feeling, and action. I do not know why this is. I merely know that it is so. Some have counted sex a mistake on the part of God; but the safer view is for us to conclude that whatever is, is good; some things are better than others, but all are good. This is what they thought during the Renaissance. So convent life lost its austerity, and as the Council of Trent had not yet issued its stern orders commanding asceticism, prayers were occasionally offered accompanied by syncopated music.

The blooming daughters of great houses

The "Convent Habit"

were consigned to convents on slight excuse. "To a nunnery go, and quickly, too," was an order often given and followed with alacrity. Married women, worn with many cares, often went into "retreat"; girls tired of society's whirl; those wrung with hopeless passion; unmanageable wives; all who had fed on the husks of satiety; those who had incurred the displeasure of parents or kinsmen, or were deserted, forlorn, and undone, all these found rest in the convents—provided they had the money to pay. Those without money or influential friends simply laboured as servants and scullions. Rich women contracted the "Convent Habit"; this was about the same thing as our present dalliance known as the "Sanitarium Bacillus"—which only those with a goodly bank balance can afford to indulge. The poor, then as now, had a sufficient panacea for trouble: they kept their nerves beneath their clothes by work—they had to grin and bear it, at least they had to bear it.

In almost every town that lined the great Emilian Highway, that splendid road laid out by the Consul Marcus

Life is Good

Emilius 83, B. C., from Rimini and Piacenza, there were convents of high and low degree—some fashionable, some plain, and some veritable palaces, rich in art and full of all that makes for luxury. These convents were at once a prison, a hospital, a sanitarium, a workshop, a school, and a religious retreat. The day was divided up into periods for devotion, work, and recreation, and the discipline was on a sliding scale matching the mood of the abbess in charge, all modified by the prevailing spirit of the inmates.

But the thought that life was good was rife, and this thought got over every convent wall, stole through the garden walks, crept softly in at every grated window, and filled each suppliant's cell with its sweet, amorous presence.

Yes, life is good, God is good! He wants His children to be happy! The white clouds chase each other across the blue dome of heaven, the birds in the azaleas and in the orange trees twitter, build nests, and play hide-and-seek the live-long day. The balmy air is flavoured with health, healing, and good cheer.

Life in the convent had many advan

Life in a Convent

tages and benefits. Women were taught to sew and work miracles with the needle; they made lace, illumined missals, wove tapestries, tended the flowers, listened to lectures, read from books, and spent certain hours in silence and meditation. To a great degree the convents were founded on science and a just knowledge of human needs. There were "orders" and degrees that fitted every temperament and condition.

But the humble garb of a nun never yet changed the woman's heart that beats beneath—she is a woman still.

Every night could be heard the tinkle of guitars beneath bedroom windows, notes were passed up on forked sticks, and missives freshly kissed by warm lips were dropped down through lattices; secret messengers came with letters, and now and again rope ladders were in demand; while not far away there were always priests who did a thriving business in the specialty of Gretna Green.

Every sanitarium, every great hotel, every public institution—every family, I was going to say—has two lives; the placid moving life that the public knows,

Life in a Convent

and the throbbing, pulsing life of plot and counter-plot—the life that goes on beneath the surface. It is the same with the human body—how bright and calm the eye, how smooth and soft the skin, how warm and beautiful this rose-mesh of flesh! But beneath there is a seething struggle between the forces of life and the disintegration — and eventually nothing succeeds but failure.

Every convent was a hotbed of gossip, jealousy, hate, and seething strife, and now and again there came a miniature explosion that the outside world heard and translated with emendations to suit.

Rivalry was rife, competition lined the corridors, and discontent sat glum or rustled uneasily in each stone cell. Some of the inmates brought pictures, busts, and ornaments to embellish their rooms. Friends from the outside world sent presents; the cavalier who played the guitar beneath the window varied his entertainment by gifts; flowers filled the beautiful vases, and these blossoms were replaced ere they withered so as to show that true love never dies.

Life in a Convent

Monks from neighbouring monasteries preached sermons or gave lectures; skilled musicians came, and sang or played the organ; noblemen visited the place to examine the works of art, or to see fair maids on business, or consult the abbess on matters spiritual. Often these visitors were pressed to remain, and then receptions were held and modest fêtes given and banquets tendered. At intervals there were fairs when the products made by the marriage of hand and brain of the fair workers, were exhibited and sold.

So life, though in a convent, was life, and even death and disintegration are forms of life—and all life is good.

III

Abbess of San Paola Convent

THE Donna Giovanni Piacenza was appointed Abbess of San Paola Convent, Parma, in 1507. The Abbess was the daughter of the nobleman Marco. Donna Giovanni was a woman of marked mental ability; she had a genius for management; a wise sense of diplomacy; and withal was an artist by nature and instinct.

The Convent of San Paola was one of the richest and most popular in the Emilia.

The man to whose influence the Abbess owed most in securing her the appointment was the Cavaliere Scipione, a lawyer and a man of affairs, married to the sister of the Abbess.

As a token of esteem and by way of sisterly reciprocity, the Abbess soon after her appointment called the Cavaliere

Two Factions

Scipione to the position of Legal Adviser and Custodian of the Convent Funds. Before this the business of the institution had been looked after by the Garimberti family; and the Garimberti now refusing to relinquish their office, Scipione took affairs into his own hands and ran the chief offender through with his sword. Scipione found refuge in the Convent, and the officers of the law hammered on the gates for admission, and hammered in vain.

Parma was split into two factions—those who favoured the Abbess Giovanni and those who opposed her.

Once at midnight the gates were broken down and the place searched, for hiding cavaliers, by the Governor of the city and his cohorts, to the great consternation of the nuns.

But time is the great healer, and hate left alone is short-lived, and dies a natural death. The Abbess was wise in her management, and, with the advice and assistance of Scipione, the place prospered. Visitors came, delegations passed that way, great prelates gave their blessing, and the citizens of Parma became proud of the Convent of San Paola.

Petitions to the Pope

Some of the nuns were rich in their own right, and some of these had their rooms frescoed by local artists to suit their fancies. Strictly religious pictures were not much in vogue with the inmates—they got their religion at the chapel. Mythology and the things that symbolised life and love were the fashion. On one door was a flaming heart pierced by an arrow, and beneath in Italian was the motto, "Love while you may." Other mottoes about the place were, "Eat, drink, and be merry"; "Laugh and be glad." These mottoes revealed the prevailing spirit.

Some of the staid citizens of Parma sent petitions to Pope Julius demanding that the decree of strict cloistration be enforced against the nuns. But Julius sort of revelled in life himself, and the art spirit shown by the Abbess was quite to his liking. Later, Leo X. was importuned to curb the festive spirit of the place, but he shelved the matter by sending along a fatherly letter of advice and counsel. About this time we find the Abbess and her legal adviser planning a scheme of decoration that should win the admiration or envy — or both — of

Antonio Allegri

every art lover in the Emilia. The young man Antonio Allegri, from Correggio, should do the work. They had met him at the house of Veronica Gambara, and they knew that any one Veronica recommended must be worthy of confidence. Veronica said the youth had sublime talent—it must be so. His name, Allegri, meant joy, and his work was charged with all his name implied. He was sent for, and he came—walking the forty miles from Correggio to Parma with his painter's kit on his back.

He was short of stature, smooth faced, and looked like a good-natured country bumpkin in his peasant garb, all decorated by dust. He was modest, half shy, and the nuns who peered at him from behind the arras as he walked down the hallway of the convent caused his countenance to run the chromatic scale.

He was sorry he came, and if he could have gotten away without disgrace he surely would have started straight back for Correggio. He had never been so far away from home before, and although he did not know it he was never to get further away in his life. Venice and

Allegri and Leonardo

Titian were to the east a hundred miles; Milan and Leonardo were to the north about the same distance; Florence and Michael Angelo were south ninety miles; Rome and Raphael were one hundred and sixty miles beyond; and he was never to see any of these. But the boy shed no tears over that; it is quite possible that he never heard of any of these names just mentioned, save that of Leonardo—none loomed large as they do now—there were painters everywhere, just as Boston Common is full of poets. Veronica Gambara had told him of Leonardo—we know that—and described in glowing words and with an enthusiasm that was contagious how the chief marks of Leonardo's wonderful style lay in the way he painted hands, hair, and eyes. The Leonardo hands were delicate, long of finger, expressive and full of life; the hair was wavy, fluffy, sun-glossed, and it seemed as if you could stroke it and it would give off magnetic sparks; but Leonardo's best feature was the eye—the large, full-orbed eye that looked down so that you really never saw the eye, only the lid, and the long lashes upon which a tear might

Allegri's Specialty

glisten. Antonio listened to Veronica with open mouth, drinking it all in, and then he sighed and said, "I am a painter, too." He set to work, fired with the thought of doing what Leonardo had done—hands, hair, and eyes—beautiful hands, beautiful hair, beautiful eyes! Then these things he worked upon, only he never placed the glistening tear upon the long lash, because there were no tears upon his own lashes. He had never known sorrow, trouble, disappointment, or defeat.

The specialty of Allegri was *putti*—tumbling, tumultuous, tricksy *putti*. These cherubs symboled the joy of life, and when Allegri wished to sign his name, he drew a cherub. He had come up out of a family that had little and expected nothing. Then he needed so little—his wants were few. If he went away from home on little journeys, he stopped with peasants along the way and made merry with the children and outlined a chubby cherub on the cottage wall, to the delight of everybody; and in the morning was sent on his way with blessings, God-speeds, and urgent invitations to come again. Smiles and good cheer, a little music and

Abbess and Painter

the ability to do things, when accompanied by a becoming modesty, are current coin the round world over. Tired earth is quite willing to pay for being amused.

The Abbess Giovanni showed Antonio about the convent, and he saw what had already been done. He was appreciative, but talked little. The Abbess liked the youth. He suggested possibilities—he might really become the great painter that the enthusiastic Veronica prophesied he would one day be.

The Abbess gave up one of her own rooms for his accommodation, brought him water for a bath, and at supper set him at the table at her own right hand.

"And about the frescoes?" asked the Abbess.

"Yes, the frescoes—your room shall be done first. I will begin the work in the morning," replied Antonio.

The confidence of the youth made the Abbess smile.

IV

A Shrine for Art-Lovers

MANY of our finest flowers are merely transplanted weeds. Transplantation often works wonders in men. When fate lifted Antonio Allegri out of the little village of Correggio and set him down in the city of Parma, a great change came over him. The wealth, beauty, and freer atmosphere of the place caused the tendrils of his imagination to reach out into a richer soil and the result was such blossoms of beauty, so gorgeous in form and colour, that men have not yet ceased to marvel.

The Convent of San Paola is a sacred shrine for art-lovers—they come from the round world over, just to see the ceiling in that one room—the room of the Abbess Giovanni where Antonio Allegri, the young man from Correggio, first placed his scaffolds in Parma.

V

THE village of Correggio is quite off the beaten track of travel. You will have to look five times on the map before you can find it. It is only a village now, and in the year 1494, when Antonio Allegri was born, and Christoforo Colombo, the Genoese, was discovering continents, it was little better than a hamlet. It had a church, a convent, a palace where dwelt the Correggesi—the lords of Correggio, —and stretching around the square, where stood the church, were long, low, stone cottages, whitewashed, with trellises of climbing flowers. Back of these cottages were little gardens where the peas, lentils, leeks, and parsley laughed a harvest. There were flowers, flowers everywhere—none were too poor to have flowers. Flowers are a strictly sex product and

Village of Correggio

In the Market Place

symbol the joy of life; and where there are no flowers, there is little love. Lovers give flowers—and they are enough; and if you do not love flowers, they will refuse to blossom for you. "If I had but two loaves of bread, I 'd sell one of them and buy white hyacinths to feed my soul" —that was said by a man who loved this world, no less than the next. Do not defame this world—she is the mother that feeds you, and she supplies you not only bread, but white hyacinths to feed your soul.

On market day in every Italian town four hundred years ago, just as now, the country women brought big baskets of vegetables and also baskets of flowers. And you will see in those markets, if you observe, that the people who buy vegetables usually buy sprays of mignonette, bunches of violets, roses upon which the dew yet sparkles, or white hyacinths. Loaves alone are not quite enough—we want also the bread of life, and the bread of life is love, and did n't I say that flowers symbol love?

And I have noted this, in those old markets: often the pile of flowers that

repose by the basket of fruit or vegetables are to give away to the customers as tokens of good-will. I remember visiting the market at Parma one day and buying some cherries, and the old woman who took my money picked up a little spray of hyacinth and pinned it to my coat, quite as a matter of course. The next day I went back and bought figs and got a big moss rose as a premium. The peculiar brand of Italian that I spoke was unintelligible to the old woman, and I am very sure that I could not understand her, yet the white hyacinths and the moss rose made all plain. That was five years ago, but if I should go back to Parma to-morrow, I would go straight to the Market Place, and I know that my old friend would reach out a brown calloused hand to give me welcome, and the choicest rose in her basket would be mine—the heart understands.

Spirit of Mutual Giving

That spirit of mutual giving was the true spirit of the Renaissance, and in the forepart of the sixteenth century it was at its fullest flower. Men gave the beauty that was in them, and Vasari tells how at Correggio the peasants, who had nothing

Veronica Gambara

else to give, each Sunday brought flowers and piled them high at the feet of the Virgin.

There were painters and sculptors at the village of Correggio then; great men in their day, no doubt, but lost now to us in the maze of years. And there was, too, a little court of beauty and learning, presided over by Veronica Gambara. Veronica was a lover of art and literature, and a poet of no mean quality. Antonio Allegri, son of the village baker, was a welcome visitor at her house. The boy used to help the decorators at the church, and had picked up a little knowledge of art. That is all you want—an entrance into the kingdom of art, and all these things shall be added unto you. Veronica appreciated the boy because he appreciated art, and, great lady that she was, she appreciated him because he appreciated her. There is nothing that so warms the cockles of a teacher's heart as appreciation in a pupil. The intellect of the village swung around Veronica Gambara. Visitors of note used to come from Bologna and Ferrara just to hear Veronica read her poems, and to talk over together the

Little Court of Art and Letters

things they all loved. At these conferences Antonio was often present. He was eighteen, perhaps, when his sketches were first shown at Veronica's little court of art and letters. He had taken lessons from the local painters, and visiting artists gave him the benefit of advice and criticism. Then Veronica had many engravings and various copies of good pictures. The boy was immersed in beauty, and all he did he did for Veronica Gambara. She was no longer young—she surely was old enough to have been the boy's mother, and this was well. Such a love as this is spiritualised under the right conditions, and works itself up into art, where otherwise it might go dancing down the wanton winds and spend itself in folly.

Antonio painted for Veronica. All good things are done for some one else, and then after a while a standard of excellence is formed, and the artist works to please himself. But paradoxically, he still works for others—the singer sings for those who hear, the writer writes for those who understand, and the painter paints for those who would paint just such pictures as he, if they could. Antonio painted

Associations of a Name

just such pictures as Veronica liked—she fixed the standard and he worked up to it.

And then who could possibly have foretold that the work of the baker's boy would rescue the place from oblivion, so that anywhere where the word is mentioned, "Correggio" should mean the boy Antonio Allegri, and not the village nor the wide domain of the Correggesi!

V

Correggio's Cherubs

THE distinguishing feature of Correggio's work is his *putti*. He delighted in these well-fed, unspanked, and needlessly healthy cherubs. These rollicksome, frolicsome, dimpled boy babies—and that they are boys is a fact which I trust will not be denied—he has them everywhere!

Paul Veronese brings in his omnipresent dog—in every "Veronese," there he is, waiting quietly for his master. Even at the "Assumption" he sits in one corner, about to bark at the angels. The dog obtrudes until you reach a point where you do not recognise a "Veronese" without the dog—then you are grateful for the dog, and surely would scorn a "Veronese" minus the canine attachment. We demand at least one dog, as our legal and inborn right, with every "Veronese."

Correggio's Cherubs

So, too, we claim the cherubs of Correggio as our own. They are so oblivious of clothes, so beautifully indifferent to the proprieties, so delightfully self-sufficient! They have no parents; they are mostly of one size, and are all of one gender. They hide behind the folds of every apostle's cloak, peer into the Magdalen's jar of precious ointment, cling to the leg of St. Joseph, make faces at Saint Bernard, attend in a body at the "Annunciation"—as if it were any of their business—hover everywhere at the "Betrothal," and look on wonderingly from the rafters, or make fun of the Wise Men in the stable.

They invade the inner courts of Heaven, and are so in the way that St. Peter falls over them, much to their amusement. They seat themselves astride of clouds, some fall off, to the great delight of their mates, and still others give their friends a boost over shadows that are in the way.

I said they had no parents—they surely have a father, and he is Correggio; but they are all in sore need of a mother's care.

I believe it was Schiller who once intimated that it took two to love anything into being. But Correggio seems to have

Correggio's Cherubs

performed the task of conjuring forth these putti all alone; yet it is quite possible that Veronica Gambara helped him. That he loved them is very sure—only love could have made them manifest. This man was a lover of children, otherwise he could not have loved putti, for he sympathised with all their baby pranks, and sorrows as well.

One cherub bumps his head against a cloud and straightway lifts a howl that must have echoed all through paradise. His mouth is open to its utmost limit; tears start from between his closed eyes that he gouges with chubby fists, and his whole face is distorted in intense pigmy wrath. One might really feel awfully sorry for him were it not for the fact that he sticks out one foot trying to kick a playfellow who evidently had n't a thing to do with the accident. He 's a bad, naughty cherub—that is what he is, and he deserves to have his obtrusive anatomy stung, just a little, with the back of a hair-brush, for his own good.

This same cherub appears in other places, once blowing a horn in another's ear; and again he is tickling a sleeping

Correggio's Cherubs

brother's foot with a straw. These putti play all the tricks that real babies do, and besides have a goodly list of "stunts" of their own. One thing is sure, to Correggio heaven would not be heaven without putti; and the chief difference that I see between putti and sure enough babies is, that putti require no care and babies do.

Then putti are practical and useful—they hold up scrolls, tie back draperies, carry pictures, point out great folks, feed birds, and in one instance Correggio has ten of them leading a dog out to execution. They carry the train of the Virgin, assist the Apostles, act as ushers, occasionally pass the poor-box, make wreaths and crowns but I am sorry to say, sometimes get into unseemly scuffles for first place.

They have no wings, yet they soar and fly like English sparrows. They are not troubled by nervous prostration nor introspection. What they feed upon is uncertain, but sure it is that they are well nourished. A putti needs nothing, not even approbation.

In the dome of the Cathedral at Parma, there is a regular flight of them to help on the "Ascension." They mix in every-

Correggio's Cherubs

where, riding on clouds, clinging to robes, perching on the shoulders of Apostles, everywhere thick in the flight and helping on that glorious anabasis. Away, away they go—movement—movement everywhere—right up into the blue dome of heaven! As you look up at that most magnificent picture, a tinge of sorrow comes over you—the putti are all going away, and what if they should never come back!

A little girl I know once went with her mamma to visit the Cathedral at Parma. Mother and daughter stood in silent awe for a space, looking up at that cloud of vanquishing forms. At last the little girl turned to her mother and said, "Mamma, did you ever see so many bare legs in all the born days of your life?"

VI

World's Seven Painters

SOME years ago, in a lecture, Mr. John La Farge said that the world had produced only seven painters that deserved to rank in the first class, and one of these is Correggio. The speaker did not name the other six; and although requested to do so, smilingly declined, saying that he preferred to allow each auditor to complete the list for himself.

One person present made out this list of seven immortals, and passed the list to Mr. Edmund Russell, seated near, for comments. This is the list: Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Titian, Rembrandt, Correggio, Velasquez, Corot.

Mr. Russell approved the selection, but added a note claiming the privilege to change and substitute names from time to time as his mood might prompt. This

Toiling in Obscurity

seems to me like a very sensible verdict. "Who is your favourite author?" is a question that is often asked. Just as if any one author ever got first place in the mind of a strong man and stuck there! Authors jostle each other for first place in our hearts. We may have Emerson periods and Browning periods when they alone minister to us; and so also pictures, like music, make their appeals to mood.

This peaceful, beautiful May day, as I write this at my cabin in the woods, Correggio seems to be truly one of the world's marvellous men. He is near, very dear, and yet before him I would stand silent and uncovered.

He did his work and held his peace. He was simple, modest, unobtrusive, and unpretentious. He was so big that he never knew the greatness of his work, any more than the author of Hamlet knew the immensity of his.

Correggio was never more than a day's journey from home—he toiled in obscurity and did his work so grand that it only made its final appeal to the future. He never painted his own portrait, and no one else seemed to consider him worth while;

Correggio Struck Thirteen

his income was barely sufficient for his wants. He was so big that following fast upon his life came a lamentable decline in art: his personality being so great that his son and a goodly flock of disciples tried to paint just like him. All originality faded out of the fabric of their lives, and they were only cheap, tawdry, and dispirited imitators. That is one of the penalties which nature exacts when she vouchsafes a great man to earth—all others are condemned to insipidity. They are whipped, dispirited, and undone, and spontaneity dies a-borning. No man should try to do another man's work. Note the anatomical inanities of Bernini in his attempts to out-Angelo Michael Angelo!

In this "rushing in" business, keep out, or you may count as one more fool.

Correggio struck thirteen because he was himself, and was to a great degree even ignorant and indifferent to what the world was doing. He was filled with the joy of life, and with no furtive eye on the future, and no distracting fears concerning the present, he did his work and did it the best he could. He worked to please

himself, cultivated the artistic conscience —scorning to create a single figure that did not spring into life because it must. All of his pictures are born of this spirit.

Artistic Conscience

Good old Guido of Parma, afar from home, once asked, with tear-filled eyes, of a recent visitor there—"And tell me, you saw the Cathedral and the Convent of San Paola—and are not the cherubs of Master Correggio grown to be men yet?"

It is only life and love that give love and life. Correggio gave us both out of the fullness of a full heart. And growing weary when scarce forty years of age, he passed out into the silence, but his work is ours.

GIOVANNI BELLINI

Father of Venetian Art

And if in our day Raphael must give way to Botticelli, with how much greater reason should Titian in the heights of his art, with all his earthly splendour and voluptuous glow, give place to the lovely imagination of dear Old Gian Bellini, the father of Venetian Art?

MRS. OLIPHANT in *The Makers of Venice.*

I

A Brooding Quality

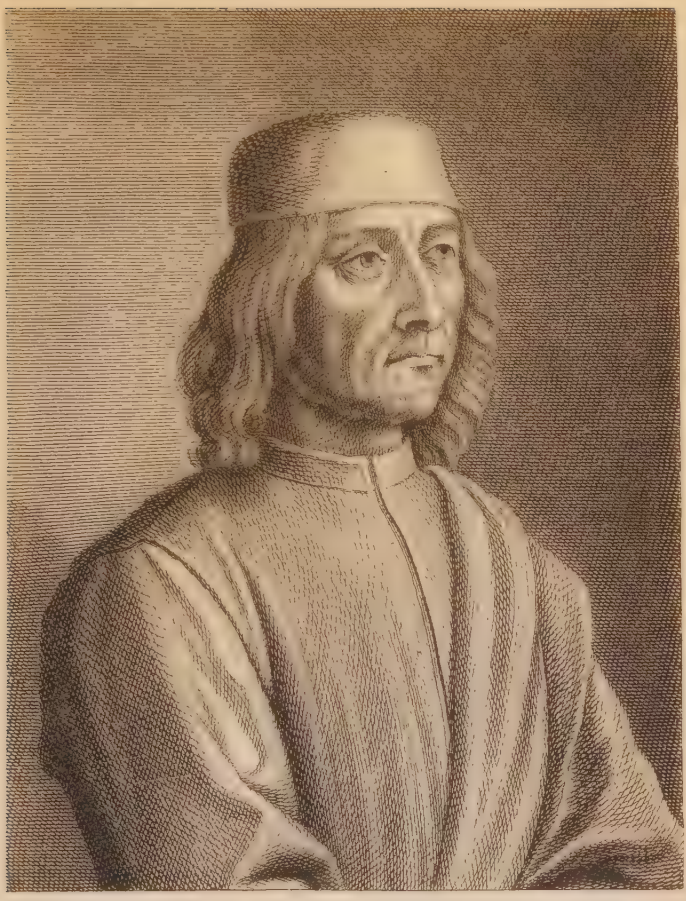
IT is a great thing to teach. I am never more complimented then when someone addresses me as a "teacher." To give yourself in a way that will inspire others to think, to do, to become—what nobler ambition! To be a good teacher demands a high degree of altruism, for one must be willing to sink self, to die—as it were—that others may live. There is something in it very much akin to motherhood—a brooding quality. Every true mother realises at times that her children are only loaned to her—sent from God—and the attributes of her body and mind are being used by some Power for a purpose. The thought tends to refine the heart of its dross, obliterate pride, and make her feel the sacredness of her office. All good men everywhere recognise the

The Efficient Teacher

holiness of motherhood—this miracle by which the race survives.

There is a touch of pathos in the thought that while lovers live to make themselves necessary to each other, the mother is working to make herself unnecessary to her children. The true mother is training her children to do without her. And the entire object of teaching is to enable the scholar to do without his teacher. Graduation should take place at the vanishing point of the teacher.

Yes, the efficient teacher has in him much of this mother-quality. Thoreau, you remember, said that genius is essentially feminine; if he had teachers in mind his remark was certainly true. The men of much motive power are not the best teachers—the arbitrary and imperative type that would bend all minds to match its own, may build bridges, tunnel mountains, discover continents, and capture cities, but it cannot teach. In the presence of such a towering personality freedom dies, spontaneity droops, and thought slinks away into a corner. The brooding quality, the patience that endures, and the yearning of motherhood, are all ab-



A Stupid World

sent. The man is a commander, not a teacher; and there yet remains a grave doubt whether the warrior and ruler have not used their influence more to make this world a place of the skull, than the abode of happiness and prosperity. The orders to kill all the firstborn, and those over ten years of age, were not given by teachers.

The teacher is one who makes two ideas grow where there was only one before.

Just here, before we pass on to other themes, seems a good place to say that we live in a very stupid old world, round like an orange and slightly flattened at the poles. The proof of this seemingly pessimistic remark, made by a hopeful and cheerful man, lies in the fact that we place small premium in either honour or money or the business of teaching. As in the olden times, barbers and scullions ranked with musicians, and the master of the hounds wore a bigger medal than the Poet-Laureate, so do we pay our teachers the same as coachmen and coal-heavers, giving them a plentiful lack of everything but overwork.

Enlightenment will Come

I will never be quite willing to admit that this country is enlightened until we cease the insane and parsimonious policy of trying to drive all the really strong men and women out of the teaching profession by putting them on the pay-roll at one-half the rate, or less, than what the same brains and energy can command elsewhere. In this year of our Lord, 1902, in a time of peace, we have appropriated four hundred million dollars for war and war appliances, and this sum is just double the cost of the entire public school system in America. It is not the necessity of economy that dictates our actions in this matter of education—we simply are not enlightened.

But this thing cannot always last—I look for the time when we shall set apart the best and noblest men and women of earth for teachers, and their compensation will be so adequate that they will be free to give themselves for the benefit of the race, without apprehension of a yawning almshouse. A liberal policy will be for our own good, just as a matter of cold expediency; it will be enlightened self-interest.

II

Jacopo Bellini

WITH the rise of the Bellinis, Venetian art ceased to be provincial, blossoming out into national. Jacopo Bellini was a teacher—mild, gentle, sympathetic, animated. His work reveals personality, but is somewhat stiff and statuesque: sharp in outline like an antique stained-glass window. This is because his art was descended from the glass workers; and he himself continued to make designs for the glass-workers of Murano all his life. Considering the time in which he lived he was a great painter, for he improved upon what had gone before and prepared the way for those greater than he who were yet to come. He called himself an experimenter, and around him there clustered a goodly group of young men who were treated by him more as comrades than

Father and Son

as students. They were all boys together —learners, with the added dignity which an older head of the right sort can lend.

"Old Jacopo" they used to call him, and there was a touch of affection in the term to which several of them have testified. All of the pupils loved the old man, who was n't so very old in years, and certainly was not in heart. Among his pupils were his two sons, Gentile and Gian, and they called him Old Jacopo, too. I rather like this—it proves for one thing that the boys were not afraid of their father. They surely did not run and hide when they heard him coming, neither did they find it necessary to tell lies in order to defend themselves. A severe parent is sure to have untruthful children, and perhaps the best recipe for having noble children is to be a noble parent.

It is well to be a companion to your children, and just where the idea came in which developed into the English boarding-school delusion, that children should be sent away among hirelings—separated from their parents—in order to be educated, I do not know. It surely was not

Gian and Gentile

complimentary to the parents. Old Jacopo did n't try very hard to discipline his boys—he loved them, which is better if you are forced to make choice. They worked together and grew together. Before Gian and Gentile were eighteen they could paint as well as their father. When they were twenty they excelled him, and no one was more elated over it than Old Jacopo. They were doing things he could never do: overcoming obstacles he could not overcome—he clapped his hands in gladness, did this old teacher, and shed tears of joy—his pupils were surpassing him! Gian and Gentile would not admit this, but still they kept right on, each vying with the other. Vasari says that Gian was the better artist, but Aldus refers to Gentile as "the undisputed master of painting in all Venetia." Ruskin compromises by explaining that Gentile had the broader and deeper nature, but that Gian was more feminine, more poetic, nearer lyric, possessing a delicacy and insight that his brother never acquired. These qualities better fitted him for a teacher, and when Old Jacopo passed away, Gian drifted into his place, for every

Gian's Two Pupils

man is gravitating straight to where he belongs.

The little workshop of one room now was enlarged: the *bottega* became an *atelier*. There were groups of workrooms and studios, and a small gallery that became the meeting place for various literary and artistic visitors at Venice. Ludovico Ariosto, greatest of Italian poets, came here and wrote a sonnet to "Gian Bellini, sublime artist, performer of great things, but best of all the loving teacher of men."

Gian Bellini had two pupils whose name and fame are deathless: Giorgione and Titian. There is a fine flavour of romance surrounding Giorgione, the gentle the refined, the beloved. His was a spirit like unto that of Chopin or Shelley, and his death dirge should have been written by the one and set to music by the other —brothers *doloroso*, sent into this rough world unprepared for its buffets, passing away in manhood's morning. Yet all heard the song of the skylark. Giorgione died broken-hearted, through his lady-love's inconstancy. He was exactly the same age as Titian, and while he lived surpassed that giant far, as the giant

Venetian School of Art

himself admitted. He died aged thirty-three, the age at which a full dozen of the greatest men in the world have died, and the age at which several other very great men have been born again—which possibly is the same thing. Titian lived to be a hundred, lacking six months, and when past seventy used to give alms to a beggar-woman at a church door—the woman who had broken the heart of Giorgione. He also painted her portrait—this in sad remembrance of the days agone.

The Venetian School of Art has been divided by Ruskin into three parts: the first begins with Jacopo Bellini, and this part might be referred to as the budding period. The second is the flowering period, and the palm is carried by Gian Bellini. The period of ripe fruit—o'er-ripe fruit, touched by the tint of death—is represented by four men: Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese. Beyond these four, Venetian Art has never gone, and although four hundred years have elapsed since they laughed and sang, enjoyed and worked, all we can do is to wonder and admire. We can imitate, but we cannot improve.

Working to the End

Gian Bellini lived to be ninety-two, working to the last, always a learner, always a teacher. His best work was done after his eightieth year. His cast-off shell of this great spirit was placed in the tomb with that of his brother Gentile, who had passed out but a few years before. Death did not divide them.

III

Gian the Master

GIOVANNI BELLINI was his name. Yet when people who loved beautiful pictures spoke of "Gian," every one knew who was meant, but to those who worked at art he was "The Master." He was two inches under six feet in height, strong and muscular. In spite of his seventy summers his carriage was erect and there was a jaunty suppleness about his gait that made him seem much younger. In fact no one would have believed that he had lived over his three score and ten were it not for the iron grey hair that fluffed out all around under the close fitting black cap, and the bronzed complexion—sun-kissed by wind and weather—which formed a trinity of opposites that made people turn and stare.

Queer stories used to be told about him.

The Hunchback

He was a skilful gondolier, and it was the daily row back and forth from the Lido that gave him that face of bronze. Folks said he ate no meat and drank no wine, and that his food was simply ripe figs in the season, with course rye bread and nuts. Then there was that funny old hunchback, a hundred years old at least and stone deaf, who took care of the gondola, spending the whole day, waiting for his master, washing the trim, graceful blue-black boat, arranging the awning with the white cords and tassels, and polishing the little brass lions at the sides. People tried to question the old hunchback, but he gave no secrets away. The Master always stood up behind and rowed, while down on the cushions, rode the hunchback, the guest of honour.

There stood the Master erect, plying the oar, his long black robe tucked up under the dark blue sash that exactly matched the colour of the gondola. The man's motto might have been, "Ich dien," or that passage of Scripture, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Suspended around his neck by a slender chain was a bronze medal, presented by

The Greatest Painter in Venice

vote of the Signoria when the great picture of *The Transfiguration* was unveiled. If this medal had been a crucifix, and you had met the wearer in San Marco, one glance at the finely chiseled features, the black cap and the flowing robe and you would have said at once that the man was a priest, Vicar General of some important diocese. But seeing him standing erect on the stern of a gondola, the wind caressing the dark grey hair, you would have been perplexed, until your gondolier explained in serious undertone that you had just passed "the greatest painter in all Venice, Gian, the Master."

Then if you showed curiosity and wanted to know further, your gondolier would have told you more about this strange man.

The canals of Venice are the highways, and the gondoliers are like 'bus drivers in Piccadilly—they know everybody and are in close touch with all the secrets of State. When you get to the Gindecca and tie up for lunch, over a bottle of chianti, your gondolier will tell you this:

The hunchback there in the gondola,

Giorgione

rowed by the Master, is the devil who has taken that form just to be with and guard the greatest artist the world has ever seen. Yes, Signor, that clean-faced man with his frank, wide open, brown eyes is in league with the Evil One. He is the man who took young Tiziano from Cadore into his shop, right out of a glass factory, and made him a great artist, getting him commissions and introducing him everywhere! And how about the divine Giorgione who called him father? Oho!

And who is Giorgione? The son of some unknown peasant woman. And if Bellini wanted to adopt him, treat him as his son indeed, kissing him on the cheek when he came back just from a day's visit to Mestre, whose business was it! Oho!

Beside that, his name is n't Giorgione—it is Giorgio Barbarelli. And did n't this Giorgio Barbarelli, and Tiziano from Cadore, and Espero Carbonne, and that Gustavo from Nuremberg, and the others paint most of Gian's pictures? Surely they did. The old man simply washes in the backgrounds and the boys do the

A Secret Discovered

work. About all old Gian does is to sign the picture, sell it, and pocket the proceeds. Carpaccio helps him, too,—Carpaccio, who painted the loveliest little angel sitting cross-legged playing the biggest mandolin you ever saw in your life.

That is genius, you know, the ability to get some one else to do the work, and then capture the ducats and the honours for yourself. Of course Gian knows how to lure the boys on—something has to be done in order to hold them. Gian buys a picture from them now and then; his studio is full of their work—better than he can do. Oh, he knows a good thing when he sees it. These pictures will be valuable some day, and he gets them at his own price. It was Antonello of Messina who introduced oil painting in Venice. Before that they mixed their paints with water, milk, or wine. But when Antonello came along with his dark lustrous pictures, he set all artistic Venice astir. Gian Bellini discovered the secret, they say, by feigning to be a gentleman and going to the newcomer and sitting for his picture. He it was who discovered

Gian and the Germans

that Antonello mixed his colours with oil. Oho!

Of course not all the pictures in his studio are painted by the boys—some are painted by that old Dutchman what-'s-his-name—oh, yes, Dürer, Alberto Dürer of Nuremberg. Two Nuremberg painters were in that very gondola last week just where you sit—they are here in Venice now, taking lessons from Gian, they said. Gian was up there at Nuremberg and lived a month with Dürer—they worked together, drank beer together, I suppose, and caroused. Gian is very strict about what he does in Venice, but you can never tell what a man will do when he is away from home. The Germans are a roystering lot—but they do say they can paint. Me? I have never been there—and do not want to go, either—there are no canals there. To be sure, they print books in Nuremberg. It was up there somewhere that they invented type, a lazy scheme to do away with writing. They are a thrifty lot—those Germans—they give me my fare and a penny more, just a single penny, and no matter how much I have talked and pointed out the wonderful

Drawings for Title Pages

sights, and imparted useful information, known to me alone--only one penny extra —think of it.

Yes, printing was first done at Mayence by a German, Gutenberg, about sixty years ago. One of Gutenberg's workmen went up to Nuremberg and taught others how to design and cast type. This man Alberto Dürer helped them, designing the initials and making their title page by cutting the design on a wood block, then covering this block with ink, laying a sheet of paper upon it, placing it in a press, and then when the paper is lifted off it looks exactly like the original drawing. In fact most people could n't tell the difference, and here you can print thousands of them from the one block!

Gian Bellini makes drawings for title pages and initials for Aldus and Nicholas Jenson. Venice is the greatest printing place in the world, and yet the business began here only thirty years ago. The first book printed here was in 1469, by John of Speyer. There are nearly two hundred licensed printing presses here, and it takes usually four men to a press—two to set the type and get things ready,

Dutchmen in Gian's Studio

and two to run the press. This does not count, of course, the men who write the books, and those who make the type and cut the blocks from which they print the pictures for illustrations. At first you know the books they printed in Venice had no title pages, initials, or illustrations. My father was a printer and he remembers when the first large initials were printed—before that the spaces were left blank and the books were sent out to the monasteries to be completed by hand.

Gian and Gentile had a good deal to do about cutting the first blocks for initials —they got the idea, I think from Nuremberg. And now there are Dutchmen down here from Amsterdam learning how to print books, and paint pictures. Several of them are in Gian's studio, I hear—every once in a while I get them for a trip to the Lido or to Murano.

Gentile Bellini is his brother and looks very much like him. The Grand Turk at Constantinople came here once and saw Gian Bellini at work in the Great Hall. He wanted the Senate to sell Gian to him, thinking he was a slave. They humoured

Gentile Bellini and the Sultan

the pagan by hiring Gentile Bellini to go instead, loaning him out for two years, so to speak.

Gentile went, and the Sultan, who never allowed any one to stand before him, all having to grovel in the dirt, treated Gentile as an equal. Gentile even taught the old rogue to draw a little, and they say the painter had a key to every room in the palace, and was treated like a prince. Well, they got along all right, until one day Gentile drew the picture of the head of John the Baptist on a charger.

"A man's head does n't look like that when it is cut off," said the Turk contemptuously. Gentile had forgotten that the Turk was on familiar ground.

"Perhaps the Light of the Sun knows more about painting than I do!" said Gentile, as he kept right on at his work.

"I may not know much about painting, but I 'm no fool in some other things I might name," was the reply.

The Sultan clapped his hands three times: two slaves appeared from opposite doors. One was a little ahead of the other, and as this one approached, the

A Rival Studio

Sultan with a single swing of the snickersnee snipped off his head. This teaches us that obedience to our superiors is its own reward. But the lesson was wholly lost on Gentile Bellini, for he did not even remain to examine the severed head for art's sake. The thought that it might be his turn next was supreme, and he leaped through a window, taking the sash with him. Making his way to the docks he found a sailing vessel loading with fruit, bound for Venice. A small purse of gold made the matter easy—the captain of the boat secreted him, and in four days he was safely back in St. Mark's giving thanks to God for his deliverance.

No, I did n't say Gian was a rogue—I only told you what others say. I am only a poor gondolier, why should I trouble myself about what great folks do? I simply tell you what I hear—it may be so, and it may not; God knows! There is that Pascale Salvini—he has a rival studio, and when that Genoese, Christoforo Colombo, was here and made his stopping place at Bellini's studio, Pascale told every one that Colombo was a lunatic, and Bellini another, for encouraging him to

Gian's Trip to Murano

show his foolish maps and charts. Now, they do say that Colombo has discovered a new world, and Italians are feeling troubled in conscience because they did not fit him out with ships instead of forcing him to go to Spain.

No, I did n't say Bellini was a hypocrite, —Pascale's pupils say so, and once they followed him over to Murano—three barca loads and my gondola beside.

You see it was like this: Twice a week just after sundown, we used to see Gian Bellini untie his boat from the landing there behind the Doge's palace, turn the prow, and beat out for Murano, with no companion but that deaf old care-taker. Twice a week, Tuesdays and Fridays,—always at just the same hour, regardless of weather, we would see the old hunchback light the lamps, and in a few moments the Master would appear, tuck up his black robe, step in the boat, take the oar, and away they would go. It was always to Murano, and always to the same landing—one of our gondoliers had followed several times, just out of curiosity.

Finally it came to the ears of Pascale that Gian took this regular trip to Murano.

Pascale Students

"It is a rendezvous," said Pascale. "Worse than that an orgy among those lace-makers and the rogues of the glass-works. Oh, to think that Gian should stoop to such things at his age—his pretended asceticism is but a mask—and at his age!"

The Pascale students took it up, and once came in collision with that Tiziano of Cadore, who they say broke a boat-hook over the head of them who had spoken ill of the Master.

But this did not silence the talk, and one dark night, when the air was full of flying mist, one of Pascale's students came to me and told me that he wanted me to take a party over to Murano. The weather was so bad that I refused to go—the wind blew in gusts, sheet lightning filled the eastern sky, and all honest men, but poor belated gondoliers, had hied them home.

I refused to go.

Had I not seen Gian the painter go not half an hour before? Well, if he could go, others could too.

I refused to go—except for double fare.

He accepted and placed the double fare in silver in my palm. Then he gave a

Student Carousals

whistle and from behind the corners came trooping enough swashbuckler students to swamp my gondola. I let in just enough to fill the seats and pushed off, leaving several standing on the stone steps cursing me and everything and everybody.

As my good boat slid away into the fog and headed on our course, I glanced back and saw the three barca loads following in my wake.

There was much muffled talk, and orders from some one in charge to keep silence. But there was passing of strong drink, and then talk, and from it I gathered that these were all students from Pascale's out on one of those student carousals, intent on Heaven knows what! It was none of my business.

We shipped considerable water, and several of the students were down on their knees praying and bailing, bailing and praying.

At last we reached the Murano landing. All got out, the barcas tied up, and I tied up, too, determined to see what was doing. The strong drink was passed, and a low heavy-set fellow who seemed to be

Students' Raid on Gian

captain charged all not to speak, but to follow him and do as he did.

We took a side street where there was little travel and followed through the dark and dripping way, fully a half mile, down there in that end of the island called the sailor's broglio, where they say no man's life is safe if he has a silver coin or two. There was much music in the wine shops and shouts of mirth and dancing feet on stone floors, but the rain had driven every one from the streets.

We came to a long low stone building that used to be a theatre, but was now a dance hall upstairs and a warehouse below. There were lights upstairs and sounds of music. The stairway was dark, but we felt our way up and on tiptoe advanced to the big double door, from under which the light streamed.

We had received our orders, and when we got to the landing we stood there just an instant. "Now we have him—Gian the hypocrite!" whispered the stout man in a hoarse breath. We burst in the doors with a whoop and a bang. The change from the dark to the light sort of blinded us at first. We all supposed that there

Students put to Shame

was a dance in progress of course, and the screams from women were just what we expected, but when we saw several overturned easels and an old man, half nude, and too scared to move, seated on a model throne, we did not advance into the hall as we intended. That one yell we gave was all the noise we made. We stood there in a bunch, just inside the door, sort of dazed and uncertain. We did not know whether to retreat, or charge on through the hall as we had intended. We just stood there like a lot of drivelling fools.

"Keep right at your work, my good people. Keep right at your work!" called a pleasant voice. "I see we have some visitors."

And Gian Bellini came forward. His robe was still tucked up under the blue sash, but he had laid aside his black cap, and his tumbled grey hair looked like the aureole of a saint. "Keep right at your work," he said again, and then came forward and bade us welcome and begged us to have seats.

I dared not run away, so I sat down on one of the long seats that were ranged

Gian's Helping Hand

around the wall. My companions did the same. There must have been fifty easels, all ranged in a semi-circle around the old man who posed as a model. Several of the easels had been upset, and there was much confusion when we entered.

"Just help us to arrange things—that is right, thank you," said Gian to the stout man who was captain of our party. To my astonishment the stout man was doing just as he was bid, and was pacifying the women students and straightening up their easels and stools.

I was interested in watching Gian walking around, helping this one with a stroke of his crayon, saying a word to that, smiling and nodding to another. I just sat there and stared. These students were not regular art students, I could see that plainly. Some were children, ragged and bare-legged, others were old men who worked in the glass factories, and surely with hands too old and stiff to ever paint well. Still others were young girls and women of the town. I rubbed my eyes and tried to make it out!

The music we heard I could still hear—it came from the wine-shop across the

In Despair

way. I looked around and what do you believe? My companions had all gone. They had sneaked out one by one and left me alone.

I watched my chance and when the Master's back was turned I tiptoed out, too.

When I got down on the street I found I had left my cap, but I dared not go back after it. I made my way down to the landing, half running, and when I got there not a boat was to be seen—the three barcas and my gondola were gone.

I thought I could see them, out through the mist, a quarter of a mile away. I called aloud, but no answer came back but the hissing wind. I was in despair—they were stealing my boat, and if they did not steal it, it would surely be wrecked —my all, my precious boat!

I cried and wrung my hands. I prayed! And the howling winds only ran shrieking and laughing around the corners of the building.

I saw a glimmering light down the beach at a little landing. I ran to it, hoping some gondolier might be found who would row me over to the city. There

In Gian's Boat

was one boat at the landing and in it a hunchback, sound asleep, covered by a canvas. It was Gian Bellini's boat. I shook the hunchback into wakefulness and begged him to row me across to the city. I yelled into his deaf ears, but he pretended not to understand me. Then I showed him the silver coin—the double fare, and tried to place it in his hand. But no, he only shook his head.

I ran up the beach, still looking for a boat.

An hour had passed.

I got back to the landing just as Gian came down to his boat. I approached him and explained that I was a poor worker in the glass factory, who had to work all day and half the night, and as I lived over in the city and my wife was dying, I must get home. Would he allow me to ride with His Highness? "Certainly—with pleasure, with pleasure!" he answered, and then pulling something from under his sash he said, "Is this your cap, signor?" I took my cap, but my tongue was paralysed for the moment so I could not thank him.

We stepped into the boat, and as my

A Spirit of Praise

offer to row was declined, I just threw myself down by the hunchback, and the prow swung around and headed toward the city.

The wind had died down, the rain had ceased, and from between the blue-black clouds the moon shone out. Gian rowed with a strong, fine stroke, singing a *Te Deum Laudamus* softly to himself the while.

I lay there and wept, thinking of my boat, my all, my precious boat!

We reached the landing—and there was my boat, safely tied up, not a cushion nor cord missing.

Gian Bellini? He may be a rogue as Pascale says—God knows! How can I tell—I am only a poor gondolier.

BENVENUTO CELLINI

It is a duty incumbent upon upright and credible men of all ranks, who have performed anything noble or praiseworthy, to truthfully record, in their own writing, the principal events of their lives.

Benvenuto Cellini.

I

Egotism

"THE man who is thoroughly interested in himself is interesting to other people," Wendell Phillips once said.

Good healthy egotism in literature is the red corpuscle that makes the thing live. Cupid naked and unashamed, is always beautiful; we turn away only when some very proper person perceives he is naked and attempts to better the situation by supplying him a coat of mud.

The Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff, wherein are many morbid musings and information as to the development of her mind and anatomy, is intensely interesting; Amiel's Journal holds us with a tireless grasp; the Confessions of St. Augustine can never die; Jean Jacques Rousseau's book was the favourite of such a trinity of

Intense Personality

opposites as Emerson, George Eliot, and Walt Whitman; Pepys' Diary is so dull it is entertaining; and the Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini have made a mediocre man immortal.

Cellini had an intense personality; he was skilful as a workman; he told the truth as he saw it, and if he ever prevaricated it was simply by failing to mention certain things that he considered were no credit to anybody. But his friendships were shallow; those he respected most, say Michael Angelo and Raphael, treated him as Prince Henry finally did Falstaff, never allowing him to come within half a mile of their person on penalty. He was intimate with so many women that he apologised for not remembering them; he had no interest in his children, and most of his plans and purposes were of a pattypan order. Yet he wrote two valuable treatises—one on the art of the goldsmith and the other on the casting of bronze; there is also an essay on architecture that contains some good ideas; and courtier that he was, of course wrote some poetry, which is not so bad as it might be. But the book upon which his reputation rests

Memoirs

is the *Memoirs*, and a great book it is. All these things seem to show that a man can be a great author and yet have a small soul. Have n't we overrated this precious gift of authorship just a trifle?

Taine said that educated Englishmen all write alike—they are all equally stupid. And John Addington Symonds, an educated Englishman, and the best translator of Cellini, wrote, "Happily Cellini was unspoiled by literary training." Goethe translated Cellini's book into German and paid the doughty Italian the compliment of saying that he did the task out of pure enjoyment, and incidentally to improve his literary style.

Cellini is not exactly like us, and when we read his book we all give thanks that we are not like him, but every trait that he had large, we have in little. Cellini was sincere; he never doubted his own infallibility, but he points out untiringly the fallibilities in various popes and everybody else. When Cellini goes out and kills a man before breakfast, he absolves himself by showing that the man richly deserved his fate. The braggart and bully are really cowards at the

Attacks of Jealousy

last. A man who is wholly brave would not think to brag of it. He would be as brave in his calm moments as in moments of frenzy—take old John Brown, for instance. But when Cellini had a job on hand he first worked himself into a torrent of righteous wrath. He poses as the injured one, the victim of double, deep-dyed conspiracies, and so he goes through life afraid of every one, and is one of whom all men are afraid.

Every artist has occasional attacks of artistic jealousy, and happy is the man who contents himself with the varioloid variety. Cellini had three kinds: acute, virulent, and chronic.

Berlioz has worked the man up into a strong and sinewy drama; several others have done the same; but it will require the combined skill of Rostand, Mansfield, and Samuel Eberly Gross to ever do the character justice.

John Morley says, "There is nothing worse than mettle in a blind horse." So one might say there is nothing worse than sincerity in a superstitious person. Benvenuto Cellini is the true type of a literary and artistic bad man. Had he lived in

Colorado in 1870, the vigilance committee would have used him to start a graveyard.

Character

But he is so open, so simple, so candid, that we laugh at his lapses, admire his high resolves, sigh at his follies, sympathise with his spasms of repentance, and smile a misty smile at one who is humorous without meaning to be, who was deeply religious but never pious, who was highly conscientious, undoubtedly artistic, and who blundered through life, always in a turmoil, hopelessly entangled in the web of fate, committing every crime, justifying himself in everything, and finally passing out peacefully, sincerely believing that he had lived a Christian life.

II

A Scorpion

BENVENUTO CELLINI was born in Florence in the year 1500, the day after the festival of All Souls, at four-thirty precisely in the afternoon.

The name Benvenuto means welcome: the world welcomed Benvenuto from the first. When five years of age he seized upon a live scorpion that he found in the yard and carried it into the house. His father seeing the deadly creature in his hand sought to get him to throw it away, but he only clung the tighter to the plaything. The parent then grabbed a pair of shears and cut off the tail, mouth, and claws of the scorpion, much to the wrath of the child.

Shortly after this he was seated by his father's side looking into a brazier of coals. All at once they saw a salamander

Benvenuto's Father

in the fire, wiggling about in playful mood, literally making its bed in hell. Many men go through life without seeing a single salamander; neither Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, nor Wallace ever saw one; they are so rare that occasionally there be men who deny their existence, for we are very apt to deny the existence of anything we have not seen. In truth, Benvenuto never saw but this one salamander, but this one was enough: coupled with the incident of the scorpion it was an augury that the boy would have a great career, be in many a hot position, and march through life triumphant and unscathed—God takes care of his own.

The father of Benvenuto was a designer, a goldsmith, and an engineer, and he might have succeeded in a masterly way in these sublime arts had he not early in life acquired the habit of the flute. He played the flute all day long, and often played the flute in the morning and the fife at night. As it was the flute that had won him his gracious wife, he thanked God for the gift and continued to play as long as he had breath.

Now it was his ambition that his son

The Boy's Bent

should play the flute, too, as all fond fathers regard themselves as a worthy pattern on which their children should model their manners and morals. But Benvenuto despised the damnable invention of a flute—it was only blowing one's breath through a horn and making a noise; yet to please his father he mastered the instrument, and actuated by a filial piety he occasionally played in a way that caused his father and mother to weep with joy.

But the boy's bent was for drawing and modelling in wax—all of his spare time was spent in this work and so great was his skill that when he was sixteen he was known throughout all Florence. About this time his brother, two years younger than himself, had the misfortune one day to be set upon by a gang of miscreants and was nigh being killed when Benvenuto ran to his rescue and seizing his sword laid around him lustily. The miscreants were just making off, when a party of gendarmes appeared and arrested all concerned. The rogues were duly tried, convicted, and sentenced to banishment from the city.

A Year in Pisa

Benvenuto and his brother were also banished.

Shortly after this Benvenuto found himself at Pisa on the road to Rome. He was footsore, penniless, and as he stood gazing into the window of a goldsmith the proprietor came out and asked him his business. He replied, "Sir, I am a designer and a goldsmith of no mean ability."

Straightway the man seeing the lad was likely and honest, set him to work. The motto of the boy at this time was supplied by his father. It ran thus: "In whatsoever house you may be, steal not and live honestlee."

Seeing this motto, the proprietor straightway trusted him with all the precious jewels in the store. He remained a year in Pisa, and was very happy and contented in his work, for never once did he have to play the flute, nor did he hear one played. Nearly every week came loving letters from his father begging him to come home, and admonishing him not to omit practice on the flute.

At the end of a year he got a touch of fever and concluded to go home, as Florence was much more healthy than Pisa.

Returns Home

Arriving home his father embraced him with tears of unfeigned joy: His changed and manly appearance pleased his family greatly. And straightway when their tears were dried and welcomes said, his father placed a flute in his hands and begged him to play in order that he might see if his playing had kept pace with his growth and skill in other ways.

The young man set the instrument to his lips and played an original selection in a way that made his father shout with joy, "Genius is indispensable, but practice alone makes perfect!"

III

Admiration for Michael Angelo

MICHAEL ANGELO was born twenty-five years before Cellini; their homes were not far apart. In the Gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent, Michael Angelo had received that strong impetus toward the beautiful that was to last him throughout his long and arduous life.

When Cellini was eighteen the Master was at Rome, doing the work of the Pope, the pride of all artistic Florence, and toward the Eternal City Cellini looked longingly. He haunted the galleries and gardens where broken fragments of antique and modern marbles were to be seen, and stood long before the *Pieta* of Michael Angelo in the Church of Santa Croce, wondering if he could ever do as well.

About this time he tells us that he copied

A Blow

that famous cartoon of Michael Angelo's, *Soldiers Bathing in the Arno*, made in competition with Leonardo for the decoration of the Palazzo Vecchio, which he declares marks the highest pitch of power attained by the Master. While at his work there appeared in Florence one Pietro Torrigiani, who had been an exile in England for over twenty years. The visitor held Cellini's drawing in his hand, studied it carefully and remarked: "I know this man Michael Angelo Buonarrotti—we used to draw and work together under the tutorship of Masaccio. One day Buonarrotti annoyed me and I dealt him such a blow on the nose that I felt the flesh, cartilage, and bone go down under my knuckles like a biscuit. It was a mark he will carry to his grave."

These words were truth, save that Michael Angelo was struck with a mallet and not the man's hand. And it was for the blow that Torrigiani had to flee, and seemingly, with the years, he had gotten it into his head that he left Florence of his own accord, and his crime was a thing of which to boast. Voltaire once said that beyond a doubt the soldier who

Chums

thrust the spear into the side of the Saviour went away and boasted of the deed. Torrigiani's name is forever linked with that of Michael Angelo. Thus much for the pride of little men who make a virtue of a vice.

But the boast of Torrigiani caused Cellini to grow faint and sick, then to burn with hate. He snatched the drawing from the other's hand, and might have deprived Torrigiani of all the nose he possessed, had not better counsel prevailed. Ever after Cellini avoided the man—for the man's own good.

That art was a passion to this stripling is plain. It was his meat and drink—with fighting for dessert. One of his near companions was Francisco, grandson of Fra Lippo Lippi, and another chum was Tasso, at this time a youth of nineteen—his own age. Tasso became a great artist. Vasari tells of him at length, and sketches his career while in the employ of Cosimo d' Medici.

One day Benvenuto and Tasso were walking after their work was done, and discussing as usual the wonderful genius of Michael Angelo. They agreed that some

Forward to Rome

day they must go to him at Rome. They were near the gate of the city that led out on the direct road to the Eternal City. They passed out of the gate still talking earnestly.

"Why, we are on the way now," said Tasso.

"And to turn back is an ill omen—we will go on!" answered Benvenuto.

So they kept on, each one saying, "And what will our folks say to-night?"

By night they had travelled twenty miles. They stopped at an inn, and in the morning Tasso was so lame he declared he could not proceed. Benvenuto insisted, and even threatened.

They trudged forward and in a week the spire of St. Peter's (the wondrous dome was yet to be) lifted itself out of the fog, and they stood speechless and uncovered, each devoutly crossing himself.

Benvenuto had a trade, and as skilled men are always needed he got work at once. Tasso filled in the time carving wood. They did not see Michael Angelo —that worthy was too busy to receive callers, or indulge the society of adven-

A Box on the Ears

turous youths. Cellini does not say much about this, but slips two years in a page, takes part in a riot and flees back to Florence. He enters into earnest details of how 'leven rogues in buckram suits reviled him as he passed a certain shop. One of them upset a handcart of brick upon him. He dealt the miscreant a blow on the ear. The police here appeared and as usual arrested the innocent Happy Hooligan of the affair. Being taken before the magistrates he was accused of striking a free citizen. Cellini insisted he had only boxed the man's ears, but many witnesses in chorus averred that he had struck the citizen in the face with his clenched fist. "I only boxed his ears," exclaimed Cellini above the din. The magistrates all burst out laughing, and adjourned for dinner, warning Cellini to remain where he was until they came back—hoping he would run away.

He sat there thinking over his sad lot, when a sudden impulse seizing him he darted out of the palace, and ran swiftly for the house of his enemies. He drew his knife, and rushing in among them where they were at dinner, upset the

An Attack

table and yelled, "Send for a confessor, for none of you will ever need a doctor when I get through with you!"

Several women fainted, the men sprang through windows, and the chief rogue got a slash that went straight for his heart. He fell down and Cellini thinking the man was dead, started for the street. At the door he was greeted by all those who had jumped through the windows, reinforced by others. They were armed with shovels, tongs, skillets, clubs, sticks, and knives. He laid about him right and left, but the missiles descended in such showers that he lost his knife and cap, first sending to the earth a full dozen of the rogues.

Running to the house of a priest Cellini begged to confess the murder, and told of how he had only acted in self-defence. Being shrived, for a consideration, he awaited the coming of the constabulary. But they did not come, for the man who thought he had been stabbed only got a slash through his jacket, and no one was seriously hurt, excepting one of the men who jumped through a window and sprained his ankle.

Fleeing from the City

But so unjust were the magistrates, that Cellini had to fly from the city or he would have been sentenced to the army and sent God knows where, to fight the Moors.

IV

Genius and Madness

MAX NORDAU has a certain amount of basis for his proposition that genius and madness are near allied, but it will hardly do, however, to assume that they are the same thing. Cellini at times showed a fine flaring up of talent that might be called genius—he could do exquisite work—yet there were other times when he certainly was "queer." These queer periods might account for his occasional fusing of memory and imagination, and the lapses of recollection entirely concerning things he did not wish to remember. The *Memoirs* were begun when he was fifty-eight and finished when he was sixty-three, thus many years had elapsed since the doing and the recording. The constable Bourbon was killed at the siege of Rome: Cellini was present at the siege and

killed several men: therefore what more probable than that Cellini killed the constable? Cellini calmly records that it was he who did the deed. He also tells that he killed William, Prince of Orange; in fact he killed at least one man a day for many weeks. At this distance of time we should be quite willing to take his word for it, just as we would, most certainly, if he had told us these things face to face.

On the Borderland of Sanity

In one incidental paragraph he records that he christened a son, and adds: "So far as I can remember this was my first child." He drops the record there, never once alluding to the child's mother, nor what became of the child, which if it lived was a man grown at the time Cellini was writing.

His intense hatred toward all who were in direct competition with him, his references to them as cheese-mites, beasts, buzzards, and brigands, his fears of poison and suspicions that they had "curdled his bronze;" his visitations by spirits and angels, mark him as a man who trod the borderland of sanity. If he did not like a woman or she did not like him—the same

Cellini and Vasari

thing—she was a troll, wench, scullion, punk, trollop, or hussy. He had such a beautiful vocabulary of names for folks he did not admire, that the translator is constantly put to straits to produce a product that will not be excluded from the mails.

If you want to know how many things were done when knighthood was in flower, you can find out here. Or should you be possessed of literary longings and have a desire to produce some such cheerful message for humanity as *A Gentleman of France*, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, or *Under the Red Robe*, you can sink your shaft in Cellini's book and mine enough incidents in an hour to make a volume, with a by-product of slag for several penny shockers.

Yet Cellini has corroborated history on many points, and backed up the gossipy Vasari in a valuable way. It is doubtful whether either of these gentlemen had the felicity of reading the other's book, unless there be books in Elysium—as Charles Lamb thought there were—but sure it is that they render sidelights on the times that are much to our profit.

Vasari and Cellini had been close friends in youth, working and studying together.

Benvenuto Denounces Vasari

Vasari was a poor artist and a commonplace architect, but he seemed to have social qualities that bridged the gulf where his talent broke off short. In the Palazzo Vecchio are several large specimens of his work that must have been once esteemed for their own sake. Now their chief value lies in the fact that they are a Hop-Smith production, having been painted by a pleasing writer and a charming gentleman, and so we point them out with forefinger and bated breath.

Cellini's hate of Vasari proves, also, that the gossipy one stood well with the reigning powers, otherwise Benvenuto would not have thought to condemn his work and allude to the man as a dough-face, trickster, lickspittle, slanderer, vulture, vagrom, villian, vilifier, and gnat's hind-foot. Cellini threatened to kill the man several times: he denounced him in public and used to call after him on the street, referring to him cheerfully as a deep-dyed rogue. Had either of these men killed the other, it would have been a direct loss to letters; but certain it is that Vasari was much more of a gentleman than Cellini. That Vasari was judicial in his estimates of men

In a Dungeon

is shown by his references to Cellini, of whom he speaks as "a skilled artist, of active, alert, and industrious habits, who produced many valuable works of art, but who unfortunately was possessed of a most unpleasant temper." Men are so fallible in their estimates of contemporaries that one man's statement that another is a rogue does not in the slightest change our views of that man. What we are, that we see: the epithets a man applies to another usually fit himself best, and this is the thought in mind when we read what Cellini says of Vasari and Bandinelli. These men were commonplace artists, but pretty good men; Cellini was a better artist than either, but not a desirable tenant for the upper flat in your house if you chanced to reside below.

Cellini was landed behind grated bars many times, but usually managed to speedily escape. However, in his thirty-eighth year, he found himself in a dungeon of Sant' Angelo, that grim fortress that he had fought so vigorously to defend.

More than one homicide the Recording Angel had marked up against him, but men took small note of these things, and

A Charge against him

even Pope Paul had personally blessed him and granted him absolution for all the murders he had committed or might commit—this in consideration of his distinguished services in defence of the Vatican.

The charge against him now was the very humdrum one of stealing treasure that he was supposed to guard. That he was innocent there is no doubt: whatever the man was, he was no thief. The charge against him was a trumped up one to get him out of the way. He was painfully in evidence—he talked like a windmill, and in his swaggering he had become inconvenient, if not dangerous, to some who were close to political greatness. No one caring for the job of killing him, they locked him up, for the good of himself and society. It probably was the intention to keep him under key for only a few weeks, until his choler would subside; but he was so saucy, and sent out such a stream of threats to all concerned, that things reached a point where it was unsafe to liberate him.

So he was kept in the Castle for over two

Work in Prison

years, during which time he once escaped, broke his leg in the effort, was recaptured, and brought back.

A prison is not wholly bad—men in prison often have time to study and think, where before such things were impossible. At last they are free from intrusion. Cellini became deeply religious—he read his Bible, and lives of the saints. Ministering angels came to him, and spirits appeared and whispered words of comfort. The man became softened and subdued. He wrote poetry, and recorded his thoughts on many things. In the meantime his accuser having died, he was given his liberty. He was a better and wiser man when he came out than when he went in, although one fails to find that he was exactly grateful to his captors.

In prison he planned various statues of a religious order. It was in prison that he thought out the *Perseus* and *Medusa*. In prison, works like the *Pieta* were his ambition, but when freedom came the *Perseus* was uppermost in his mind. Every great work of art is an evolution—the man sees it first as a mere germ—it grows, enlarges, evolves. The *Perseus* of

"Perseus"

Cellini was a thought that took years to germinate. The bloody nature of the man and his love of form united, and the world has this wonderful work of art that stands to-day exactly where its creator placed it, in the Loggia de' Lanzia —that beautiful out-of-door hall on the Piazza Signora at Florence. The naked man, wearing his proud helmet, one foot on the writhing body of the wretched woman, sword in right hand and in the left the dripping head, is a terrible picture. Yet so exquisite is the workmanship that our horror soon evaporates into admiration and we gaze in wonder. Probably the history of no great work of art has ever been more painstakingly presented than the story of the making of this statue by Cellini. Again and again he was on the point of smashing the clay to chaos, but each time his hand was stayed. Months passed, years went by, and innumerable difficulties were in the way of its completion. Finally he figured out a method to cast it in bronze. And of its final casting no better taste of the man's quality can be given than to let him tell the story himself. Says Cellini :

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

I felt convinced that when my Perseus was accomplished, all my trials would be turned to high felicity and glorious well-being.

Accordingly I strengthened my heart, and with all the forces of my body and my purse, employing what little money still remained to me, I set to work. First I provided myself with several loads of pine wood from the forests of Serristori. While these were on their way, I clothed my Perseus with the clay which I had prepared many months beforehand, in order that it might be duly seasoned. After making its clay tunic (for that is the term used in this art) and properly arming and fencing it with iron girders, I began to draw the wax out by means of slow fire. This melted and issued through numerous air-vents I had made; for the more there are of these, the better will the mould fill. When I had finished drawing off the wax, I constructed a funnel-shaped furnace all round the model of my Perseus. It was built of bricks, so interlaced, the one above the other, that numerous apertures were left for the fire to exhale at. Then I began to lay on wood by degrees, and kept it burning two whole days and nights.

At length, when all the wax was gone and the mould was well baked, I set to work at digging the pit in which to sink it. This I

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

performed with scrupulous regard to all the rules of art. When I had finished that part of my work, I raised the mould by windlasses and stout ropes to a perpendicular position, and suspending it with greatest care one cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly above the middle of the pit, I next lowered it gently down into the very bottom of the furnace, and had it firmly placed with every possible precaution for its safety. When this delicate operation was accomplished, I began to bank it up with the earth I had excavated; and ever as the earth grew higher, I introduced its proper air-vents, which were little tubes of earthenware, such as folks use for drains and such-like purposes. At length, I felt sure that it was admirably fixed, and that the filling-in of the pit and the placing of the air-vents had been properly performed. I also could see that my work people understood my method, which differed very considerably from that of all other masters in the trade. Feeling confident, then, that I could rely upon them, I next turned to my furnace, which I filled with numerous pigs of copper and other bronze stuff. The pieces were piled according to the laws of art, that is to say, so resting one upon the other that the flames could play freely through them, in order that

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

the metal might heat and liquefy the sooner. At last I called out heartily to set the furnace going. The logs of pine were heaped in, and, what with the unctuous resin of the wood and the good draught I had given, my furnace worked so well that I was obliged to rush from side to side to keep it from going too fast. The labour was more than I could stand; yet I forced myself to strain every nerve and muscle. To increase my anxieties, the workshop took fire, and we were afraid lest the roof should fall upon our heads; while from the garden such a storm of wind and rain kept blowing in, that it perceptibly cooled the furnace.

Battling thus with all these untoward circumstances for several hours, and exerting myself beyond even the measure of my powerful constitution, I could at last bear up no longer, and a sudden fever, of the utmost possible intensity, attacked me. I felt absolutely obliged to go and fling myself upon my bed. Sorely against my will having to drag myself away from the spot, I turned to my assistants, about ten or more in all, what with master-founders, hand-workers, country-fellows, and my own special journeymen among whom was Bernardino Mannellini, my apprentice through several years. To him in particular I spoke: "Look, my dear

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

Bernardino, that you observe the rules which I have taught you; do your best with all despatch, for the metal will soon be fused. You cannot go wrong; these honest men will get the channels ready; you will easily be able to drive back the two plugs with this pair of iron crooks; and I am sure that mould will fill miraculously. I feel more ill than I ever did in all my life, and verily believe that it will kill me before a few hours are over." Thus with despair at heart, I left them, and betook myself to bed.

No sooner had I got to bed, than I ordered my serving-maids to carry food and wine for all the men into the workshop; at the same time I cried: "I shall not be alive to-morrow!" They tried to encourage me, arguing that my illness would pass over, since it came from excessive fatigue. In this way I spent two hours battling with the fever, which steadily increased, and calling out continually: "I feel that I am dying." My housekeeper, who was named Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, a very notable manager and no less warm-hearted, kept chiding me for my discouragement, but, on the other hand, she paid me every kind attention which was possible. However, the sight of my physical pain and moral dejection so affected her, that, in spite of that brave heart of hers, she could not refrain

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

from shedding tears; and yet, so far as she was able, she took good care I should not see them. While I was thus terribly afflicted, I beheld the figure of a man enter my chamber, twisted in his body into the form of a capital S. He raised a lamentable, doleful voice, like one who announces his last hour to men condemned to die upon the scaffold, and spoke these words: "O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it!" No sooner had I heard the shriek of that wretch than I gave a howl which might have been heard in hell. Jumping from my bed, I seized my clothes and began to dress. The maids, and my lad, and every one who came around to help me, got kicks or blows of the fist, while I kept crying out in lamentation: "Ah! traitors! enviers! This is an act of treason, done by malice prepense! But I swear by God that I will sift it to the bottom, and before I die will leave such witness to the world of what I can do as shall make a score of mortals marvel."

When I got my clothes on, I strode with soul bent on mischief toward the workshop; there I beheld the men, whom I had left erewhile in such high spirits, standing stupefied and downcast. I began at once and spoke: "Up with you! Attend to me! Since

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

you have not been able or willing to obey the directions I gave you, obey me now that I am with you to conduct my work in person. Let no one contradict me, for in cases like this we need aid of the hand and hearing, not of advice." When I had uttered these words, a certain Maestro Alessandro broke silence and said: "Look you, Benvenuto, you are going to attempt an enterprise which the laws of art do not sanction, and which cannot succeed." I turned upon him with such fury that he and all the rest of them exclaimed with one voice: "Oh then! Give orders! We will obey your least commands, so long as life is left to us." I believe they spoke thus feelingly because they thought I must fall shortly dead upon the ground. I went immediately to inspect the furnace, and found that the metal was all curdled; an accident which we expressed by being "caked." I told two of the hands to cross the road, and fetch from the house of the butcher Capretta a load of young oak-wood, which had lain dry for above a year. So soon as the first armfuls arrived, I began to fill the grate beneath the furnace. Now oak-wood of that kind heats more powerfully than any other sort of tree; and for this reason, where a slow fire is wanted, as in the case of gun-foundry, alder or pine is preferred. Accord-

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

ingly, when the logs took fire, oh! how the cake began to stir beneath that awful heat, to glow and sparkle in a blaze! At the same time I kept stirring up the channels, and sent men upon the roof to stop the conflagration, which had gathered force from the increased combustion in the furnace; also I caused boards, carpets, and other hangings to be set up against the garden, in order to protect us from the violence of the rain.

When I had thus provided against these several disasters, I roared out first to one man and then to another: "Bring this thing here! Take that thing there!" At this crisis, when the whole gang saw the cake was on the point of melting, they did my bidding, each fellow working with the strength of three. I then ordered half a pig of pewter to be brought, which weighed about sixty pounds, and flung it into the middle of the cake inside the furnace. By this means, and by piling on wood and stirring now with pokers and now with iron rods, the curdling mass rapidly began to liquefy. Then, knowing I had brought the dead to life again, against the firm opinion of those ignoramuses, I felt such vigour fill my veins, that all those pains of fever, all those fears of death, were quite forgotten.

All of a sudden an explosion took place,

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

attended by a tremendous flash of flame, as though a thunderbolt had formed and been discharged amongst us. Unwonted and appalling terror astonished every one, and me more even than the rest. When the din was over and the dazzling light extinguished, we began to look each other in the face. Then I discovered that the cap of the furnace had blown up, and the bronze was bubbling over from its source beneath. So I had the mouths of my mould immediately opened, and at the same time drove in the two plugs which kept the molten metal. But I noticed that it did not flow as rapidly as usual, the reason being probably that the fierce heat of the fire we kindled had consumed its base alloy. Accordingly I sent for all my pewter platters, porringers, and dishes, to the number of some two hundred pieces, and had a portion of them cast, one by one, into the channels, the rest into the furnace. This expedient succeeded, and every one could now perceive that my bronze was in most perfect liquefaction, and my mould was filling; whereupon they all with heartiness and happy cheer assisted and obeyed my bidding, while I, now here, now there, gave orders, helped with my own hands, and cried aloud: "O God! Thou that by Thy immeasurable power didst rise from the dead, and in Thy glory

Cellini's Story of his "Perseus"

didst ascend to heaven!" . . . even thus in a moment my mould was filled; and seeing my work finished, I fell upon my knees, and with all my heart gave thanks to God.

After all was over, I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there, and ate with hearty appetite, and drank together with the whole crew. Afterwards I retired to bed, healthy and happy, for it was now two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as though I had never felt the touch of illness. My good housekeeper, without my giving orders, had prepared a fat capon for my repast. So that, when I rose, about the hour for breaking fast, she presented herself with a smiling countenance, and said: "Oh! is that the man who felt that he was dying? Upon my word, I think the blows and kicks you dealt us last night, when you were so enraged, and had that demon in your body as it seemed, must have frightened away your mortal fever!" All my poor household, relieved in like measure from anxiety and overwhelming labour, went at once to buy earthen vessels in order to replace the pewter I had cast away. Then we dined together joyfully; nay, I cannot remember a day in my whole life when I dined with greater gladness or a better appetite.

V

Cellini's Orbit

FORMS change, but nothing dies. Everything is in circulation. Men as well as planets, have their orbits. Some have a wider swing than others, but just wait and they will come back. Not only do chickens come home to roost, but so does everything else. The place of Cellini's birth was also the place of his death. The limit of his stay in one place, at one time, it seems, was about two years. The man was a sort of human anachronism—he had in his heart all the beauty and passion of the Renaissance, and carried, too, the savagery and density of the dark ages. That his skill as a designer and artificer in the fine metals saved him from death again and again, there is no doubt. Princes, cardinals, popes, dukes, and priests protected him simply because

mêlées

he could serve them. He designed altars, caskets, bracelets, vases, girdles, clasps, medals, rings, coins, buttons, seals—a tiara for the Pope, a diadem for an emperor. With minute and exquisite things he was at his best. The final proof that he was human and his name frailty lies in the fact that he was a busybody.

As he worked he always knew what others about him were doing. If they were poor workmen, he encouraged them in a friendly way; if they were beyond him and out of his class, like Michael Angelo, he was subservient; but if they were on his plane he hated them with a hatred that was passing speech. There was usually art and a woman hopelessly mixed in his mêlées. In his migrations he swung between Florence, Pisa, Mantua, and Rome, and clear to France when necessary. When he arrived in a town he would soon become a favourite with other skilled workers. Naturally he would be introduced to their lady friends. These ladies were usually "complaisant," to use his own phrase. Soon he would be on very good terms with one or more of them; then would come jealousies; he

New Beginnings

would tire of the lady, or she of him more probably; then if she took up with a goldsmith Benvenuto would hate the pair with a beautiful hatred. He would be sure that they were plotting to undo him: he would listen to their remarks, lie in wait for them, watch their actions, quietly question their friends. Then suddenly some dark night he would spring upon them from behind a corner and cry, "You are all dead folk!" And sometimes they were.

Then Cellini would fly without leaving orders where to forward his mail. Getting into another principality, he was comparatively safe—the place he left was glad to get rid of him, and the new princeling who had taken him up was pleased to secure his skill. Under the new environment, with all troubles behind, he would begin a clean balance sheet, full of zest and animation.

The human heart does not change. Every employing printer, lithographer, and newspaper publisher knows this erratic, brilliant, artistic, and troublesome man. He does good service for just so long, then the environment begins to pall upon him: he grows restless, suspicious, uncer-

Success in a Few Things

tain. He is looking for a chance to bolt. Strong drink comes in to hasten the ruction. There is a strike, a fight, an explosion, and our artistic tramp finds himself on the sidewalk.

He goes away damning everybody. In two years, or less, he comes back, penitent. Old scores are forgotten, several of the enemy are dead, other have passed on into circulation, and the artistic roustabout is given a desk or case.

Cellini's book is immensely interesting for various reasons, not the least of which is that he pictures, indirectly, that restlessness and nostalgia which only the grave can cure. And at the last our condemnation is swallowed up in pity, and we can only think kindly of one who succeeded in a few things, and like the rest of us, failed in many.

JAMES MAC NEILL WHISTLER

Art happens—no hovel is safe from it, no Prince may depend upon it, the vastest intelligence cannot bring it about, and puny efforts to make it universal end in quaint comedy, and coarse farce.

The *Ten O'clock* Lecture.

Art Happens

I

Literary Scrimmage

THE Eternal Paradox of Things is revealed in the fact that the men who have toiled most for peace, beauty, and harmony have usually lived out their days in discord; and in several instances died a malefactor's death. Just how much discord is required in God's formula for a successful life, no one knows, but it must have a use, for it is always there.

Seen from a distance, out of the range of the wordy shrapnel, the literary scrimmage is amusing. *Gulliver's Travels* made many a heart ache, but it only gladdens ours. Pope's *Dunciad* sent shivers of fear down the spine of all artistic England, but we read it for the rhyme, and insomnia. Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, gave back to the critics what they had given out—

Sharp-Shooting

to their great surprise and indignation, and our amusement. Keats died from the stab of a pen, they say, and whether 'twas true or not we know that now a suit of Cheviot is sufficient shield. "We love him for the enemies he has made"—to have friends is a great gain, but to achieve an enemy is distinction.

Ruskin's *Modern Painters* is a reply to the contumely that sought to smother Turner under an avalanche of abuse; but since the enemy inspired it, and it made the name and fame of both Ruskin and Turner, why should they not hunt out the rogues in Elysium and purchase ambrosia?

Whistler's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* is a bit of sharp-shooter snipping at the man who was brave enough to come to the rescue of Turner, and who afterward proved his humanity by adopting the tactics of the enemy, working the literary stink-pot to repel impressionistic boarders.

No friend could have done for Whistler what Ruskin did. Before Ruskin threw an ink-bottle at him, as Martin Luther did at the Devil, he was one of sev-

eral; after the bout he was as one set apart.

When we think of Whistler, if we listen closely, we can hear the echo of shrill calls of recrimination, muffled reveilles of alarm —pamphlet answering unto pamphlet across seas of misunderstanding—vituperations manifold and recurring themes of rabid ribaldry all forming a lurid Symphony in Red.

Symphony in Red

II

Disparagement

JOHN DAVIDSON has dedicated a book to his enemy, thus:

Unwilling Friend, let not thy spite abate,
Help me with scorn, and strengthen me with hate.

The general tendency to berate the man of superior talent would seem to indicate, as before suggested, that disparagement has some sort of compensation in it. Possibly it is the governor that keeps things from going too fast—the opposition of forces that holds the balance true. But almost everything can be overdone; and the fact remains that without encouragement and faith from without, the stoutest heart will in time grow faint and doubt itself. It hears the yelping of the pack, and there creeps in the ques-

Mutual Admiration Society

tion, "What if they are right?" Then comes the longing and the necessity for the word of praise, the clasp of a kindly hand and the look that reassures.

Occasionally the undiscerning make remarks, slightly touched with muriatic acid, concerning the ancient and honourable cult known as the Mutual Admiration Society. My firm belief is, that no man ever did or can do a great work alone—he must be backed up by the Mutual Admiration Society. It may be a very small Society—in truth, I have known chapters where there were only two members, but there was such trust, such faith, such a mutual uplift, that an atmosphere was formed wherein great work was done.

In Galilee even the Son of God could do no great work, on account of the unbelief of the people. "Fellowship is heaven and lack of fellowship is hell," said William Morris. And he had known both.

Some one must believe in you. And through touching finger-tips with this Some One, we may get in the circuit, and thus reach out to all. Self-Reliance is

Loved into Life

very excellent, but as for independence, there is no such thing. We are a part of the great Universal Life; and as one must win approval from himself, so he must receive corroboration from others: having this approval from the Elect Few, the opinions of the many matter little.

How little we know of the aspirations that wither unexpressed, and of the hopes that perish for the want of the right word spoken at the right time! Out in the orchard, as I write, I see thousands and thousands of beautiful blossoms that will never become fruit for lack of vitalisation—they die because they are alone.

Thoughts materialise into deeds only when Some One vitalises by approval. Every good thing is loved into life.

Great men have ever come in groups, and the Mutual Admiration Society always figures largely. To enumerate instances would be to inflict good folks with triteness and truism. I do not wish to rob my reader of his rights—think it out for yourself, beginning with Concord and Cambridge, working backward a-down the centuries.

III

Two Whistlers

THERE are two Whistlers. One tender as a woman, sensitive as a child,—thirsting for love, friendship, and appreciation—a dreamer of dreams, seeing visions and mounting to the heavens on the wings of his soaring fancy. This is the real Whistler. And there has always been a small Mutual Admiration Society that has appreciated, applauded, and loved this Whistler; to them he has always been "Jimmy."

The other Whistler is the jaunty little man in the funny, straight brimmed high hat—cousin to the hat John D. Long wore for twenty years. This man in the long black coat, carrying a bamboo wand, who adjusts his monocle and throws off an epigram, who confounds the critics, befogs the lawyers, affronts millionaires from Colorado, and plays pitch and toss with

Artistic Jacques

words, is the Whistler known to newspaperdom. And Grub Street calls him "Jimmy," too, but the voice of Grub Street is guttural and in it is no tender cadence—it is tone that tells, not the mere word: I have been addressed by an endearing phrase when the words stabbed. Grub Street sees only the one man and goes straightway after him with a snickersnee. To use the language of Judge Gaynor, "This artistic Jacques of the second part protects the great and tender soul of the party of the first part."

That is it—his name is Jacques: Whistler is a fool. The fools were the wisest men at court. Shakespeare, who dearly loved a fool, belonging to the breed himself, placed his wisest sayings into the mouths of men who wore the motley. When he adorned a man with cap and bells, it was as though he had given bonds for both that man's humanity and intelligence.

Neither Shakespeare nor any other writer of good books ever dared depart so violently from truth as to picture a fool whose heart was filled with pretence and perfidy. The fool is not malicious. Stupid people may think he is, because his

language is charged with the lightning's flash, but these be the people who do not know the difference between an incubator and an egg plant.

Touchstone, with unfailing loyalty, follows his master with quip and quirk into exile. When all, even his daughters, had forsaken King Lear, the fool bares himself to the storm and covers the shaking old man with his own cloak, and when in our day we meet the avatars of Trinculo, Costard, Mercutio, and Jacques, we find they are men of tender susceptibilities, generous hearts, and lavish soul.

Whistler shakes his cap, flourishes his bauble, tosses that fine head, and with tongue in cheek, asks questions and propounds conundrums that pedantry can never answer. Hence the ink-bottle, with its mark on the walls at Eisenach, and at Coniston.

IV

Many-Sided

EVERY man of worth is two men—sometimes many. In fact, Dr. George Vincent, the psychologist, says, "We never treat two persons in exactly the same manner." If this is so, and I suspect it is, the person we are with dictates our mental process and thus controls our manners—he calls out the man he wishes to see. Certain sides of our nature are revealed only to certain persons. And I can understand, too, how there can be a Holy of Holies, closed and barred forever against all except the One. And in the absence of this One, I can also understand how the person can go through life, and father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, and companions never guess the latent excellence that lies concealed. We defend and protect this Holy of Holies from the vulgar gaze.

Pose

There are two ways to guard and keep alive the sacred fires; one is to flee to convent, monastery, or mountain, and there live alone with God; the other is to mix and mingle with men and wear a coat of mail in way of manner.

Women whose hearts are well nigh bursting with grief will often be the gayest of the gay; men whose souls are corroding with care—weighted down with sorrow too great for speech—are often those who set the table in a roar.

The assumed manner, continued, evolves into a pose. Pose means position, and the pose is usually a position of defence.

All great people are posers.

Men pose so as to keep the mob back while they can do their work. Without the pose, the garden of a poet's fancy would look like McKinley's front yard at Canton in the fall of '96. That is to say, without the pose the poet would have no garden, no fancy, no nothing—and there would be no poet. Yet I am quite willing to admit that a man might assume a pose and yet have nothing to protect; but I stoutly maintain that pose in such an one is transparent to every one as the poles

Soul Revealed in Work

that support a scare-crow, simply because the pose never becomes habitual.

With the great man pose becomes a habit—and then it is not a pose. When a man lies and admits he lies, he tells the truth.

Whistler has been called the greatest poser of his day; and yet he is the most sincere and truthful of men—the very antithesis of hypocrisy and sham. No man ever hated pretence more.

Whistler is an artist, and the soul of the man is revealed in his work—not in his hat, nor yet his bamboo cane, nor his long black coat, much less the language which he uses, Talleyrand-like, to conceal his thought. Art has been his wife, his children, and his religion. Art has said to him, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," and he has obeyed the mandate.

That picture of his mother in the Luxembourg is the most serious thing in the whole collection—so gentle, so modest, so charged with tenderness. It is classed by the most competent critics of to-day along with the greatest works of the old masters. We find upon the official roster of the fine arts of France, opposite the name of Whistler,

this tribute: "Portrait of the mother of the author, a masterpiece destined for the eternal admiration of future generations, combining in its tone power and magnificence, the qualities of a Rembrandt, a Titian, a Velasquez." The picture does not challenge you—you have to hunt it out, and you have to bring something to it, else 'twill not reveal itself. There is no decrepitude in the woman's face and form, but someway you read into the picture the story of a great and tender love and a long life of useful effort. And now as the evening shadows gather, about to fade off into gloom, the old mother sits there alone, poised, serene: husband gone, children gone—her work is done. Twilight comes. She thinks of the past in gratitude, and gazes wistfully out into the future, unafraid. It is the tribute that every well-born son would like to pay to the mother who loved him into being, whose body nourished him, whose loving arms sustained him, whose unfaltering faith and appreciation encouraged him to do and to become. She was his wisest critic, his best friend—his mother!

A Tribute

V

Major Whistler

MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON WHISTLER, the father of Whistler the artist, was a graduate of West Point, and a member of the United States Corps of Engineers. He was an active, practical, and useful man—a skillful draughtsman, mathematician, and a man of affairs who could undertake a difficult task and carry it through to completion.

Such men are always needed, in the army and out of it. Responsibility gravitates to the man who can shoulder it. Such men as Major Whistler are not tied to a post—they go where they are needed.

When George Washington Whistler was a cadet at West Point, there came to visit the place Dr. Swift and his beautiful young daughter, Mary. She took the Military School by storm, at least, held captives the

The Major's Second Wife

hearts of all the young men there—so they said. And in very truth the heart of one young man was prisoner, for Major Whistler married Miss Swift soon after.

To them were born Deborah, the Major's only daughter, who married Dr. Seymour Hayden of London, a famous surgeon and still more famous etcher; George, who became an engineer and railway manager; and two years later, Joseph.

And when Joe was two years old, this beautiful wife, aged twenty-three, passed away, and young Major Whistler and his three babies were left alone.

At West Point Whistler had a friend named McNeill, son of Dr. C. D. McNeill, of Wilmington, N. C.—a classmate—with whom he had been closely associated since graduation. McNeill had a sister, Anna Matilda, a great soul, serious and strong. At length Whistler took his motherless brood—including himself—to her and she accepted them all. I bow my head to the step-mother who loves into manhood and womanhood children whom another has loved into life. She must have a great heart already expanded by love to do this. Naturally the mother-love grows with the

A Small Baby

child—that is what children are for, to enlarge the souls of the parents. But at the beginning of womanhood, Anna Matilda McNeill was great enough to enfold in her heart and arms the children of the man she loved and make them hers.

In the year 1834, Major Whistler and his wife were living in Lowell, Massachusetts, where the Major was superintending the construction of the first of those wonderful waterways that tirelessly turn ten thousand spindles.

And fate would have it so, that here at Lowell, in a little house on Worthing Street, was born the first of the five sons of Major Whistler and his wife, Anna Matilda. And they called the name of the child James Abbott McNeill Whistler—an awful big name for a very small baby.

About the time this peevish little pigmy was put into short dresses, his father resigned his position in the United States Army to accept a like position with the Czar of Russia. The first railroad constructed in Russia, from Moscow to St. Petersburg, was built under the superintendence of Major Whistler, who also designed various bridges, viaducts, tun-

nels, and other engineering feats for Adam Zad, who walks like a man, and who paid him princely sums for his services.

Americans not only fill the teeth of royalty, but we furnish the Old World machinery, ideas, and men. For every twenty-five thousand men they supply us, we send them back one, and the one we send them is worth more than the twenty-five thousand they send us. Schenectady is to-day furnishing the engines and supplying engineers to teach engineers for the transcontinental Siberian railway. When you take "The Flying Scotchman" from London to Edinburgh you ride in a Pullman car, with all the appurtenances, even to a Gould coupler, a Westinghouse air-brake, and a dusky George from North Carolina, who will hit you three times with the butt of a brush broom and expect a bob as recompense. You feel quite at home.

Then when you see that the Metropolitan Railway of London is managed by a man from Chicago, and that all trains of "the underground" are being equipped with the Edison incandescent light; and you note further that a New York man has

No Childhood

morganised the trans-Atlantic steamship lines, you agree with Mr. William T. Stead that, "America may be raw and crude, but she is producing a race of men—men of power, who can think and act."

Coupled with the Englishman's remarkable book, "The Americanisation of the World," there is an art criticism by Bernard Shaw, who comes from a race that will not pay rent, strangely enough living in London, content, with no political aspirations, who says, "The three greatest painters of the time are of American parentage—Abbey, Sargent, and Whistler; and of these, Whistler has had greater influence on the artists of to-day than any man of his time."

But let us swing back and take a look at the Whistlers in Russia. Little Jimmy never had a childhood; the nearest he came to it was when his parents camped one summer with the "construction gang." That summer with the workers and toilers, among the horses, living out of doors—eating at the campfire and sleeping under the sky—was the boy's one glimpse of paradise. "My amibtion then was to be the foreman of a construction gang—and

it is yet," said the artist in describing that brief, happy time to a friend.

The child of well-to-do parents, but homeless, living in hotels and boarding-houses, is awfully handicapped. Children are only little animals and travel is their bane and scourge. They belong on the ground, among the leaves and flowers and tall grass—in the trees or digging in sand-piles. Hotel hallways, table d'hôte dinners and the clash of travel, are all terrible perversions of nature's intent.

Yet the boy survived—eager, nervous, energetic. He acquired the Russian language, of course, and then he learned to speak French as all good Russians must. "He speaks French like a Russ," is the highest compliment a Parisian can pay you.

The boy's mother was his tutor, companion, playmate. They read together, drew pictures together, and played the piano, four hands.

Honours came to the hard-working engineer—decorations, ribbons, medals, money—and more work. The poor man was worked to death. The Czar paid every honour to the living and dead that royalty can give. He ordered his private

At West Point

carriage to take the family to the boat as they left St. Petersburg, taking with them the body of the loved one. And honours awaited the dead here. A monument in the cemetery at Stonington, Connecticut, erected by the Society of American Engineers, marks the spot where he sleeps.

The stricken mother was back in America, and James was duly entered at West Point. The mother's ideal was her husband—in his life she had lived and moved—and that James should do what he had done, become the manly man that he had become, was her highest wish.

The boy was already an acceptable draughtsman, and under the tutelage of Professor Robert Weir he made progress. West Point does not teach such a soft and feminine thing as picture painting—it draws plans of redoubts and fortifications, makes maps and figures on desirability of tunnels, pontoons, and hidden mines. Robert Weir taught all these things, and on Saturdays painted pictures for his own amusement. In the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington is a taste of his quality, the large panel entitled "The Departure of the Pilgrims."

A Souvenir

Tradition has it that young Whistler assisted his teacher on this work.

Weir succeeded in getting his pupil heartily sick of the idea of grim-visaged war as a business. He hated the thought of doing things on order, especially killing men when told. "The soldier's profession is only one remove from the business of Jack Ketch who hangs men and then salves his conscience with the plea that some one told him to do it," said Whistler. If he remained at West Point he would become an army officer and Uncle Sam or the Czar would own him and order him to do things.

Weir declared he was absurd, but the Post Surgeon said he was nervous and needed a change. In truth West Point disliked Jimmy as much as he disliked West Point, and he was recommended for discharge. Mother and son sailed away for London, intending to come back in time for the next term.

The young man took one souvenir from West Point that was to stand by him. In a sham battle, during a charge, his horse went down, and the cavalcade behind went right over horse and rider. When

In London

picked up and carried out of the scrimmage, Cadet Whistler was unconscious, and the doctors said his skull was fractured. However, his whip-cord vitality showed itself in a quick recovery; but a white lock of hair soon appeared to mark the injured spot, to be a badge of distinction and a delight to the caricaturist forever. In London the mother and son found lodgings out towards Chelsea. No doubt the literary traditions attracted them. Only a few squares away lived Rossetti, with a wonderful collection of blue china, giving lessons in painting. There were weekly receptions in his house, where came Burne-Jones, William Morris, Madox Brown, and many other excellent people. Down a narrow street near by, lived a grumpy Scotchman, by the name of Carlyle, whose portrait Whistler was later to paint, and although Carlyle had no use for Rossetti, yet Mrs. Whistler and her boy liked them both. It came time to return to America if the young man was to graduate at West Point. But they decided to go over to Paris so James could study art for a few months.

They never came back to America.

VI

Whistler and Ruskin

WHISTLER, the coxcomb, had Ruskin haled before the tribunal and demanded a thousand pounds as salve for his injured feelings because the author of *Stones of Venice*, was colour-blind, lacking in imagination, and possessed of a small magazine wherein he briskly told of men, women, and things he did not especially admire.

The case was tried, and the jury decided for Whistler, giving him one farthing damages. But this was success—it threw the costs on Ruskin, and called the attention of the world to the absurdity of condemning things that are, at the last, a mere matter of individual taste.

Whistler was once asked by a fellow-artist to criticise a wondrous chromatic combination that the man had thrown off

Whistler and Ruskin

in an idle hour. Jimmy adjusted his monocle and gazed long. "And what do you think of it?" asked the painter standing by. "Eh, just a little more green, a little more green—(pause and slight cough)—but that is your affair."

Whistler painted the *Nocturne*, and that was his affair. If Ruskin did not think it beautiful that was his affair; but when Ruskin went one step further and accused the painter of trying to hoodwink the world for a matter of guineas, attacking the man's motives, he exceeded the legitimate limits of criticism, and his public rebuke was deserved. In matter of strictest justice, however, it may be as well to say that Whistler was quite as blind to the beauty of Ruskin's efforts for the betterment of humanity as Ruskin was to the excellence of Whistler's pictures. And if Ruskin had been in the humour for litigation he might have sued Whistler and got a shilling damages because Whistler once averred "The Society of St. George is a scheme for badgering the unfortunate, and should be put down by the police. God knows the poor suffer enough without being patronised!"

Cross Examination

Mr. Whistler was once summoned as a witness in a certain suit where the purchaser of a picture had refused to pay for it. The cross-examination ran something like this:

"You are a painter of pictures?"

"Yes."

"And you know the value of pictures?"

"Oh, no."

"At least you have your own ideas about values?"

"Certainly."

"And you recommended the defendant to buy this picture for two hundred pounds?"

"I did."

"Mr. Whistler, it is reported that you received a goodly sum for this recommendation—is there anything in that?"

"Oh, nothing I assure you"—(yawning) "nothing but the indelicacy of the suggestion."

The critics found much joy, several years ago, in tracing out the fact that Whistler spent a year at Madrid copying Velasquez. That he, like Sargent, has been benefited and inspired by the sublime art of the Spaniard there is no doubt, but there is

A Great Lesson

nothing in the charge that he is an imitator of Velasquez, save the indelicacy of the suggestion.

It was a comparison of Velasquez and Whistler and a warm assurance that his name would live with that of the great Spaniard that led Whistler to launch that little question, now a classic, "Why drag in Velasquez?"

The great lesson that Whistler has taught the world is to observe; and this he got from the Japanese. Lafcadio Hearn has said that the average citizen of Japan detects tints and shades that are absolutely unseen by Western eyes. Livingstone found tribes in Africa that had never seen pictures of any kind, and he had great difficulty in making them perceive that the figure of a man, drawn on a piece of paper a foot square, really was designed for a man.

"Man big—paper little—no good!" was the criticism of a chief. The chief wanted to hear the voice of the man before he would believe it was meant for a man. This savage chief was a great person, no doubt, in his own bailiwick, but he lacked imagination to bridge the gap between a

Man's Limitations

real man and the repeated strokes of a pencil on a bit of paper.

The Japanese—any Japanese—would have been delighted by Whistler's *Nocturne*. Ruskin was n't. He had never seen the night, and therefore, he declared that Whistler had "flung a pot of paint in the face of the public."

That men should dogmatise concerning things where the senses alone supply the evidence, is only another proof of man's limitations. We live in a peewee world which our senses create and declare that outside of what we see, smell, taste, and hear there is nothing.

It is twenty-five thousand miles around the world—stellar space is uncomputable; and man can walk in a day about thirty miles. Above the ground he can jump about four feet. In a city his unaided ear can hear his friend call about two hundred feet. As for smell, he really has almost lost the sense; and taste, through the use of stimulants and condiments, has likewise nearly gone. Man can see and recognise another man a quarter of a mile away, but at the same distance is practically colour-blind.

The Vital Thing

Yet we were all quite willing to set ourselves up as standards until science came with spectroscope, telephone, microscope, and Roentgen ray to force upon us that fact that we are tiny, undeveloped, and insignificant creatures, with sense quite untrustworthy and totally unfit for final decisions.

Whistler sees more than other men. He has taught us to observe, and he has taught the art world to select.

Oratory does not consist in telling it all —you select the truth you wish to drive home; in literature, in order to make your point, you must leave things out; and in painting you must omit. Selection is the vital thing.

The Japanese see one single lily stalk swaying in the breeze and the hazy, luminous gray of the atmosphere in which it is bathed—just these two things. They give us these, and we are amazed and delighted.

Whistler has given us the night—not the black, inky, meaningless void which has always stood for evil: not the darkness, the mere absence of light, the prophet had in mind when he said, "And there shall

Night

be no night there"—not that. The prophet thought the night was objectionable, but we know that the continual glare of the sun would quickly destroy all animal or vegetable life. In fact, without the night there would be no animal or vegetable life, and no prophet would have existed to suggest the abolition of night as a betterment. In the night there are flowers that shed their finest perfume, lifting up their hearts in gladness, and all nature is renewed for the work of the coming day. We need the night for rest, for dreams, for forgetfulness. Whistler saw the night, this great transparent, dark-blue fold that tucks us in for one-half our time. The jaded, the weary, and the heavy-laden at last find peace—the day is done, the grateful night is here.

Turner said you could not paint a picture and leave man out. Whistler very seldom leaves man out, although I believe there is one *Nocturne* wherein only the stars and the faint rim of the silver moon keep guard. But usually we see the dim suggestion of the bridge's arch, the ghostly steeples, lights lost in the enfolding fog, vague purple barges on the river, and

Night

ships rocking solemnly in the offing—all strangely mellow with peace, and subtle thoughts of stillness, rest, dreams, and sleep.

VII

"Etching and Dry Points"

THE critics have all shied their missiles at Whistler, and he has gathered up the most curious and placed them on exhibition in a catalogue entitled *Etching and Dry Points*. This document gives a list of fifty-one of his best known productions, and beneath each item is a testimonial or two from certain worthies who thought the thing rubbish and said so.

If you want to see a copy of the catalogue you can examine it in the "treasure room" of most any of the big public libraries; or should you wish to own one, a chance collector in need of funds might be willing to disengage himself from a copy for some such trifle as twenty-five dollars or so.

Whistler's book *The Gentle Art* contains

"The Gentle Art"

just one good thing, although the touch of genius is revealed in the title which is as follows: "*The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, as pleasingly exemplified in many instances wherein the serious ones of this earth, carefully exasperated, have been prettily spurred on to unseemliness and indiscretion, while overcome by an undue sense of right."[1]

The dedication runs thus: "To the rare Few who early in life have rid themselves of the Friendship of the Many, these pathetic papers are inscribed."

The one excellent thing in the book is the "Ten O'Clock" lecture. It is a classic, revealing such a distinct literary style that one is quite sure its author could have evolved symphonies in words, as well as colour, had he chosen. However, this lecture is a sequence, leaping hot from the heart, and would not have been written had the author not been "carefully exasperated and prettily spurred on, while overcome by an undue sense of right." Let us all give thanks to the enemy who

[1] Fourth Edition. Published in London by William Heinemann and in New York by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

exasperated him. There is a great temptation to produce the lecture entire, but this would hardly be in order so we still have to be content with a few scrapings from the palette:

Listen! There never was an artistic period. There never was an Art-loving nation.

In the beginning, men went forth each day—some to do battle, some to the chase; others, again, to dig and to delve in the field—all that they might gain and live, or lose and die. Until there was found among them one, differing from the rest, whose pursuits attracted him not, and so he stayed by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick upon a gourd.

This man, who took no joy in the way of his brethren—who cared not for conquest, and fretted in the field—this designer of quaint patterns—this deviser of the beautiful—who perceived in Nature about him curious curvings, as faces are seen in the fire—this dreamer apart was the first artist.

And when, from the field and afar, there came back the people, they took the gourd—and drank from out of it.

And presently there came to this man another—and, in time, others—of like nature chosen by the Gods—and so they worked

A New Class

together; and soon they fashioned, from the moistened earth, forms resembling the gourd. And with the power of creation, the heirloom of the artist, presently they went beyond the slovenly suggestion of Nature, and the first vase was born, in beautiful proportion.

. . . . . .

And the Amateur was unknown—and the Dilettante undreamed of.

And history wrote on, and conquest accompanied civilisation, and Art spread, or rather its products were carried by the victors among the vanquished from one country to another. And the customs of cultivation covered the face of the earth, so that all peoples continued to use what the artist alone produced.

And centuries passed in this using, and the world was flooded with all that was beautiful, until there arose a new class, who discovered the cheap, and foresaw a fortune in the facture of the sham.

Then sprang into existence the tawdry, the common, the gewgaw.

The taste of the tradesman supplanted the science of the artist, and what was born of the million went back to them, and charmed them, for it was after their own heart; and the great and the small, the statesman and the slave, took to themselves the abomination

Nature's Elements

that was tendered, and preferred it—and have lived with it ever since. And the artist's occupation was gone, and the manufacturer and the huckster took his place.

And now the heroes filled from the jugs and drank from the bowls—with understanding—noting the glare of their new bravery, and taking pride in its worth.

And the people—this time—had much to say in the matter—and all were satisfied. And Birmingham and Manchester arose in might, and Art was relegated to the curiosity shop.

. . . . . .

Nature contains the elements, in colour and form, of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music.

. . . . . .

The artist is born to pick, and choose, and group with science these elements, that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes, and forms his chords, until he bring forth from chaos glorious harmony.

To say to the painter, that Nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player, that he may sit on the piano.

That Nature is always right, is an assertion, artistically, as untrue, as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted.

Desire to See

Nature is very rarely right, to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong: that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, and not common at all.

. . . . . .

The sun blares, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes.

How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in Nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset.

The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to recognise the traveller on the top. The desire to see, for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass alone, the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail.

But when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night,

and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the workingman and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone,—her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. He looks at the flower, not with the enlarging lens, that he may gather facts for the botanist, but with the light of the one who sees in her choice selection of brilliant tones and delicate tints, suggestions of infinite harmonies.

He does not confine himself to purposeless copying, without thought, each blade of grass, as commended by the inconsequent, but in the long curve of the narrow leaf, corrected by the straight tall stem, he learns how grace is wedded to dignity, how strength enhances sweetness, that elegance shall be the result.

In the citron wing of the pale butterfly, with its dainty spots of orange, he sees before him the stately halls of fair gold, with their slender saffron pillars and is taught how the delicate drawing high upon the walls shall

Art Appears

be traced in tender tones of orpiment, and repeated by the base in notes of graver hue.

In all that is dainty and lovable he finds hints for his own combinations, and thus is Nature ever his resource and always at his service, and to him is naught refused.

Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out.

Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far away more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve.

. . . . . .

And now from their midst the Dilettante stalks abroad. The Amateur is loosed. The voice of the Æsthete is heard in the land, and catastrophe is upon us.

. . . . . .

Where the artist is, there Art appears, and remains with him—loving and fruitful—turning never aside in moments of hope deferred—of insult—and of ribald misunderstanding; and when he dies she sadly takes her flight: though loitering yet in the land,

Cause to be Merry

from fond association, but refusing to be consoled.

With the man, then, and not with the multitude, are her intimacies; and in the book of her life the names inscribed are few—scant, indeed, the list of those who have helped to write her story of love and beauty.

From the sunny morning, when, with her glorious Greek relenting, she yielded up the secret of repeated line, as with his hand in hers, together they marked in marble, the measured rhyme of lovely limb and draperies flowing in unison, to the day when she dipped the Spaniard's brush in light and air, and made his people live within their frames, that all nobility and sweetness, and tenderness, and magnificence should be theirs by right, ages had gone by, and few had been her choice.

. . . . . .

Therefore have we cause to be merry!—and to cast away all care—resolved that all is well—as it ever was—and that it is not meet that we should be cried at, and urged to take measures.

Enough have we endured of dulness! Surely are we weary of weeping, and our tears have been cozened from us falsely, for they have called us woe! when there was no grief—and where all is fair !

The Story Complete

We have then but to wait—until, with the mark of the Gods upon him—there come among us again the chosen—who shall continue what has gone before. Satisfied that, even were he never to appear, the story of the beautiful is already complete—hewn in the marbles of the Parthenon, and broidered, with the birds, upon the fan of Hokusai, at the foot of Fusiyama.

THE END

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